June 2, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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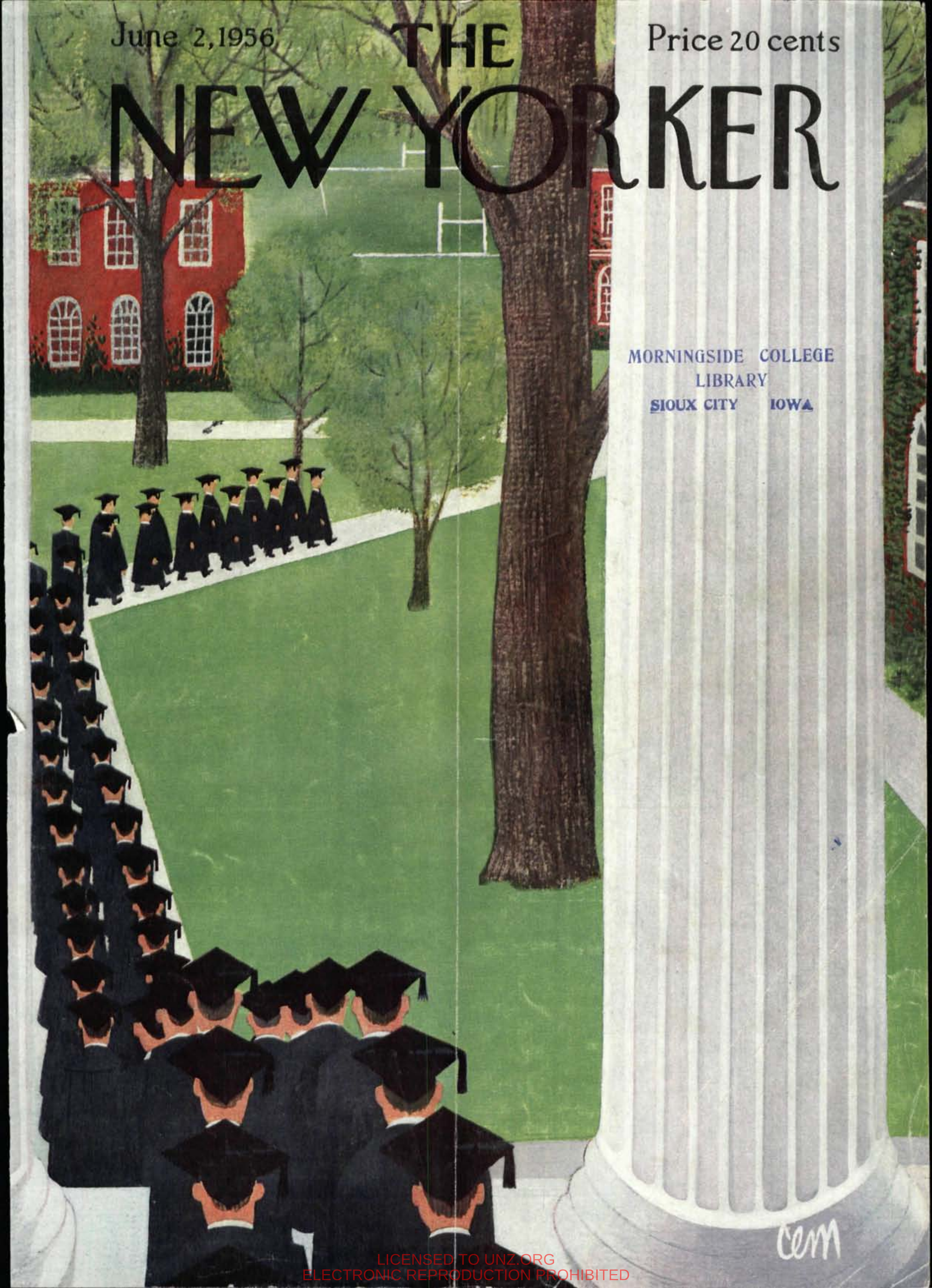

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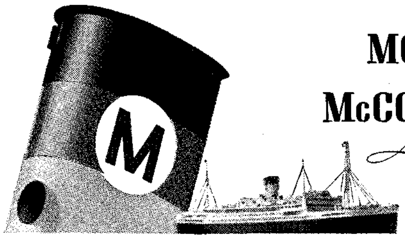

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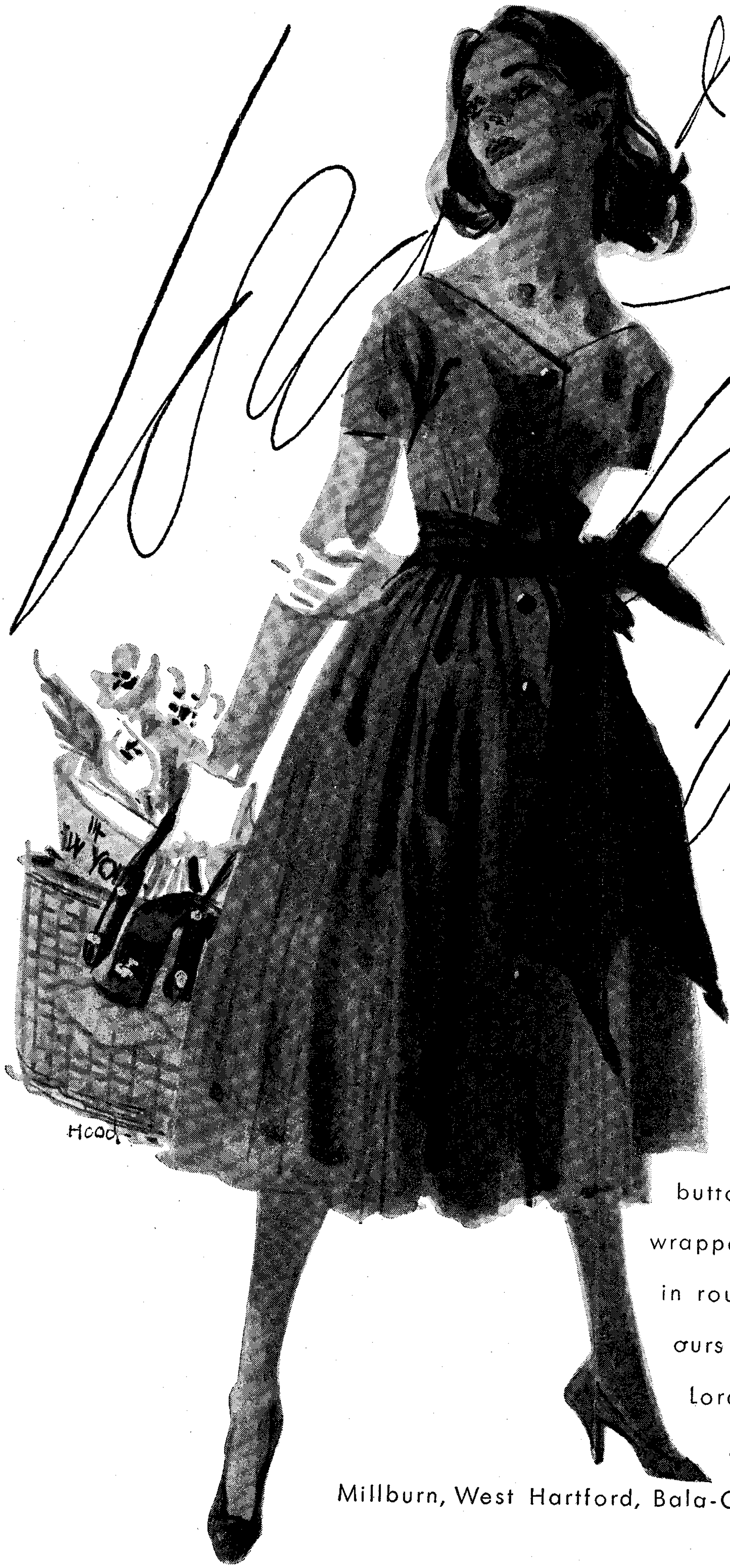

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth, who can do practically everything in the theatre, is disarmingly funny in William Marchant's rather routine comedy about a woman who outthinks an electronic brain. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This sensitive dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis is very moving, and the production is superb. Susan Strasberg scores a triumph in her first Broadway appearance, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are splendid in other leading roles in Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's play. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—Nancy Walker's ferociously inspired performance gives this revival of Noel Coward's 1925 comedy a much needed lift. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, William LeMassena, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, June 5, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—There isn't much substance to this Lindsay-Crouse comedy melodrama about the ups and downs of a mind-reading team of democratic persuasion in modern Czechoslovakia, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne make it quite tolerable. Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls are included in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

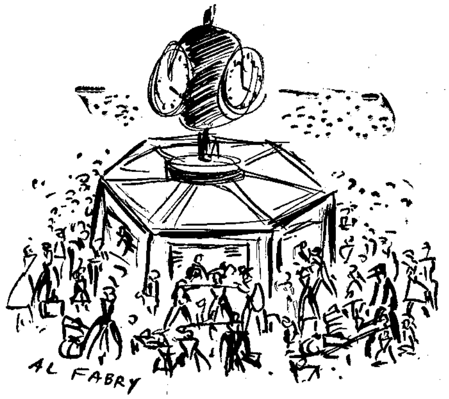
A Hatful of Rain—Although Michael V. Gazzo's play concerning a young drug addict and his heroic wife is occasionally flat and inexpert, Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are very good in the leading roles. With Frank Silvera, and Henry Silva. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Carolyn Green's comedy about the influence of adultery on tax returns is a flimsy affair. Claudette Colbert heads the cast, and Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin give her commendable support. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Joan of Arc again, this time in Lillian Hellman's adaptation of a play by Jean Anouilh. In the central role, Julie Harris is fascinating in combining businesslike efficiency with charming wistfulness. Boris Karloff, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are also on hand, and very helpful. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

The Matchmaker—Ruth Gordon is wonderfully comic in Thornton Wilder's fine period farce about a woman who arranges a number of marriages to her own satisfaction. Loring Smith and Eileen Herlie do nobly with co-starring roles, and there are also nice contributions by Arthur Hill, Rosamund Greenwood, and Patrick McAlinney. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Edward G. Robinson gives a solid performance in this play centering on a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl, but the play itself—the work of Paddy Chayefsky—is pretty dull. Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker also figure in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force is probably the most hilarious thing you will see this year. Andy Griffith is a delight as the hillbilly hero, and so are Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall in subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—Although Eudora Welty's novel about an eccentric gentleman of the magnolia belt has been changed around quite a bit in this adaptation by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, the humor of the original is still very apparent. David Wayne is masterly as the principal character, and Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer give him a strong hand. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's complex allegory seems hardly worth unravelling, but Bert Lahr is entrancing as one of the symbols in it. E. G. Marshall, Kurt Kasznar, and Alvin Epstein are the others. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 9.)

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Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—A kind of Faustian legend involving a worker in the Hollywood vineyard who sacrifices his soul for assorted emoluments, including a delectable blonde. The George Axelrod comedy wobbles between good fun and regrettable silliness. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Walter Matthau, and Martin Gabel head the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof:** A drama by Tennessee Williams concerning a tribe of powerful and self-tormented landowners in the South. Barbara Bel Geddes and Thomas Gomez have the leading roles. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Inherit the Wind:** A rearrangement of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two main orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Witness for the Prosecution:** A mystery melodrama by Agatha Christie, with Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, and Gene Lyons featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 30.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—Sammy Davis, Jr., is the center of all this disturbance about a nightclub entertainer and his struggle to the top. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the simple-minded book; Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss provided the songs; and Jack Donohue directed. Mr. Davis's father and his uncle are in the cast, along with Jack Carter, Pat Marshall (Kay Medford takes over from her on Wednesday, June 6), and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser, who had a hand in such miracles as "Guys and Dolls" and "Where's Charley?," wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." He has done an accomplished job, though there may be a few who question whether it was worth doing. Robert Weede, Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the talented cast; Jo Mielziner and Motley designed the scenery and costumes, respectively; and Joseph Anthony is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews give two of the season's most enchanting performances in this superb adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics; Frederick Loewe composed the music; Oliver Smith designed the sets and Cecil Beaton the costumes; Hanya Holm staged the dances; and Moss Hart directed the cast, which also includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pipe Dream—Oscar Hammerstein II hasn't been able to do much with the Steinbeck novel "Sweet Thursday," from which this musical was derived, but the songs, on which he collaborated with Richard Rodgers, are often up to the old standard. The capable cast is headed by Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**Damn Yankees:** Gwen Verdon plays a demon (Sheila Bond will arrive from the nether regions to fill in for her for two weeks starting Monday, June 4), Ray Walston her employer, and Stephen Douglass

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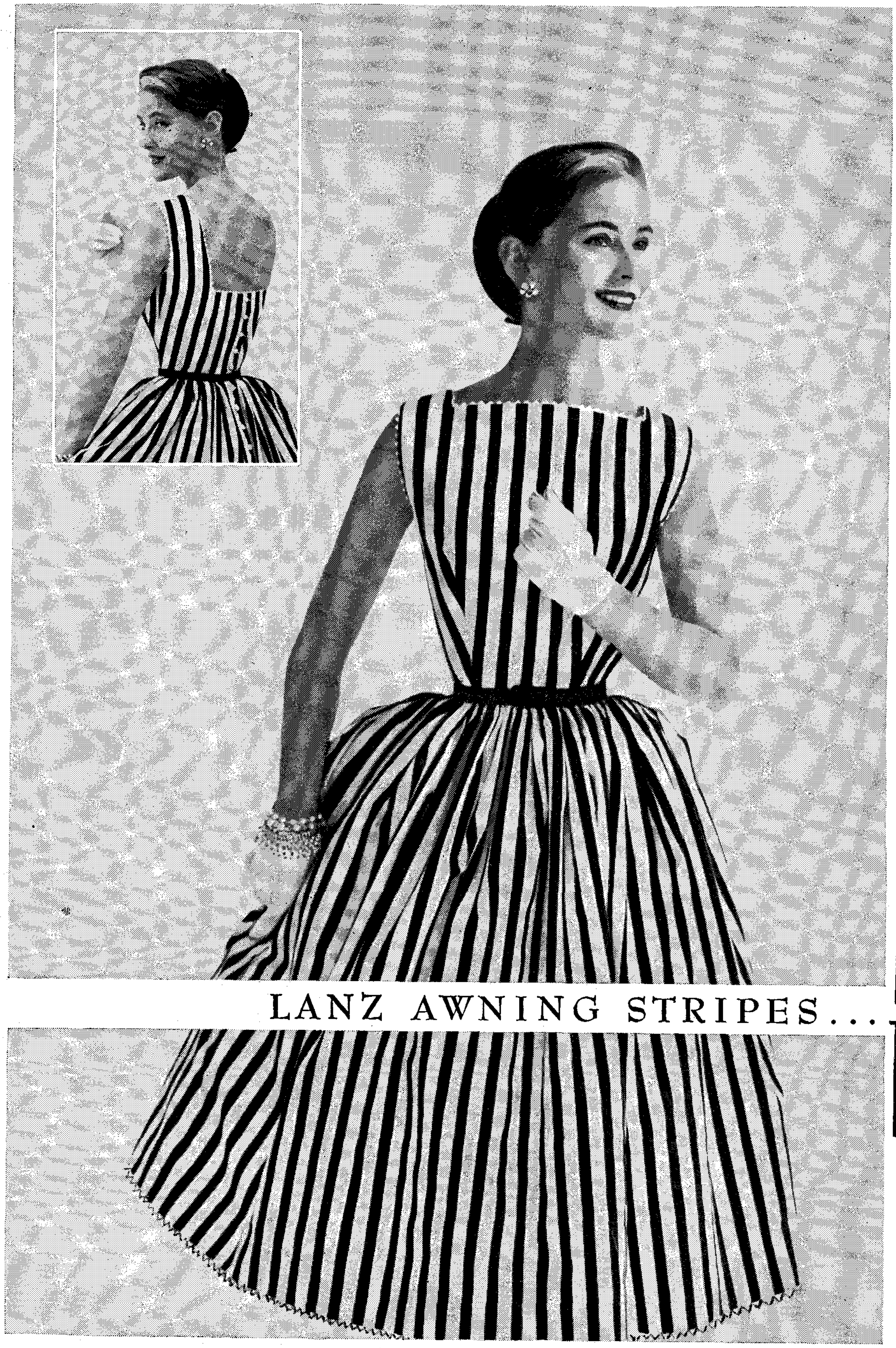

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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her earthbound suitor in this version of the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** A big plot-and-character musical show based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille, two of whom are Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. They will be succeeded on Monday, June 4, by Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher (who will be replaced on Monday, June 4, by Neile Adams), and Julie Wilson. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—The last in this season's series of three revivals is "Carmen Jones," with Muriel Smith and Cozy Cole. Opens Thursday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, June 17. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, June 1-3: "Don Giovanni."... ¶ Starting Friday, June 8: "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—"The Man with the Golden Arm," an adaptation by Jack Kirkland of Nelson Algren's novel. With Frederick O'Neal, Robert Loggia, and Peggy Feury. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Nine of the twenty-eight numbers in "The Littlest Revue" are quite good, but the rest range from merely acceptable to very painful indeed. Ogden Nash, Vernon Duke, John Latouche, Eudora Welty, and Charles Weidman are among those who contributed material of one kind and another, and the eight principal performers are Charlotte Rae, Beverley Bozeman, Joel Grey, Tammy Grimes, Dorothy Jarnac, George Marcy, Tommy Morton, and Larry Storch. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays. at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—Diana Barrymore and Muriel Rahn in "The Ivory Branch," a play by Sara Reavin. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 9.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Grete Mosheim and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club (jewels by Cartier, gowns by Dior) has dinner music until ten, then dance music by the veteran Chauncey Gray's first-string band and a rumba group. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The nightly spectaculars are impromptu affairs provided by the customers, not the management. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band perform for anyone who'd rather dance.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Robert Clary, the little boy who will never (fortunately) grow up, will bring the semester in the Cotillion Room to a garrison finish on Sunday, June 3, when there'll be only a dinner show. Up to then, he and the brisk twirlings of Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez will occur twice a night. Stanley Melba's band, which sounds better than ever, and a trio will set the pace for any fox-trotters. ... ¶ The Café Pierre has dancing every day from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's. On Monday, June 4, Renato Rossini and his educated Spanish guitar will join Mr. Worth's group.

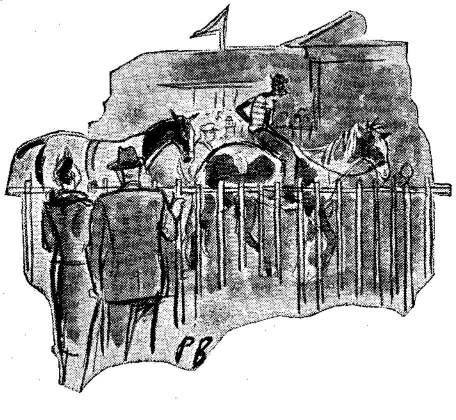
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jacqueline François, a long-awaited visitor from Paris, is now singing in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Ted Straeter's puissant combination of orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's music-makers keep the customers in lively motion. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Dining in state is still the order of the evening in the grand old Rendez-Vous, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's flocks starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's musicians make appropriate sounds at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra is the summer replacement in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The halls of Montezuma had nothing on the sumptuous Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bouncy bands are in non-stop attendance every evening but Sunday, the room's night off. Julie Wilson, who graduated from this institution of higher learning to the wicked outside world, stops in after her nightly stint in "The Pajama Game" to tell the folks back home about the wicked outside world. Wednesday, June 6, the Maisonette shuts down for the summer. Thursday, the Shaw and Bari groups move upstairs to the Roof, which will operate every night but Sunday.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra looks after anyone in a mood for motion.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are filling the vast Café Rouge with the rumblings of a solid band that offers Charlie Shavers and Louis Bellson for lagniappe. Closed Sundays.



STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—By now, of course, it's an institution, which is probably just as well, for there seem to be plenty of people who love to spend their lives in it. Dancing in one of the frequent alcoves.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The dinner and supper revue has just finished spring-cleaning, in the course of which some new jests, mostly delivered by Lou Nelson, have been inserted. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté, arching his back and purring like a wildcat, turns some of his folk songs into out-and-out mating calls during his dinner and supper recitals on the Starlight Roof. Two bands whisk forth dance tunes all evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, there's dancing from eight-thirty to one weekdays to the music of Jozsi Ribari's boys, who are Old Guard Viennese. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, Mischa Borr's band does the honors.

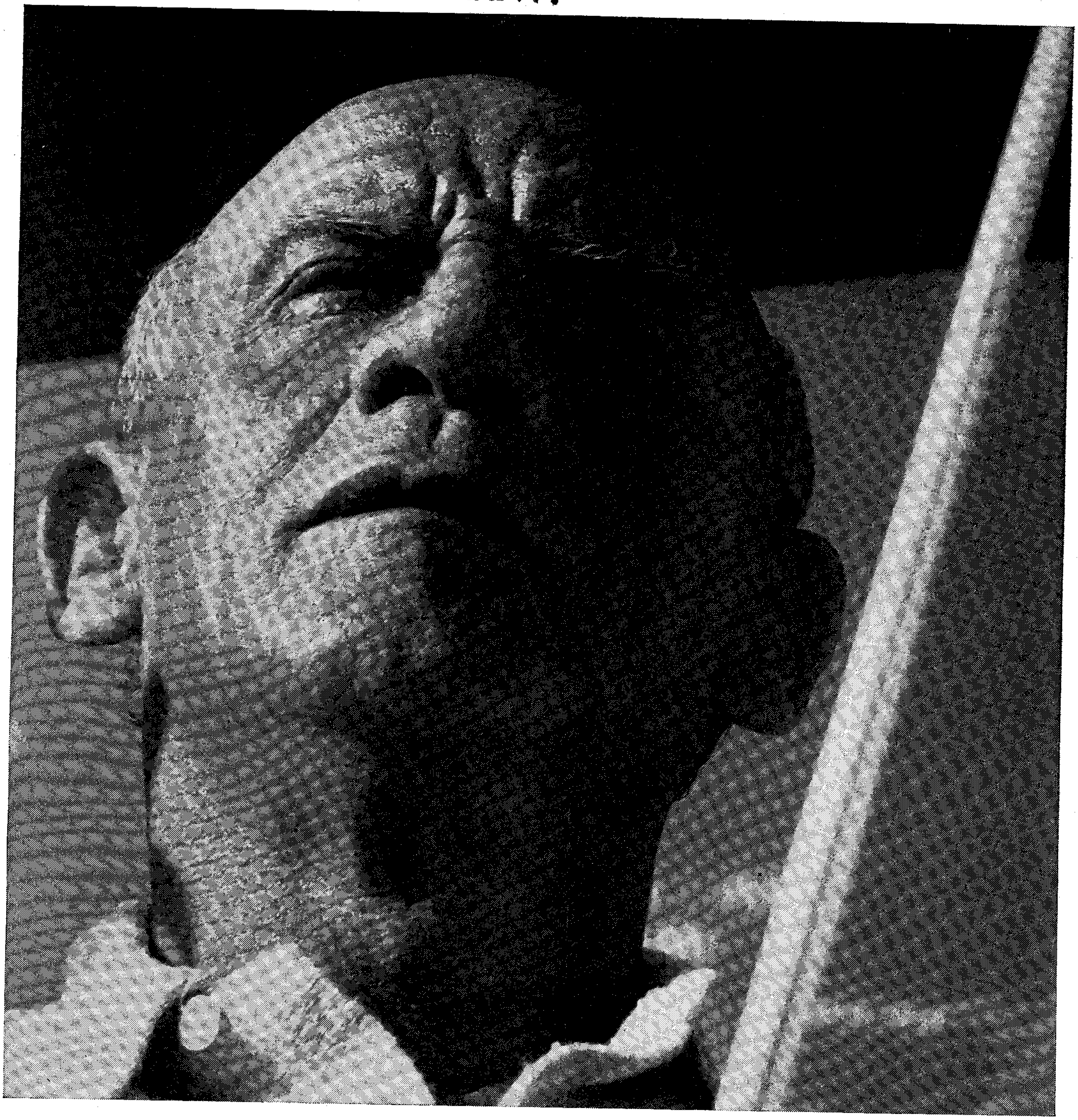
NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In a *grand-luxe* stage set, Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, muses at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A nineteenth hole, a sportsman's paradise, a stamping ground. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's mixture of European and Broadway piano, from eight to ten and from eleven to the finish. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins, pianist, newscaster, and Southern gentleman, knows all there is to know about operating a beach club. This one is neat, not gaudy, but the old Rover Boys spirit prevails at times. Otis Clements helps out at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays. The place is closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini and his educated Spanish guitar leave this hall of mirrors on Saturday, June 2. ... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Greta Keller will sing her last psalm in praise of Vienna at midnight on Saturday, June 2.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins in a reasonable replica of their native habitat and indulging in native folkways, such as rose-in-the-teeth singing and dancing. The patrons may join in the second sport from time to time. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The three-hours-for-cocktails and the three-hours-for-dinner set can hear Jules Kuti, whose piano is Budapest with an American accent, in the bar until midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Annette Warren carols her pretty quatrains every night after the theatre in this snug-as-a-bug café. There's piano, too, partly upbeat and partly romantic, by Ralph Strain and Don Evans, from seven on. Mr. S. is away Sundays, Mr. E. on Mondays.... **LE PÉRIGORD,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The new nickname for the Sherry-Netherland bar, where there's piano off and on from dinner to after one every night but Sunday.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): A European school of cookery that is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of just the music you'd expect. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungary—lighthearted, rather good-looking, and spiced with the cheering strains of a zimbalon or two. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Never a silent night here, where the best of the burbling music is the

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY SANFORD ROTH

Dimitri Mitropoulos, Athenian-born conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, is a fervent champion of living music and living musicians. Endowed with a fantastic memory that enables him to conduct the most complex of compositions without a score, he lives on music and one meal a day. His personal magnetism together with his deep dedication to his art have created recorded performances that are truly the sound of genius. Dimitri Mitropoulos has chosen to record exclusively for Columbia Records.

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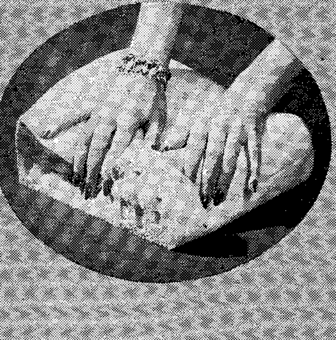

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

work of a six-man band in the *zwei-Herzen* tradition. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the pet melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHEZ LUCIE,** 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi, a floorwalker of the old school, parades his violin around this sunken living room every night but Sunday. He is now aided by three compatriots, one of them a zimbalonist. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante and his foil, Peter Lawford, will quite literally break up housekeeping on Wednesday, June 6. The other antics here must be seen to be disbelieved. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Johnnie Ray, still smiling through the blood, sweat, and tears, is currently the chanticleer of a long and remarkably uncomplex girl show.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

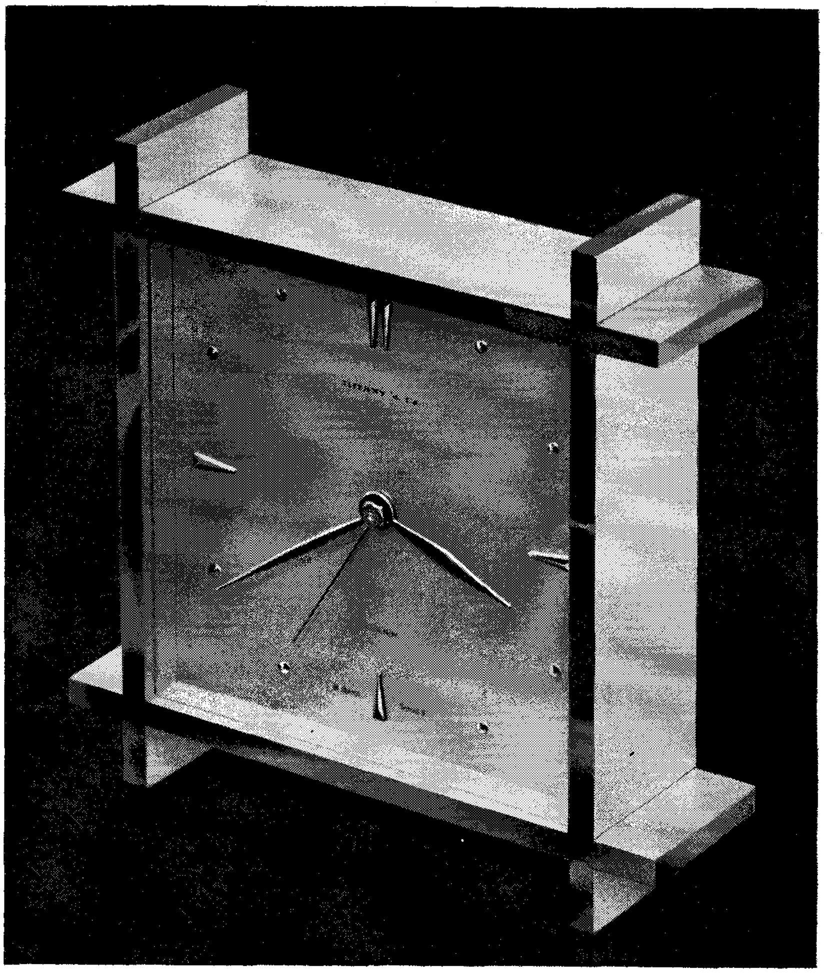
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier is in her wild native state, which appears to be Trinidad. Wherever it is, she and her accompanying steel band are having a high old time. There is also Suzy Goday (née Carol Vern), beautifully redecorated into a jump-tune singer with visual as well as vocal *tours jetés,* and Roy Benson, an amiably dyspeptic magician. The Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a perfect musical backdrop. . . . ¶ Except Sunday nights, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty in the lounge and, after 2 A.M., some rumpus-room music by the Lyons trio and the steel band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, who rings a clear, sweet bell in the minds of most of us, is once more singing in this cabaret, where Johnny Mathis is contributing his obbligato jazz songs. For good measure, there are the jokes of Joey Carter, who aims to please and almost always does. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A fine frenzy starts late in the evening. It involves the songs of Bibi Osterwald, the one-girl brass band; the conversation of Phil Leeds, who quietly but firmly goes mad; and the sacred and profane parodies of Tony and Eddie, who convict a vast collection of show-folk celebrities on the evidence of their own recordings. Jimmie Daniels (the ringmaster), the Three Flames, and Bruce Kirby spend the night getting into everybody else's act. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Four tiny tykes (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews) put their little thumbs to their noses and their little tongues in their cheeks as they prance through the ninety-minute revue Julius Monk, an expert at this art form, has erected with a do-it-yourself kit. The pit band is the double piano of Murray Grand and Stan Keen. The sport begins at ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A one-of-a-kind *boîte* that at last brings together again Mabel Mercer, the major influence on a whole generation of calm, collected ballad singers, and Cy Walter, the major influence on a whole generation of drawing-room pianists. She appears after the theatre; he shows up at dinner and supper. Sam Hamilton, Mr. Walter's alter ego, starts in at the cocktail hour and keeps going. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are fooling around at the twin pianos. A couple of times a night, Penny Malone gallops through her tomboy ditties. Sundays, silly old silent movies replace Miss Malone; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Sort of a catch-as-catch-can state of mind. Bobby

Short, a young Gabriel armed with a hot piano rather than a horn, is best known for his merry upbeat madrigals, which he's apt to sing until all hours. Jack Corlies' trio makes the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Sylvia Syms, the lady with the Cheshire-cat smile and the three-octave voice, is a beguiling compound of lion and lamb. Lou Stein's trio and Buddy Greco's quartet make the rest of the music. Things begin to happen around nine. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The muskrats rambling through this hallowed music hall are, in no particular disorder, Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Bob Casey, and Mr. Condon. Between sets, Ralph Sutton and Buzzy Drootin keep the piano and drums warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real blockbusters. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The Jonah Jones quartet and the Alex Kallao trio, old family retainers and therefore apt to stick to protocol, check in about nine. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day, and on Sundays Jack Elliott's topnotch vanguardist trio is in charge of the evening session. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A real grand slam—George Shearing, once again the strict disciplinarian, giving the new sound in music his taut, diatonic touch with the aid of his protean quintet, now augmented by the drums of the impossibly proficient Armando Perazo; and the progressive fivesome (new to this town) of Julian Adderley, distinguished by the alto sax of Mr. A. and the trumpet of his brother Nat. On Thursday, June 7, Ella Fitzgerald, the Australian Jazz Quartet, and the Hampton Hawes trio will replace them. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A hardy collection of veteran Villagers is having a fairly hot time in its old home town. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz with the bark left on is played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White, all sticklers for tradition. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions on Mondays (Phinney's Favorite Five, from Williams College, will be here June 4); closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A research laboratory for scientists intent on extending our musical horizons. The present crop of earnest strivers includes Billy Taylor's trio and Don Elliott's quartet; the splendid progress they've made is in evidence after nine every night. The Taylors are absent on Mondays, the Elliotts on Sundays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, delivers his introspective piano études earlier, from six to around nine, every evening but Saturday, when he rests up; Sunday and Monday, he's there most of the night. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through these portals pass the world's most rapt listeners. The reasons: the band of Dizzy Gillespie and the quintet of Lester Young, two major forces in this particular underground movement. Beverly Kenny is doing the vocal work. On Thursday, June 7, the big orchestra of Count Basie and the quartet of Terry Gibbs will take over. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, a small and picturesque child from West Germany, is demonstrating with clarity and precision her concept of modern piano, backed by two American aides-de-camp (Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass). The trio reports at ten. Bernie Nierow provides peppery piano on and off after nine o'clock. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for family parties. A constant stream of tootlers (among whom you are apt to see Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins) ambles to and fro on the quarter-deck behind the bar from 7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. huffing and puffing like mad. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Jazz from the earliest



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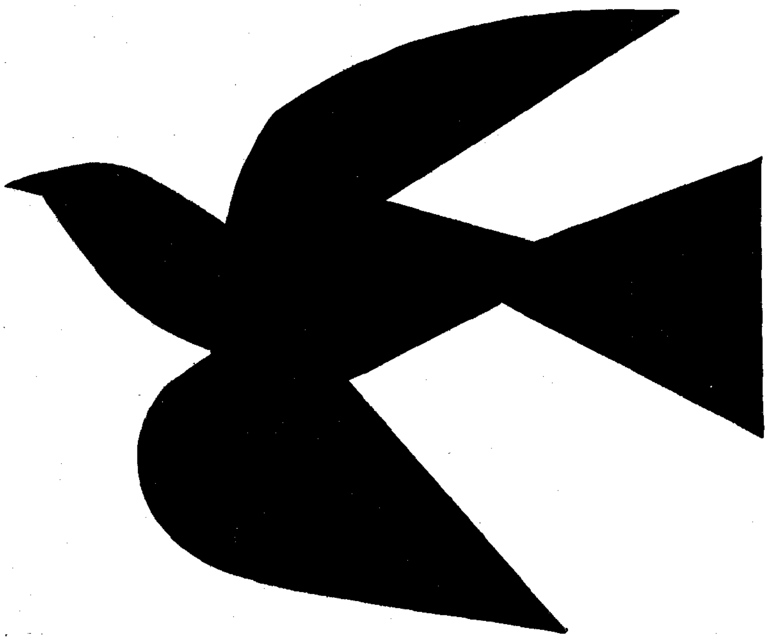

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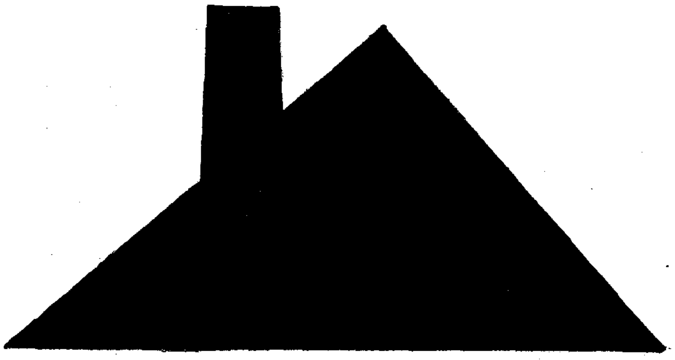
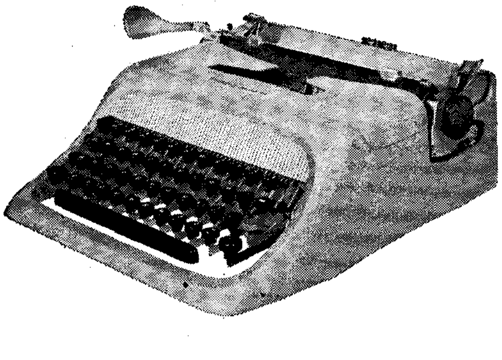




GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

archives. Saturday, June 2, the roster of archivists in the grill should include Buddy Hackett, Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Joe Marsala, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Sonny Greer, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing. Starting time is scheduled for nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave. at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, Roy Eldridge, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Jo Jones, Arvell Shaw, Danny Barker, J. C. Higginbotham, and Henry Goodwin are expected to deliver a loud report on the Natchez-to-Mobile freeway. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Miles Davis, breaking in a Brooks Brothers' suit and a new avant-garde band, is well worth a night in the Village. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ROGER BEZOMBES—The first American showing by a contemporary French Expressionist whose paintings are somewhat in the line of van Gogh; through Thursday, May 31. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Thirty-one black-and-white drawings, of which ten portray other artists—Picasso, Utrillo, and so on; through Saturday, June 2. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—A review of his sculptural career as exemplified by a group of fifteen bronzes, dating from 1939 to the present; through June 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ROLF CAVAEL—Wiry, sprightly abstract paintings, in a first solo showing of one of the German moderns; through Friday, June 8. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

RAOUL DUFY AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Over a dozen oils and water colors by Dufy, set against a background of oils by Braque, Soutine, and twelve other members of the school of Paris; through June 22. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

THOMAS GEORGE, EDWARD GIOBBI, AND DEAN CARTER—Offering, respectively, scroll prints and wood blocks; small terra cottas, lithographs, drawings, and woodcuts; and bronze and wood sculptures. Through Thursday, May 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LEON GOLUB—Expressionist oils and drawings, darkly fanciful in concept and extremely powerful in style; through Wednesday, June 6. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

JUAN GRIS AND HENRI LAURENS—Oils and gouaches by the former; collages, water colors, and bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by the latter. Through June 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

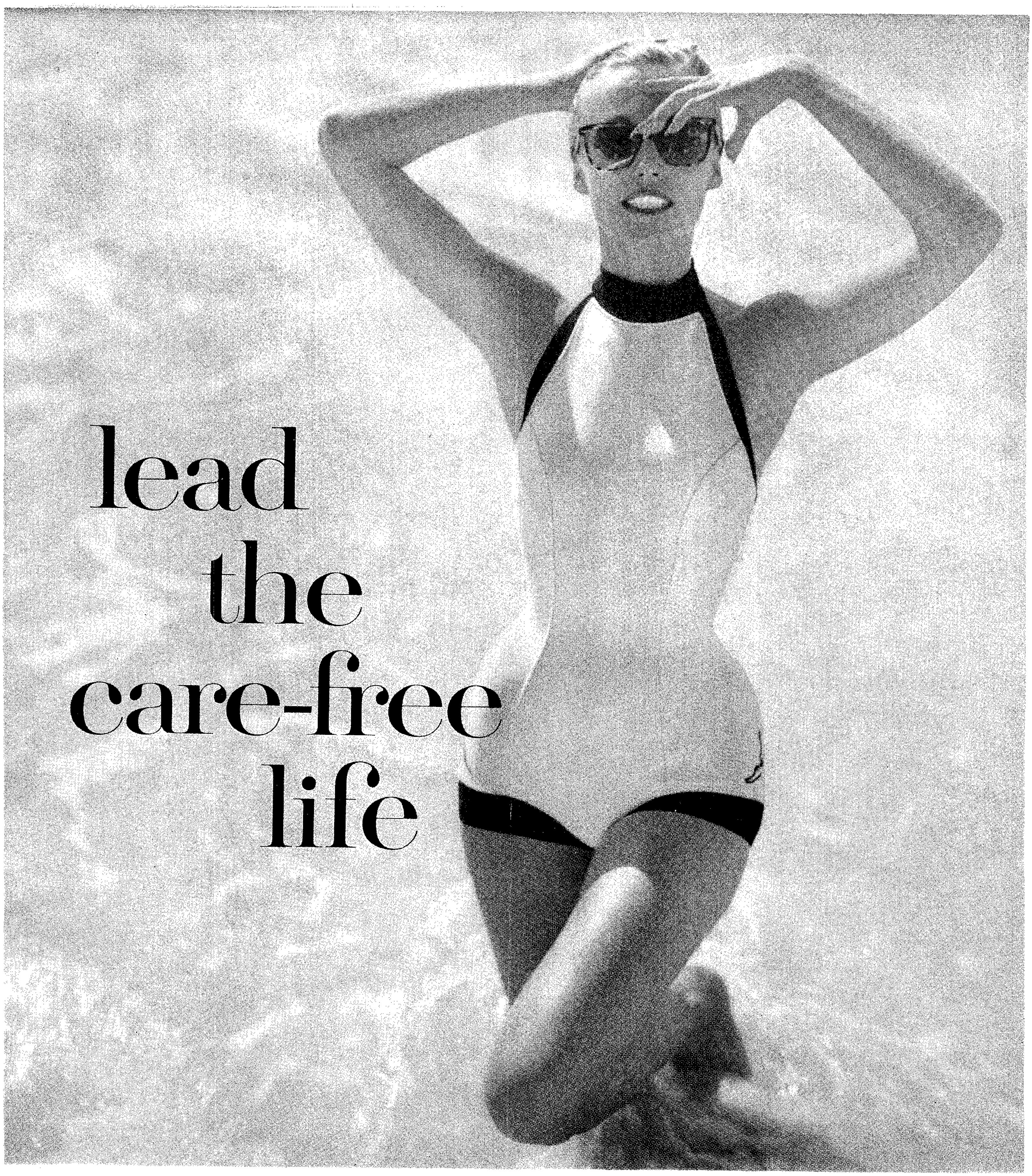
DONG KINGMAN—New water colors, busily fanciful as usual, most of them based on a round-the-world trip he made recently; through Saturday, June 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

BARBARA LEKBERG AND JUAN NICKFORD—Figures, animals, and abstract forms of welded metal (steel, bronze, copper, and brass); through Saturday, June 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

ROSARIO MURABITO—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, half archaic and half abstract in pattern, by an Italian modernist now resident in this country; through Saturday, June 9. (Schettini, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—New paintings, glowing in color and handsome in design, in her first exhibition in five years; through Thursday, May 31. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

PHILIP PIECK—City scenes painted here between 1941 and 1945 by a Dutch missionary priest whose earlier works, some of them in Holland and some in the Philippines, were destroyed



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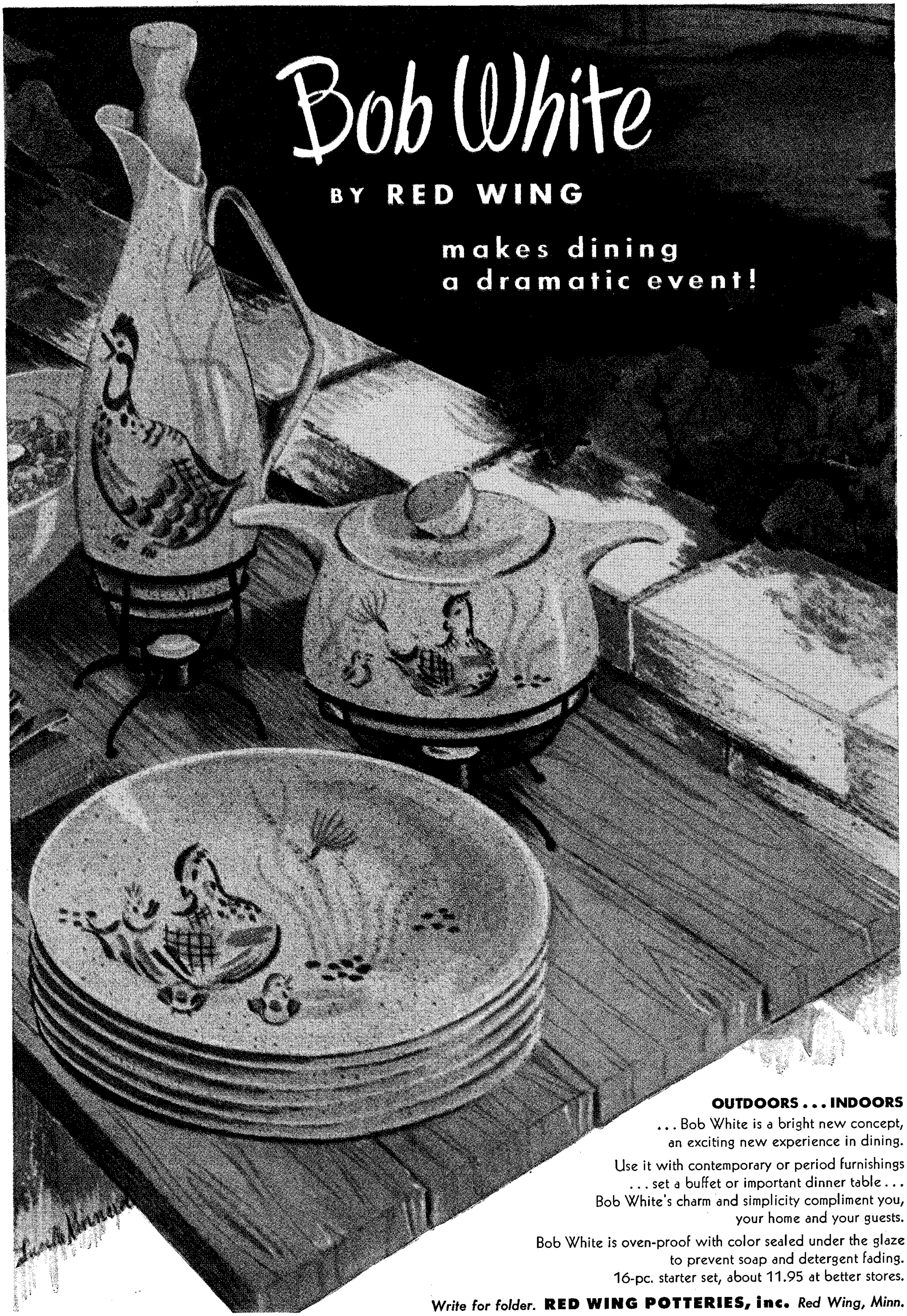
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during World War II; through June 15. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST—Monotypes by one of the early American Impressionists (1859-1924); through Saturday, June 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Open Saturday, June 2.)

JEAN-PAUL RIOPELLE—Oil, gouache, and water-color landscapes, turned out this year by a Canadian-born artist who makes his home in Paris; through Friday, June 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

ESTHER ROLICK—Landscapes, including a set called "Four Seasons of Being" (spring, summer, fall, and winter), as well as interiors; through Saturday, June 9. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

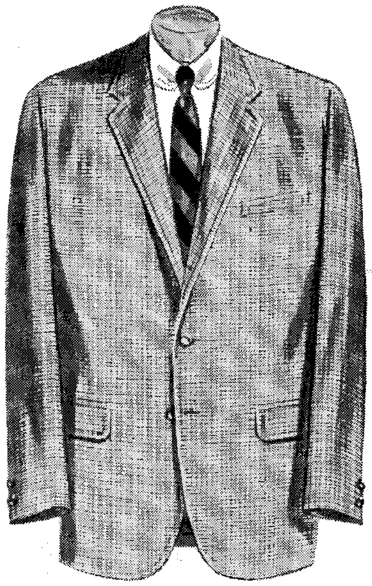
IRMA ROTHSTEIN—Pleasantly stylized, gently appealing sculptures, mostly small, in bronze, terra cotta, and other materials; through Saturday, June 2. (Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings and sculptures by newly elected Academy members (Edward Hopper and Andrew Wyeth), newly elected Institute members (Peggy Bacon, Stuart Davis, Edwin Dickinson, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn, and Mark Tobey), and the nine winners of this year's Institute art awards. Also fifteen pictures purchased by the Childe Hassam Fund. Through June 24. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—A Village garden is the setting for pieces by a dozen artists, including José de Rivera, Seymour Lipton, Helena Simkhovitch, and Ibram Lassaw; through Sunday, June 3. (48 W. 10th St. Daily, 2 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: The second annual "Painters and Sculptors of Promise" presents items by Varujan Boghosian, Bruce Conner, and four others; through June 15. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirtieth spring roundup, including paintings and sculptures by gallery and non-gallery artists—Stuart Davis, William Zorach, and Eli Nadelman, to mention a few; through June 29. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: The initial showing of "New Talent in the U.S.A.," a travelling exhibition sponsored by the American Federation of Arts and containing works by fourteen painters, six sculptors, and six graphic artists; through June 29. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils (1955-56) by such contemporaries as Ogden Pleissner, Sidney Laufman, and Leon Kroll, which will be supplemented, starting Monday, June 4, by a selection of oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 27. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Middleton Freeman, Joseph Greenberg, and others of the younger artists, most of them from New York; through Friday, June 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Alexander Brook, and Henry Varnum Poor are some of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 29. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: This year's edition of the annual "Fact and Fantasy" presentation includes paintings and sculptures by Cameron Booth, Hale Woodruff, Manolo Pascual, and other regular members of the gallery group; through Aug. 24. . . . STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: About a hundred and thirty paintings and sculptures, all Abstract Expressionist in style, make up the gallery's fifth annual invitation exhibit; through June 16. (Open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Canvases, primarily, by Leonid, Kurt Seligmann, Francis Bacon, and others; through July 20. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: French and American painters and sculptors, including Pierre Soulages, William Baziotes, and David Hare; through Saturday, June 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nine-



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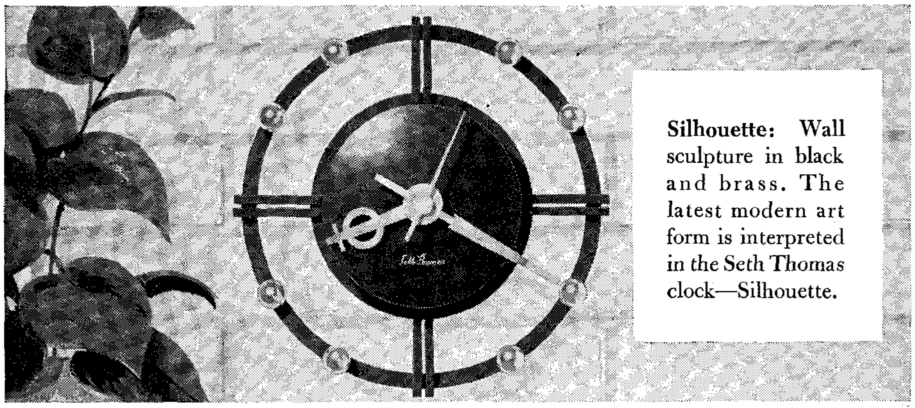

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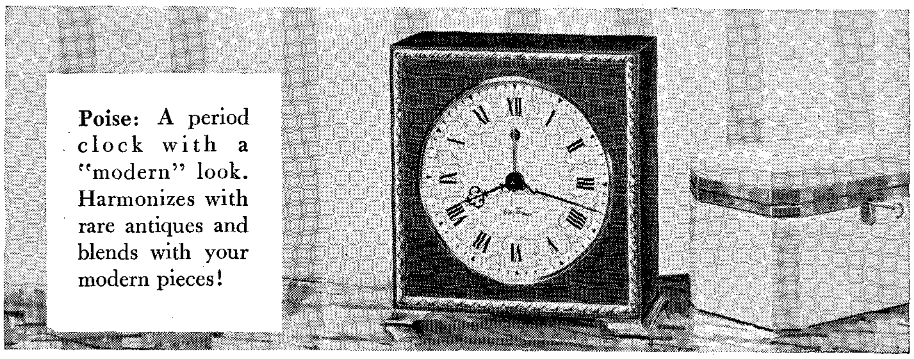

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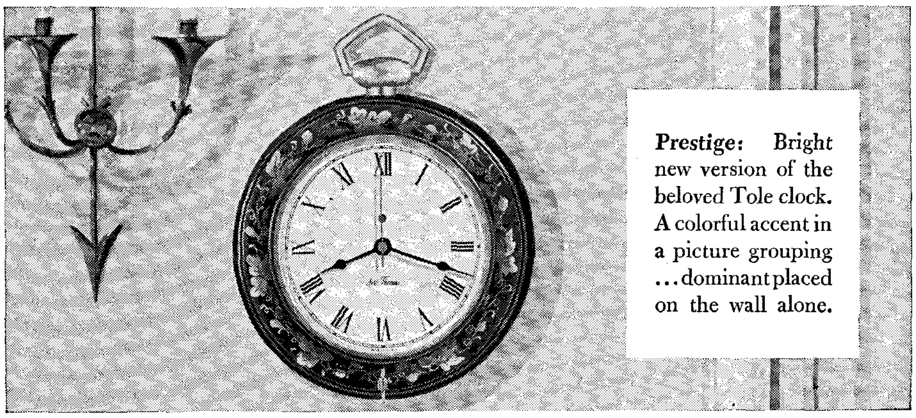

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

teenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, together with twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures. Among the exhibitors represented are Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, Renoir, and Maldarelli. Through Aug. 31. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Mirko, Joseph Glasco, Emanuel Viviano, and Kay Sage; through June 29.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Kandinsky, Picasso, Bonnard, and a dozen others are on the roster of artists for a showing of oils dated 1911-50; through Saturday, June 9. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, drawings, and prints by, among others, André Girard, Salvador Dali, and Georges Rouault; through June 15. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Chagall, and others; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary French paintings from the gallery collection, including examples by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy, as well as drawings, predominantly French, dating from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.)

GERMANS; GROUP SHOW—A small but interesting exhibition of early works by George Grosz, Emil Nolde, *and other German modernists*; through Friday, June 1. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

LATIN-AMERICAN PAINTERS—Oils by three young newcomers—Leonor Elorduy, of Mexico; Carmen Esquenazi-Mayo, of Cuba; and Charles Ronald Miro-Quesada Solevo, of Peru; through June 16. (Galería Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 120 E. 57th St.: George Cress; starting Tuesday, June 5. . . . **WELLONS**, 17 E. 64th St.: Georges Schreiber; starting Monday, June 4. (Weekdays, noon to 8.). . . ¶ Group shows at the **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.; starting Monday, June 4. **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, June 5. (Open Saturdays.) **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, June 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1.) **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.; starting Monday, June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 24.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sizable travelling exhibition of drawings, ranging from the fourteenth to the twentieth centuries, lent by West German museums and collectors, supplemented by prints, paintings, and other examples of German art of the same period, from American sources; through June 10. . . . ¶ The Museum's massive collection of medieval and Renaissance arms and armor, long off exhibition for lack of suitable space, is now installed in the Morgan Wing, and makes a handsome showing. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit and sale of a hundred and fifty drawings, chosen (with the emphasis on new talent) from thousands submitted by artists across the country; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Several paintings or sculptures each by a group of twelve Americans, including Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Ten Years of American Printmaking, 1947-56;" through July 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show covering fifty years and including oils, gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; through June 28. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Bruno Beran, depicting the life of the Jews of Morocco; through June 28. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1956 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, water colors, and drawings; through June 10. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Harry Belafonté—Folk singer, in a recital postponed from last Nov. 6. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5. Saturday, June 9, at 3.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Mozart Festival—Thursday, May 31, at 8:30, and Friday, June 1, at 8:45: A program of music and dance performed by the New York City Ballet and the Symphony of the Air, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf and Hugo Fiorato. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 11 A.M.: "What Mozart Means to Modern Music," a discussion by composers and critics. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 2:30: Chamber music by the WQXR String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 8:30: Basil Rathbone (acting, not singing) in a new English version, by Chester Kallman, of "The Abduction from the Seraglio," with the Symphony of the Air, directed by Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 3, at 3 and 8:30: Newell Jenkins directing the Symphony of the Air, with the Stratford Choir and soloists. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call WA 5-8070.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, May 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 1, at 8:15; Saturday, June 2, at 2; and Sunday, June 3, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, June 5, at 8:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 6-7, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 8, at 8:15, and Saturday, June 9, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, June 1: Frankie Ryff vs. Larry Boardman, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, June 8: Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson vs. Floyd Patterson, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 9.)

Fencing—Saturday, June 2, at 1: Epée Masters Tournament. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 10: National Championships, women's foil team. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Westchester Country Club, Rye; Wheatley Hills Country Club, East Williston, L.I.; Brookville Country Club, Brookville, L.I.; and Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Monday, June 4.) . . . ¶ Palm Beach Golf Championship. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Hollywood Golf Club, Deal, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. Sunday, June 3.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 8-10.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At Belmont Park: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 7. The Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, June 2; the Juvenile, Wednesday, June 6; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)

Tennis—Sears Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday and Saturday, June 8-9.)

Track—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, June 9, at 7.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, July

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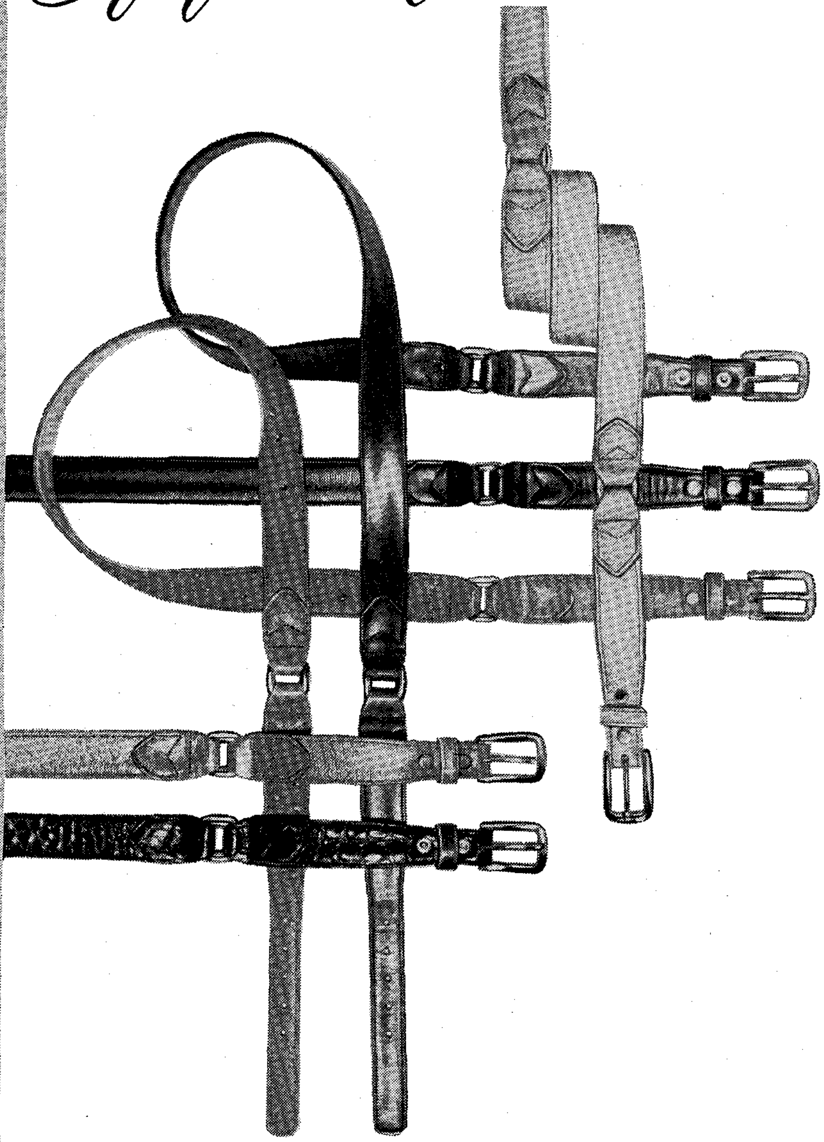

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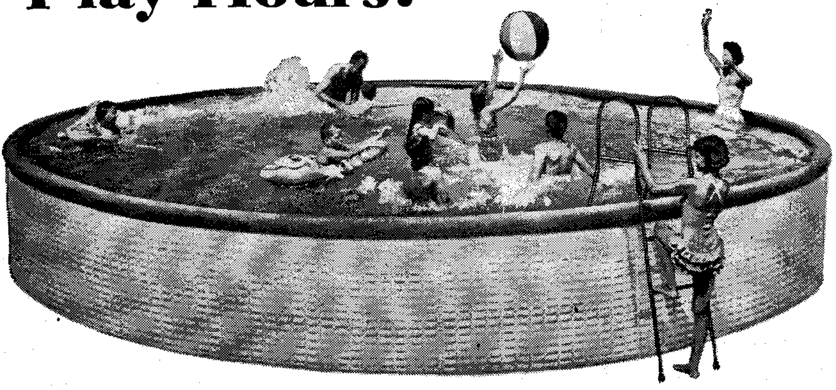

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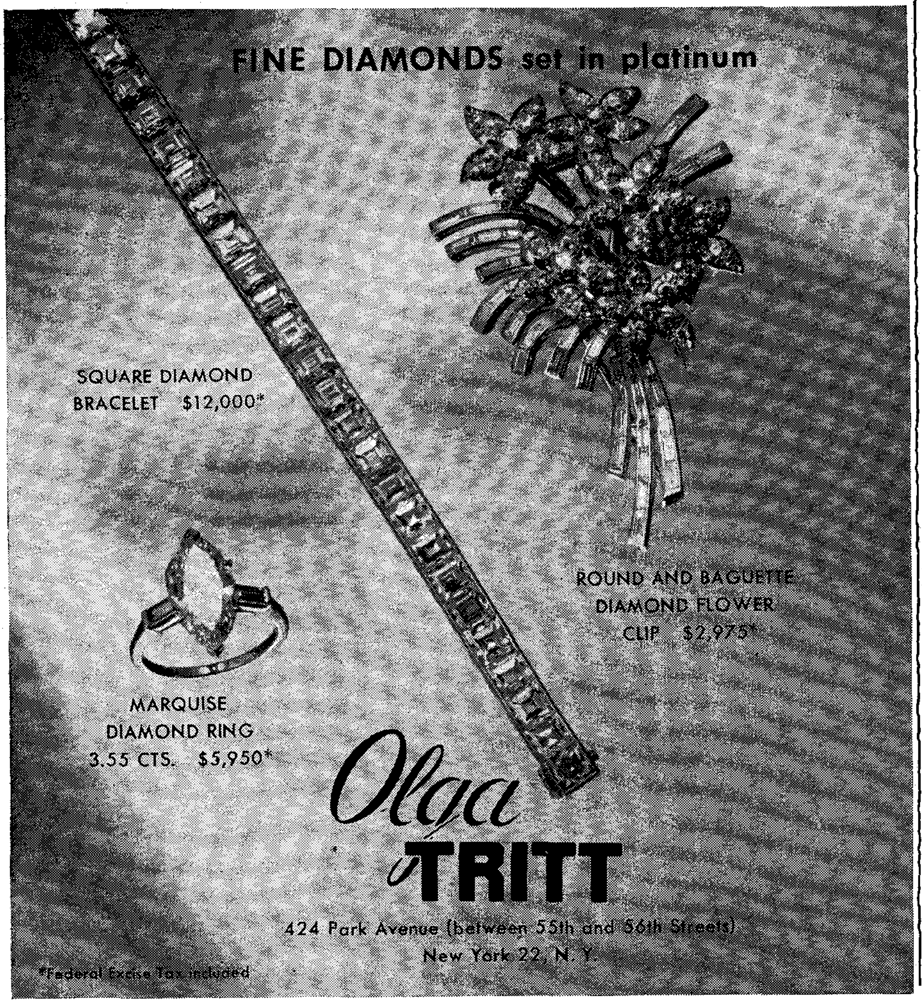
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 7, through Saturday, Aug. 25.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Thursday, June 7. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

FLOWER SHOW—The annual flower mart sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday, June 5, from 10 to 5; Wednesday if it rains.)

INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES EXHIBITION AND SALE—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and European furniture, Belgian laces, Russian enamels, Persian and Egyptian pottery, ancient Roman glass, and other rarities assembled from the four corners of the globe. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Sunday, May 31-June 3. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sunday, 2 to 11.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including a Gospel leaf of the sixth century, a map of Palestine made in Venice about 1300, and drawings by such artists as Fragonard, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and Thomas Lawrence. Through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—In the current show, "From Pole to Pole," the heavens are viewed from different parts of the world, and such astronomical wonders are seen as the northern and southern lights and the Southern Cross. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 1:45: Country furniture and decorative objects; Georgian and other silver; nineteenth-century and modern paintings, drawings, and prints; and Oriental and domestic rugs. From the estate of Warner McLaughlin and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 7-8, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculpture, from various collections. Exhibition starts Friday, June 1.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Annapolis, Friday, June 1; Smith, Sunday, June 3; Barnard, Columbia, and West Point, Tuesday, June 5; and N.Y.U., Wednesday, June 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—YANKEES—At Yankee Stadium: June 10, June 12-14, June 29-July 1, July 3, and July 12-15. . . . **GIANTS**—At the Polo Grounds: June 15-17, June 19-24, June 26-28, and July 4-8. . . . **DODGERS**—At Ebbets Field: June 15-17, June 19-24, June 26-27, and June 29-July 2. . . . ¶ At Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: June 25.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—June 15: Miguel Berrios vs. Cherif Hamia, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ June 22: Rory Calhoun vs. Willy Vaughn, middleweights, 10 rounds.

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. June 16.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championship Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 16.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 4-7.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester, N.Y. June 14-16.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament. (Mountain Ridge Country Club, Caldwell, N.J. July 6.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Braidburn Country Club, Madison, N.J. July 12-14.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Rockville Country Club, Rockville Center, L.I. July 12-15.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 16-17.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 21-24.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. July 7-8.)

OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN EVENTS—At Stockholm, Sweden, June 10-17.

RACING—At **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: June 12-Aug. 8. . . . **BELMONT PARK**: The Belmont, June 16. . . . **NEW WOODBINE PARK**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, tentatively June 16. . . . **ASCOT**, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 19-22. . . . **JAMAICA**: July 9-Aug. 4.

TENNIS—Church Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. June 15-16.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Grass Court Championships. (Field Club of Greenwich, Greenwich, Conn. June 22-24.) . . . ¶ Eastern Women's Clay Court Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. June 25-July 1.) . . . ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 25-July 7.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Clay Court Championships. (Elizabeth Town and Country Club, Elizabeth, N.J. June 29-July 1.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. July 7-15.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham. July 9-14.) . . . ¶ Eastern Seniors' Clay Court Championships. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. July 14-22.)

TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 2-6.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport to Bermuda race, June 16. . . . ¶ Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. July 13-14.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 14-21.)

MUSIC—Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 18-July 28. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 20-Aug. 17. . . . ¶ New Haven Pop Concerts, New Haven, Conn., June 26 and July 10. . . . ¶ Berkshire Music Barn Jazz Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 1-Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Empire State Music Festival, Ellenville, N.Y., July 4-29. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 4-Aug. 12. . . . ¶ American Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I., July 5-7. . . . ¶ Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra, Chautauqua, N.Y., July 6-Aug. 22.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A musical, "Shangri-La," based on the late James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." Dennis King, Shirley Yamaguchi, Martyn Green, and Harold Lang are in the cast; Harry Warren composed the score; and Jerome Lawrence, Robert E. Lee, and Mr. Hilton wrote the book and lyrics. . . . ¶ "New Faces of 1956," a Leonard Sillman revue, with Jane Connell, Amru Sani, and Johnny Haymer. The music and lyrics are by June Carroll, Arthur Siegel, Ronny Graham, and a number of others, and Paul Lynde, Richard Maury, Sidney Carroll, and Louis Botto contributed the sketches. . . . ¶ Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, Paul Hartman, and Guy Lombardo's orchestra, all literally at sea in a water-borne revival of "Show Boat," at the Jones Beach Marine Theatre.

OTHER DATES—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 10; Vassar and Yale, June 11; Princeton, June 12; and Harvard, June 14. . . . ¶ Rose, Peony, and June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 13. . . . ¶ Federal estimated income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Wednesday.

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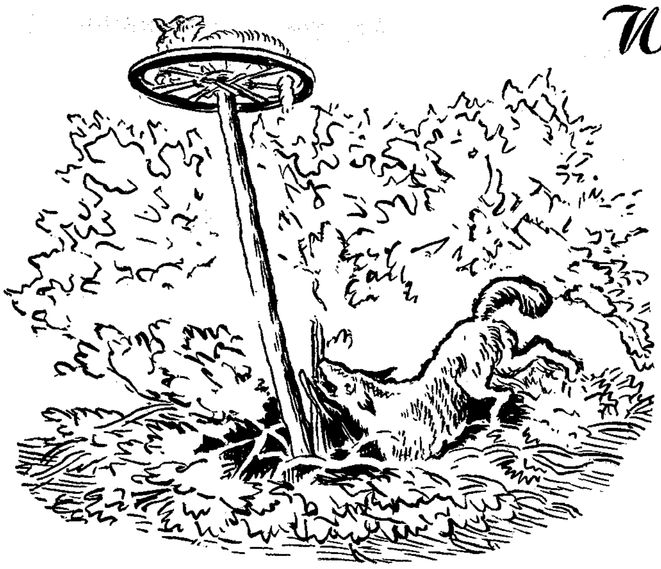

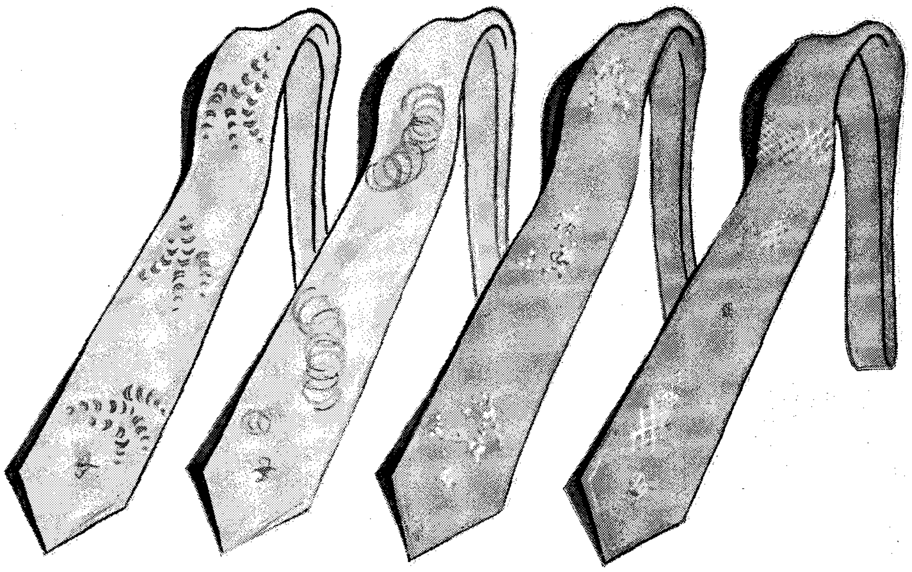

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

DIABOLIQUE—A French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, that gives an unsettling idea of what a man's wife and a mistress can do to him if they join forces in analyzing his weak points. All very good, until it falters at the end. In the cast are Vera Clouzot, as the wife; Simone Signoret, as the mistress; and Paul Meurisse, as the victim of their designs. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through June 5.)

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS—Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng as a pair of clever Englishmen who succeed in camouflaging the plans for the Allied invasion of Sicily by planting a corpse on a Spanish beach watched over by Hitler's agents. Fairly good spy stuff, though regrettably handicapped by the performances of the ladies in the piece. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 5-6. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 6, tentative.)

MISTER ROBERTS—Life on a Navy cargo ship that travelled from one awful island to another during the last war. Not as funny as the Heggen-Logan play from which it was adapted, but certainly not dull. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 3-5, tentative.)

OKLAHOMA!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country, expanded by a process called Todd-AO into the most inflated item the movie optical experts have cooked up yet. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the screen are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 11:30, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 5, tentative.)

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948)—A melodrama dealing with an Irish sailor, a mysterious lady, and two lawyers, both balmy. With Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

THE WAGES OF FEAR (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin making a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; June 1-5, tentative.)

A WOMAN'S FACE (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 3-4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through June 3: "Woman Chases Man" (1937), with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Broderick Crawford. . . . ¶ Starting June 4: "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938), with Adolphe Menjou and Zorina. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through the afternoon of June 4: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover," Jane Russell, Richard Egan.
From June 4, at 8:30: "Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Gina Lollobrigida. (Opening-night seats reserved.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Searchers," John Wayne, Jeff Hunter.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Killing," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"D-Day the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd, Dana Wynter.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
May 31 (tentative): "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles.
From June 1 (tentative): "The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Rosanna," Rossana Podesta.

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 5 (tentative): "Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston.
From June 6 (tentative): "House of Ricordi" (in Italian), Marta Toren, Danielle Delorme; and "Make Me an Offer," Peter Finch, Adrienne Corri.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
"The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
May 31 (tentative): "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
June 1-5 (tentative): **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English).
From June 6 (tentative): **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 5: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.
From June 6: "The Swan," Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness; and "Manfish," John Bromfield, Lon Chaney.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 5: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.
From June 6: "Miracle in the Rain," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson; and "Tennessee's Partner," John Payne, Ronald Reagan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through June 4: "French-Cancan" (in French), Jean Gabin.
From June 5, at 8:45: "Rififi" (in French), Jean Servais. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office. Thereafter, showings at 12, 2, 4:10, 6:20, 8:30, and 10:45. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Invitation to the Dance," Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through June 5: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French).
From June 6: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 5 (tentative): "Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston; and "Lease of Life," Robert Donat, Kay Walsh.
From June 6 (tentative): **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 6: "Picnic," William Holden, Rosalind Russell.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 5: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.
From June 6: "The Swan," Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness; and "Manfish," John Bromfield, Lon Chaney.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 5 (tentative): **A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT,** revival.
From June 6: To be announced.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through June 2: "Anything Goes," Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor; and "Flame of the Islands," Yvonne De Carlo, Zachary Scott.
June 3-4: **A WOMAN'S FACE,** revival; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy.
June 5-6: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS;** and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 2 (tentative): "Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston.
June 3-5 (tentative): **MISTER ROBERTS;** and "Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood.
From June 6 (tentative): "The Return of Don Camillo" (in Italian), Fernandel, Gino Cervi.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 5: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.
From June 6: "Miracle in the Rain," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson; and "Tennessee's Partner," John Payne, Ronald Reagan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 5: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.
From June 6: "The Swan," Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness; and "Manfish," John Bromfield, Lon Chaney.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 2: "Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones; and "Please Murder Me," Angela Lansbury, Raymond Burr.
June 3-4: "Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine; and "The Steel Jungle," Perry Lopez, Beverly Garland.
June 5-6: "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane; and "The Man Who Loved Redheads," revival, Moira Shearer, John Justin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 5 (tentative): "Golden Demon" (in Japanese).
From June 6 (tentative): **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 5: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.
From June 6: "The Swan," Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness; and "Manfish," John Bromfield, Lon Chaney.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 2: "Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones; and "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," Felix Aylmer, Diane Cilento.
June 3-5: "Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine; and "The Steel Jungle," Perry Lopez, Beverly Garland.
From June 6: "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "My Sister Eileen," revival, Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through June 5: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.
From June 6: "Miracle in the Rain," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson; and "Tennessee's Partner," John Payne, Ronald Reagan.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through June 2: "Anything Goes," Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor; and "Flame of the Islands," Yvonne De Carlo, Zachary Scott.
June 3-4: "Hell Below Zero," revival, Alan Ladd; and "Abbott and Costello Comin' Around the Mountain," revival.
June 5-6: "My Son John," revival, Helen Hayes, Robert Walker; and "The Seven Year Itch," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Wedding in Monaco," a documentary film with a self-explanatory title; and "The Battle of Gettysburg," a documentary film about a historical event of much earlier vintage.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Animal World," a documentary survey of nothing less than life on this planet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Proud and the Beautiful" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Michèle Morgan.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

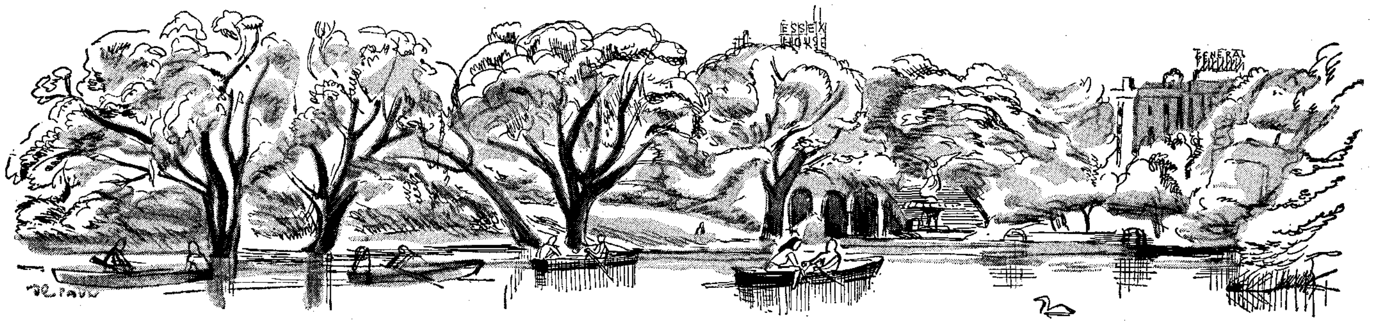
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through June 5: "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
From June 6: To be announced.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (RI 9-9914)
Through June 5: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.
From June 6: "Miracle in the Rain," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson; and "Tennessee's Partner," John Payne, Ronald Reagan.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through June 5: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.
From June 6: "Miracle in the Rain," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson; and "Tennessee's Partner," John Payne, Ronald Reagan.



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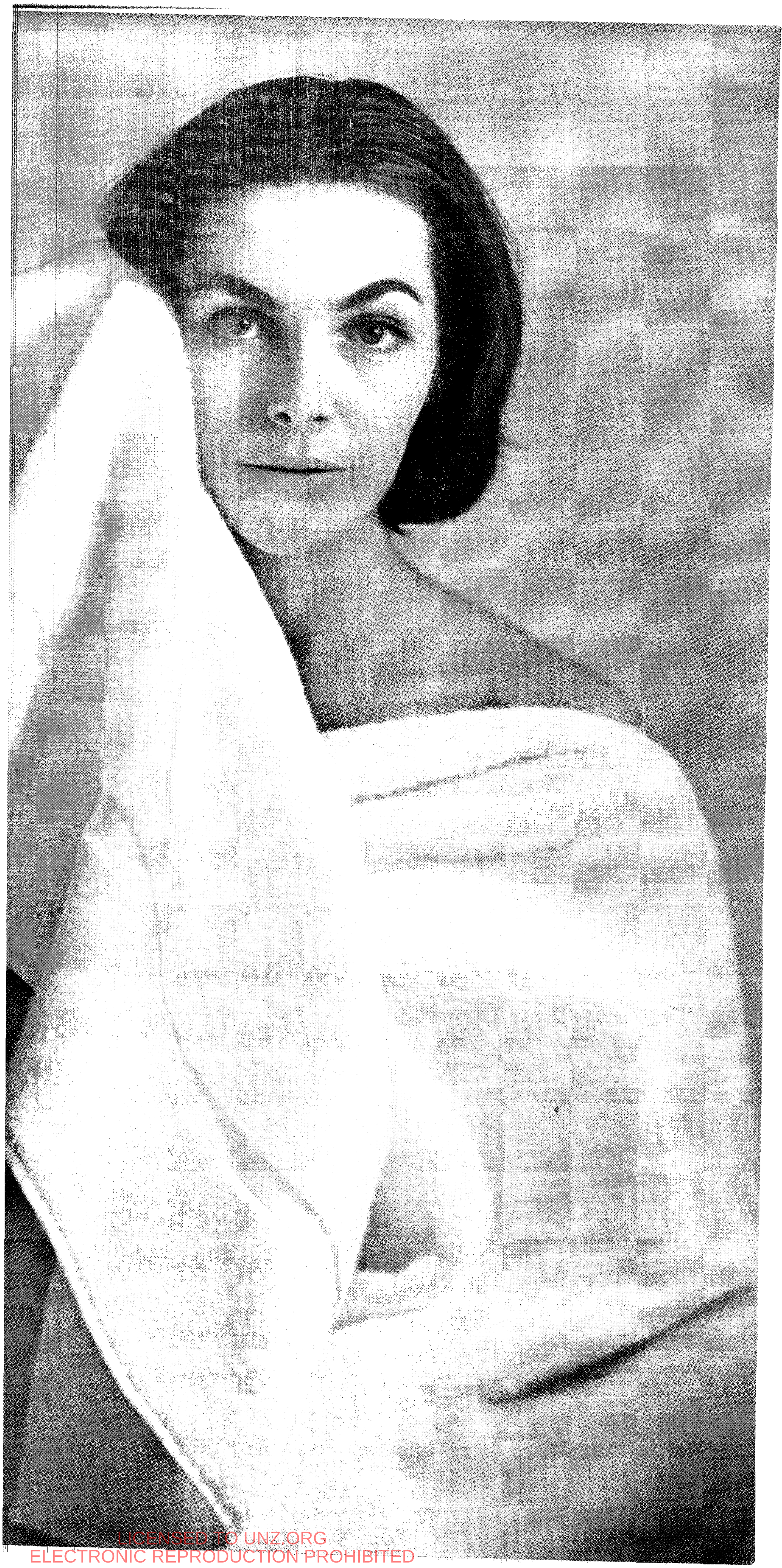
WEST POINT TEXTILES



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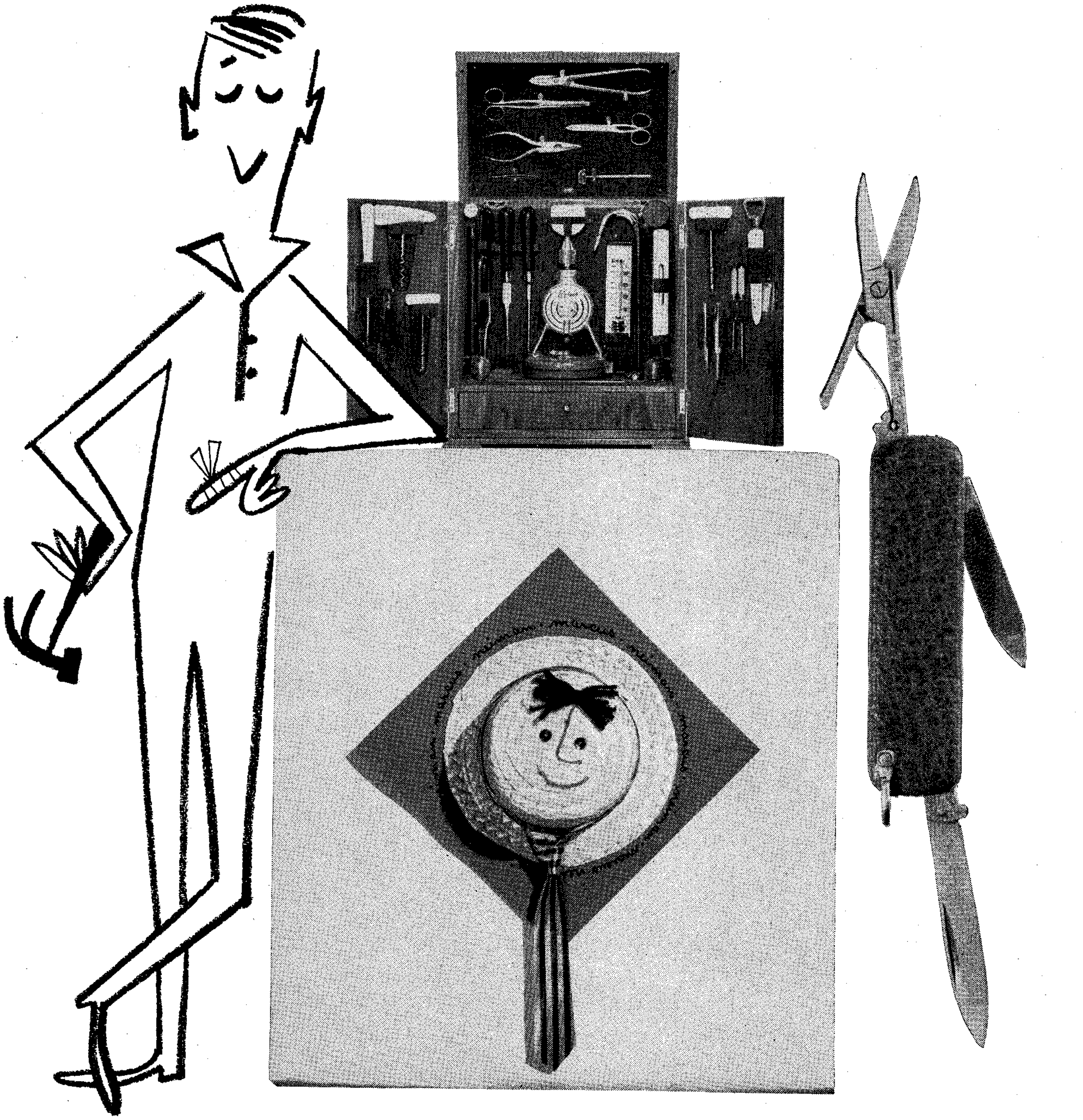

what do you give a mr. fixit?*

Take a little fatherly advice for June 17, butter him up with a Neiman-Marcus gift, magnificent or minute. Wrapped up in sentiment, whimsy, and a straw hat, .50 or gratis on gifts over 100.00. For brand-new fathers our versatile Italian leather knife 2.95. Or, for a retiring V.P., the fabulous English chest of precision tools 550.00

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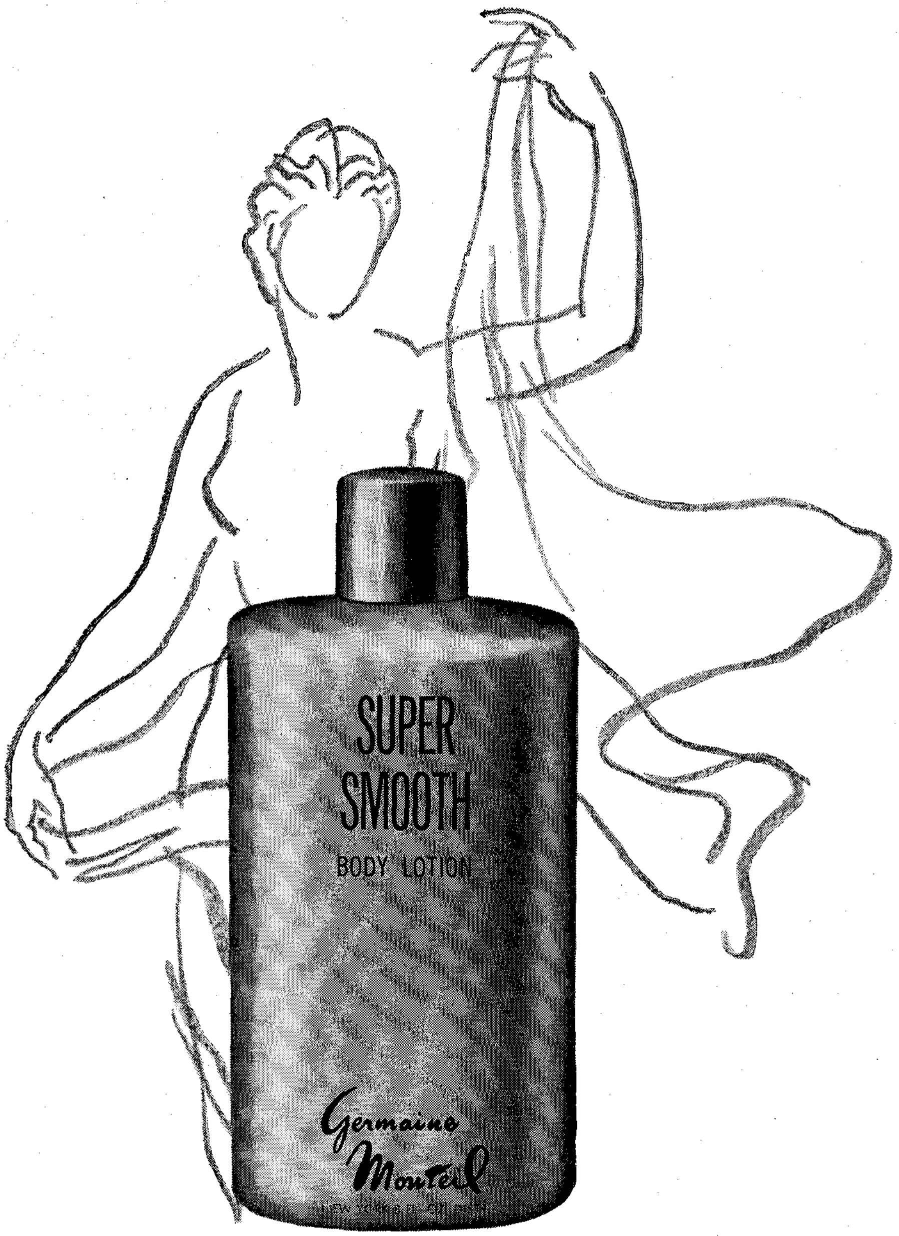
Dallas ● Houston ● Mail orders for knife to Dallas, add .25 postage ● See page 92 for another N-M Father's Day gift idea



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Super-Smooth body lotion

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Super-Smooth Body Lotion puts it back.
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THE NEW YORKER

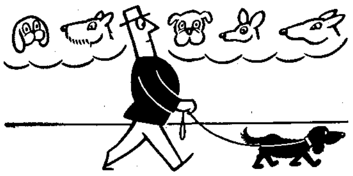
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN William L. Laurence's knowledgeable dispatch to the *Times* on the hydrogen-bomb explosion, he remarked that one crucial phase of the fusion process—the splitting of lithium 6 into tritium and helium—takes place in one-billionth of one-trillionth of a second. That's the tiniest fraction we've ever heard of, and we've set it down numerically to have a good look at it. It's quite a sight:

$$\frac{1}{1{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000}$$

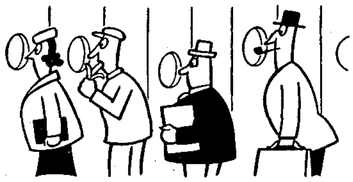
NATURE, we are aware, is infinitely resourceful, yet sometimes we wonder how she manages to adjust herself to man's capricious pressures. What, we wonder, does Nature do with all the different breeds of dogs that have their day and then abruptly fall out of fashion? This thought came to us one evening last week when we were walking our own dog, a cocker spaniel (a nervy breed but a durable one historically), and passed a lady walking hers, which was a Pekinese. It was the first Peke we'd seen for years, but there was a time, some while back, when the streets were full of them. Ladies carried them around on their arms, like muffs, in such numbers that the snouty little creatures became a symbol of pamperedness and the slightly foolish; they crept into the cartoons, and no drawing of a fat, pompous dowager was complete unless she had her pet Peke either on her arm or on a cushion beside her chair. Then, all of a sudden, they vanished—giving way, as we recall, to the Scottie.



And before that there had been others: the Airedale, for instance—truly handsome dogs, though they always looked a bit melancholy in the city—and the Kerry blue, and the schnauzer, not to mention a few more exotic breeds, like the Chihuahua, the schipperke, and the borzoi, the last owing its vogue to Alfred Knopf and a period in which he went in for "prestige" book advertising ("I *always* read Borzoi books," said Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte) as much as to any other factor. Nowadays, of course, it's the poodle that is predominant, and we can't help wondering what has happened to all the others. You can't just turn dogs on and off like a spigot, you know. Nature herself is involved, and inexorably. Once you've got schnauzers, for instance, you've got *schnauzers*, and in the ordinary course of things you are certain to get even more of them. What becomes of them, then, when the demand is cut off and they disappear? Are there vast packs of Scotties sequestered somewhere? Hordes of Pekinese stockpiled, so to speak, against a change in fashions? Or—it just occurs to us—is a kind of transmutation, even a transmigration of souls or species, involved? The first dog we can recall, as an infant member of a dog-loving family, was a mastiff. It is now long vanished, of course, but we are beginning to suspect it has been re-created as a boxer.

Casa Seagram

TWO types of people put up buildings in New York—those who are glad to let you watch construction and those who aren't. Sidewalk superintendents can be a terrible nuisance, getting in the way of trucks, gear, and workmen, but their hearts are in the right place; the admiration they express by merely standing and staring consists largely of a frustrated desire to dig dirt, blast rock, pour concrete, weld steel, lay brick, and otherwise lend a helping hand, and we think it only fitting that their tireless vigils should be made as comfortable and rewarding as possible. To the best of our knowledge, Rockefeller Center provided the first occasion on which, by cutting a number of portholes in the fence that surrounded the site, builders gave formal encouragement to sidewalk superintending. The reason for this great step forward is said to have been that Mr. Rockefeller, himself a gifted sidewalk superintendent, was brusquely ordered to keep moving when, one morning, he paused at a gap in the fence and peered inside. Over the years, various benign property owners and builders have contrived similar points of vantage, but it remained for the House of Seagram, currently engaged in putting up a skyscraper on Park Avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets, to give sidewalk superintendents what is, in this country and especially in this city, the ultimate accolade; to wit, their own commercials.



In the gray fencing that encloses three sides of the Seagram site, six sets of Plexiglas portholes have been installed. There are three portholes to a set, and they're graduated in height to accommodate superintendents tall, short, and middle-sized. Above each set of portholes is a small but powerful loudspeaker, and out of it pours a stream of transcribed messages from such distinguished personages as Faye Emerson, Hy Gardner, and Danton Walker, who plug the about-to-be building and themselves. In the company of a Seagram representative, we stopped at a likely-looking porthole the other afternoon just as a message in Spanish was being broadcast, "for the convenience of our Spanish-speaking friends." All we got out of that was a reference to Casa Seagram, and, staring rather glumly through Plexiglas at the steelwork being assembled at the bottom of the excavation, we marvelled at the amount of building that has to be done before the building itself begins to show aboveground. We thought of how splendid it would be if the finished cellar, or cellars, were to be devoted to casks of aging whiskey, but no such luck—"Nothing but pipes, ducts, cables, conduits, and drains down there," said the Seagram man, reading our mind.

From the loudspeaker over our head, a voice said, "This is Faye Emerson. I do 'I've Got a Secret' on C.B.S. television almost every Wednesday night. But there's no secret about what you're watching right now . . ."

"We also broadcast messages in French," said the Seagram man. "This is an international neighborhood, you know."

Ben Grauer, on tape, thereupon proved that it always had been international, noting that Peter Stuyvesant had owned the Seagram land back in 1658, "when New York was called Nieuw Amsterdam." Further messages informed us that Casa Seagram would be thirty-eight stories high; would have exterior walls of bronze and a pinky-gray glass; would contain nearly twelve acres of office space; would feature a half-acre park on the ground level; and would have a population of from four to five thousand people. We were aghast at the last figure, but Señor Seagram took it calmly. "We've made a survey of the neighborhood," he said, "and we've found that there are more restaurants within two blocks of this spot than there are in Carson City, Annapolis, or Frankfort, Kentucky. Five thousand people are nothing around here."

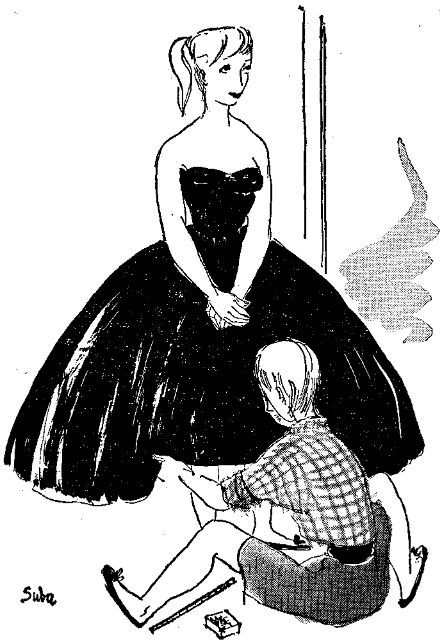
As we listened to further canned messages, from Bill Leonard, Will Rogers, Jr., and Steve Allen, it struck us that we'd already forgotten what building used to stand on the Seagram site. We must have passed it hundreds of times and it had been gone a scant four months, but for the life of us we couldn't have said whether it was of brick or stone, or even whether it was an office building or an apartment building. The Seagram man came to the rescue of our faulty memory. "The Montana apartment house, also known as 375 Park, stood here," he said. "Built in 1913, and a truly noble pile of stone. Voisin was in the basement—remember? When the Montana opened, an eighteen-year-old boy from Nova Scotia named Harry Ward got a job there and worked his way up to doorman. He was on the door when they pulled the place down. Seagram will be needing a doorman, too, and Harry has been given the job. At the moment, he's keeping his hand in by cleaning the Plexiglas in these portholes."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a sign in front of a motel in Santa Barbara, California, that reads, "Entrance Only—Do Not Enter."

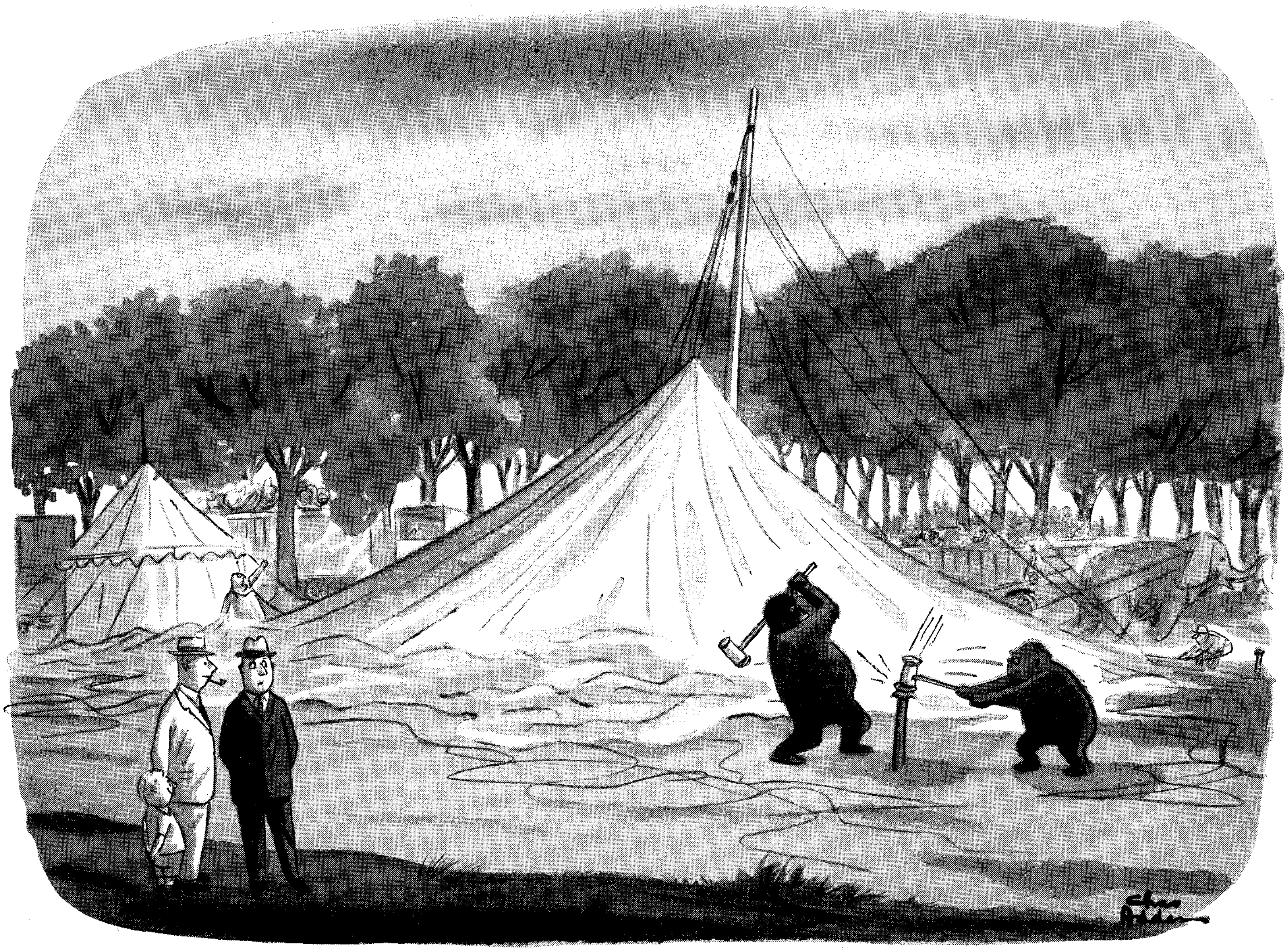
Exploring Titan

THE new president of the New York City section of the American Rocket Society is Charles J. Marsel, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Chemical Engineering at New York University's College of Engineering, and the other day we went whooshing up to University Heights by I.R.T. to have a talk with this man of the future. Dr. Marsel, a short, black-haired, smiling bachelor of thirty-four who looks as if he could solo to Mars without batting an eye, received us in an office that featured gaudy pictures of interplanetary travel, with stirring titles ("Exploring Titan, Largest Moon of Saturn"), and rows of steel filing cabinets with combination locks on them. "In a way, the pictures and the cabinets symbolize the two sides of my life, and of the Rocket Society's," Dr. Marsel told us. "On the one hand, you have colorful but as yet unrealized dreams of the future of astronautics, better-known as space travel. On the other hand, you have the filing cabinets, in which are colorless and undramatic technical reports representing the hard work that is now being done in rocketry, much of which cannot even be spoken of, because it is classified. People are always saying to us Rocket Society members 'How about a seat on the first flight to the moon?' and we reply 'Slow down! Wait until we've come to grips with the problems of the intercontinental ballistic missile and the unmanned satellite! Ask us again later!' "



Dr. Marsel told us he was born in Yonkers, did his undergraduate work at N.Y.U., got his doctorate at Purdue, and worked for two years as a chemical-research engineer with Colgate-Palmolive-Peet before returning to his alma mater as a faculty member. He has been interested in rocketry only since 1951, he said, when he and one of his colleagues, Dr. John Happel, began a study of jet propulsion, under the auspices of the federal government. Once he got the rocketry bug, though, he was a goner. As for the Rocket Society, it was founded in 1930, it has over three thousand members—scientists, engineers, and interested laymen—nationally and over five hundred in the New York City section, and its purpose is the advancement of rocketry, including jet propulsion and astronautics. "We expect the launching of the unmanned satellite, late in 1957, to give the Society a tremendous boost," Dr. Marsel said. "That thing whipping by, occasionally visible to the naked eye—marvellous publicity! Although the Rocket Society will have no part in building or launching it, we *can* take a bow for having submitted a proposal entitled 'On the Utility of an Artificial Unmanned Earth Satellite' to the director of the National Science Foundation in December, 1954, seven months before President Eisenhower announced the government's satellite program. Right now, the Rocket Society is anxious to build up student chapters; the only one currently operating is here at N.Y.U., and a flourishing one it is. Not long ago, the students let me know that they were planning to build a very substantial rocket. Having looked at their plans and ascertained that we'd need ten-foot concrete walls to keep the blast-off from wiping out the campus, I had to regretfully throw cold water on the scheme."

We asked Dr. Marsel whether he thought his evident qualifications for a berth on the first manned interplanetary rocket—youth, single state, cool head, sound scientific background—had anything to do with his election as president of the New York section, and he said he didn't think so, since the Society is pessimistic about the possibility of interplanetary travel within the next few



say this for John Ringling North—he doesn't give up easily.”

* * *

years, and will admit only that it has “an optimistic attitude regarding probability of [space flight] in this century.” “As a matter of fact, some members of the Society have done some work, informally, on the question of personnel for that first flight,” said Dr. Marsel, “and, according to their findings, it isn't going to be any joy ride. It will probably be a long, tedious journey—smooth, yes, but in very cramped quarters. There will probably be room for only one pilot, the most important qualifications being small size and scientific training. *Ergo*, a woman scientist. The Rocket Society has quite a good female membership, and these findings make the ladies happy, but so far their attitude is one of caution. I know a woman scientist who claims she is overeating so that she won't be a likely candidate.”

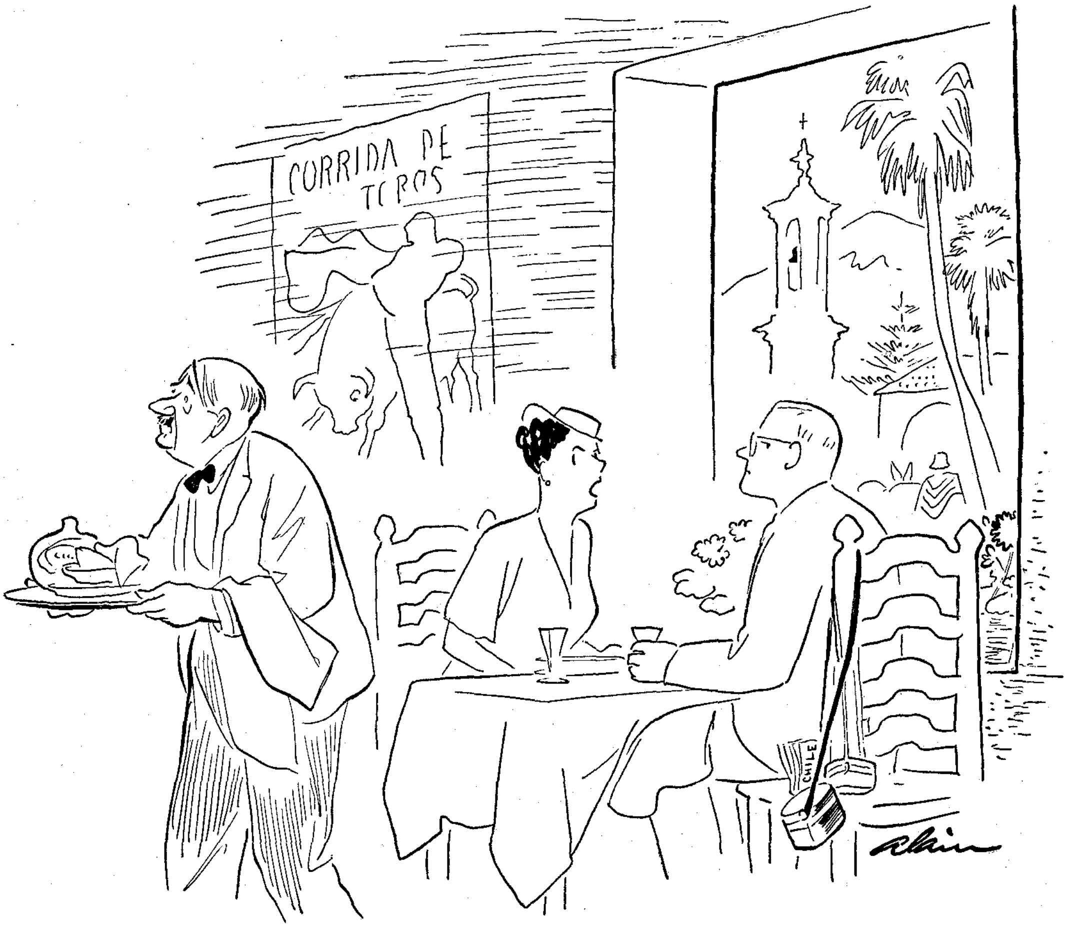
Affront

IN a Westport elementary school the other day, during Quiet Period, when pupils are supposed to be peacefully engaged in reading or drawing, a small boy broke the silence by yelping, “You just keep that up and I'll kill you!” The teacher asked him what had provoked the outburst. “It's Maria,” the boy said. “She keeps listening when I'm talking to myself.”

Tense Deliberations

IF a starlight roof—even one like the Waldorf-Astoria's, which is not a roof and has electric stars—isn't a rum spot to discuss anxiety and tension, we don't know what is. The Waldorf's Starlight Roof, though, is just where the First Annual Forum on Anxiety and Tension, sponsored by CIBA Pharmaceutical Products, Inc., in coöperation with the National Association for Mental Health, took place recently. We arrived at noon, the Forum's midpoint, and got off an elevator at the eighteenth floor, where we were confronted by a placard on the corridor wall that bore the legend “ANXIETY AND TENSION FORUM,” along with a big black arrow pointing to our left. Gritting our teeth, we turned left, and soon arrived at the Starlight Roof, where a group of a hundred or so people were being addressed by an amiable-looking middle-aged lady. When she had finished and her audience had begun to mill around, we fell in with a red-haired man who introduced himself as Harry Levine and told us that he had had a good deal to do with making the arrangements for the Forum. “That last speaker was Dr. Margaret Mead, of the American Museum of Natural History and Columbia University,” Mr. Levine said. “Dr. Mead is chairman of the Forum as well as a speaker on racial tensions. Earlier this morning, we had Senator Mike Mansfield and Representative Walter H. Judd on international tensions, and Mrs. Roosevelt as keynote speaker. We also got a telegram from President Eisenhower, saying, ‘I extend to all of you my best wishes for a successful series of deliberations.’ ”

Levine explained that CIBA is interested in tension and anxiety partly because more than half its gross sales are now accounted for by Serpasil, a tran-



"But by now he would be gray."

quillizing drug. He then drew us aside and said, in a tense voice, "We were supposed to have Senator Knowland for the international-tensions panel, but he cancelled out at the last minute—had a conflicting engagement. Then we were supposed to have General Romulo, the Philippine Ambassador, to speak at luncheon, but word has just reached us that the General has come down with an attack of shingles and can't make it. I tell you, if there are any more complications I'll go crazy."

Mr. Levine hurried away. We followed the throng down the corridor to the Palm Room, where lunch was being served. At the meal, we sat next to Dr. Ian Alger, a psychiatrist, who gulped his food and then rushed off, murmuring something about an appointment with a patient. The replacement for General Romulo proved to be Clark M. Eichelberger, executive director of the American Association for the United Nations. After Mr. Eichelberger had spoken on the need for a more relaxed diplomacy, in tension-creating competition with a wildly rattling Venetian blind near him, everyone returned to the Starlight Roof, where the afternoon's first speaker was to be Patrick McGinnis, president of the Boston & Maine Railroad and until recently of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. When Mr. McGinnis got up to tackle the subject of tensions in industry, the public-address system wouldn't work. "Pull yourself together, Waldorf," said Chairman Mead, in a loud, testy voice, whereupon two or three Waldorf men ran around the Starlight Roof checking electric connections. Meanwhile, Mr. McGinnis, a large, forceful man, began speaking without amplification. After ten minutes, the public-address system suddenly came on full blast. We jumped, and so did everyone else, including Mr. McGinnis. When he had finished his talk, we discovered we had been so distracted by the technical difficulties that we hadn't heard a word he said. Happily, Mr. Levine came by and gave us a transcript that Mr. McGinnis had supplied in advance, and, leafing through it, we read:

> Inasmuch as proxy fights are becoming more and more prevalent and because I have been involved in several of them, I would like to touch upon that aspect of industry.... Let us picture the mood of the proxy fight with its incumbent tensions. Assume that we are dealing with a poor management, one that has given only lip service to its real owners, the shareholders. The initial tension exists between owner and manager. Perhaps because of a lack of dividends, the stockholder is experiencing tensions of his own. His income may have become substantially reduced. This causes a tension between himself and his wife or between himself and his creditors or between himself and the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

We were still pondering proxy-fight tensions when the last panel of the Forum, on tensions within the individual, got under way. The two speakers, Dr. Kenneth Appel and Dr. Harvey J. Tompkins, were due in Chicago that evening for a meeting and had a five-o'clock plane to catch, so each of them had to deliver a forty-minute prepared speech in fifteen minutes. The result was such machine-gun delivery that all we caught was occasional phrases, like "gratifications bring pleasure," "degree of prophylaxis," "emotional turmoils in everyone's life," and (from Dr. Appel) "yet tension is not necessarily harmful nor undesirable." At a quarter past four, Mr. Levine began beckoning frantically to Drs. Appel and Tompkins, and they left the platform at a dead run. "Well, that's typical of modern life's anxiety-forming complexity," said Dr. Mead, gamely.

De Luxe

A FRIEND of ours was entertaining a steel man from Ohio recently, and had to leave him to his own devices for what he feared was an overly protracted period, considering that the man had never been to New York before. He later apologized for his neglect.

"Don't worry about that," said the steel man. "I went over to our offices here, met the head of our company coming down in the elevator, and enjoyed a fine lunch with him at the Y. Had Martinis and then some roast beef. Better than I could get back home."

"At the Y.M.C.A.?" our friend asked, incredulously.

"That's right," said the steel man. "Right across from Grand Central. It's got a big flag with a 'Y' on it flying outside."

Labour Leader

THANKS to the helpful intercession of the British Information Services here, we had a talk one morning with Hugh Gaitskell, the head of the British Labour Party, who has just gone home after a week divided between New York and Washington. He received us in a friend's apartment in River House, where he and his wife were staying.

"It's a little grand for us," Mrs. Gaitskell said. "It belongs to Mrs. Louise Stewart, a friend of ours who's a great friend of the Trumans."

"A staunch Democrat," said Mr. Gaitskell, a tall, blue-eyed man with a nice smile, a blue suit, a shirt with tiny checks, and a pinkish tie. "She's also a great friend of Perle Mesta."

We sat down on a plush chair and learned that our host was born in London fifty years ago, the son of an Indian Civil Service official. He went to Oxford, and in 1926, while there, borrowed a car from a friend at the time of the General Strike and drove to London and back, bringing copies of the *British Worker*, the strikers' paper, for distribution in Oxford. "My first political activity," he said. "I instinctively sided with the strikers. I joined the Labour Club, and later got a job with the Workers' Educational Association, lecturing to adults in the Midlands. I also spoke for various Labour candidates for Parliament and lectured on political economy at London University."

"He's a very good speaker," Mrs. Gaitskell said. "He made a serious talk at the convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union at Atlantic City a couple of days ago, and his listeners were riveted. They applauded almost every sentence."

"My wife's a very good cook," Mr. Gaitskell said. "Her cheesecake is famous. She makes a special pâté. We have a large Victorian house in Hampstead, where our children roll up the carpet and dance. Two daughters—Julia, seventeen, and Cressida, nearly fourteen."

"We like to dance ourselves," Mrs. Gaitskell said. "We were at the Village Vanguard last night."

"I also went to the Vanguard in 1950," Mr. Gaitskell said. "I was here on a mission, as Minister of State for Economic Affairs, and had just been advised by transatlantic phone that I had been made Chancellor of the Exchequer and must return at once. I thought, My last night of freedom! Why not go dancing?"

"We let the top floor of our house," Mrs. Gaitskell said. "Hugh's mother and stepfather live with us part of the time, and we keep a room for his brother Arthur when he's in town."

"Five years my senior," Mr. Gaitskell said. "He's mostly in the Sudan. He's general manager of Gezira, a government-and-private-industry cotton scheme something like your Tennessee Valley Authority. The Sudanese government provides the irrigation, the company gins the cotton. Arthur's an expert on Africa as a whole."

"Not a Socialist, but a nice guy," Mrs. Gaitskell said.

"My sister, Mrs. Hubert Ashton, is married to a Conservative M.P.," Mr. Gaitskell said. "She was a famous cricketer in her time. Her husband's a very nice fellow. Our family was originally Scandinavian—probably goes right back to the Viking period. They settled in Cumberland, where there's a village called Gatesgill. Gaitskell's a very unusual name in England. It's rather fun. Occasionally I get letters from other Gaitskells. One, in Santa Barbara—a man of seventy-two—wanted to know if he was a relation. I looked it up in the family tree and found he was a third cousin."

Mr. Gaitskell told us he was lunching with Governor Harriman that day and going to Washington the next. "I propose to tell the President that I wouldn't invite the Russians here unless they paid a very high price for it," he said. "They'll need much more security here than in England."

"I've bought a few lipsticks here," Mrs. Gaitskell said. "They haven't got the latest lipsticks in London."

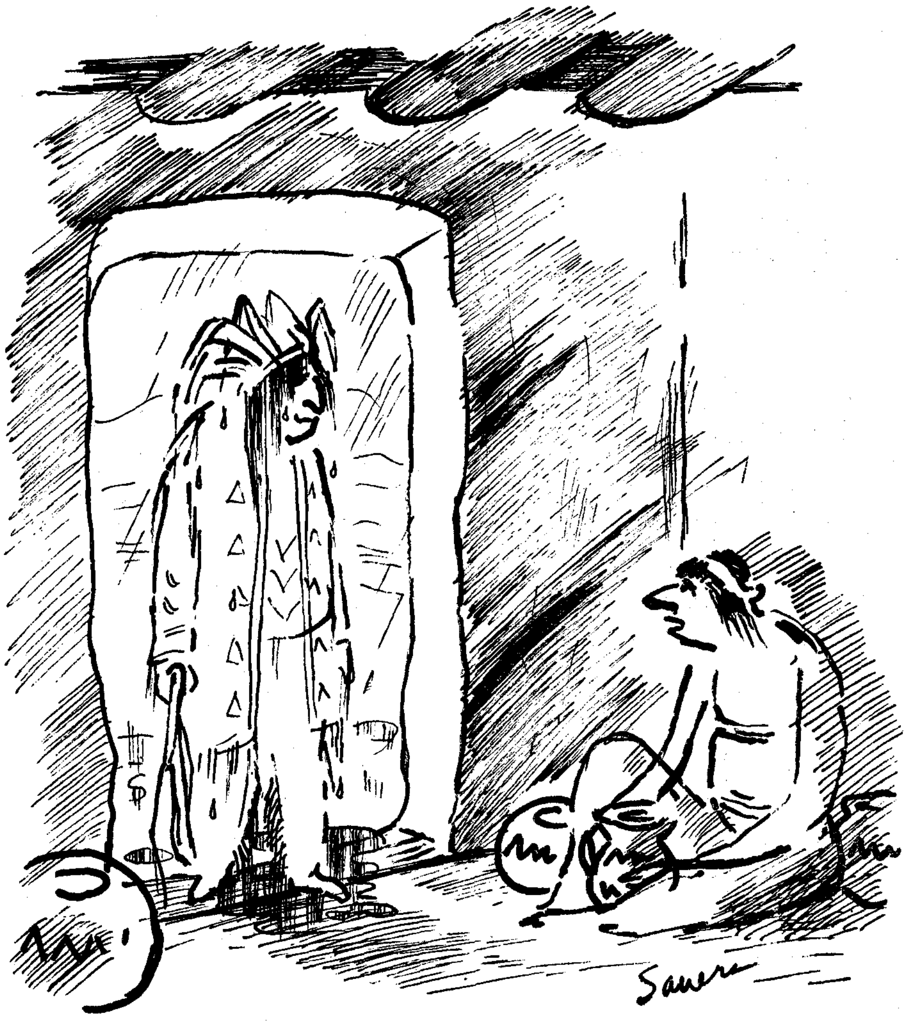
Summary

WE'VE been haunted by an exchange we overheard in a descending elevator in our office building at one minute past five the other afternoon. "A year and seven months, and what have I accomplished?" one young lady was saying to another.

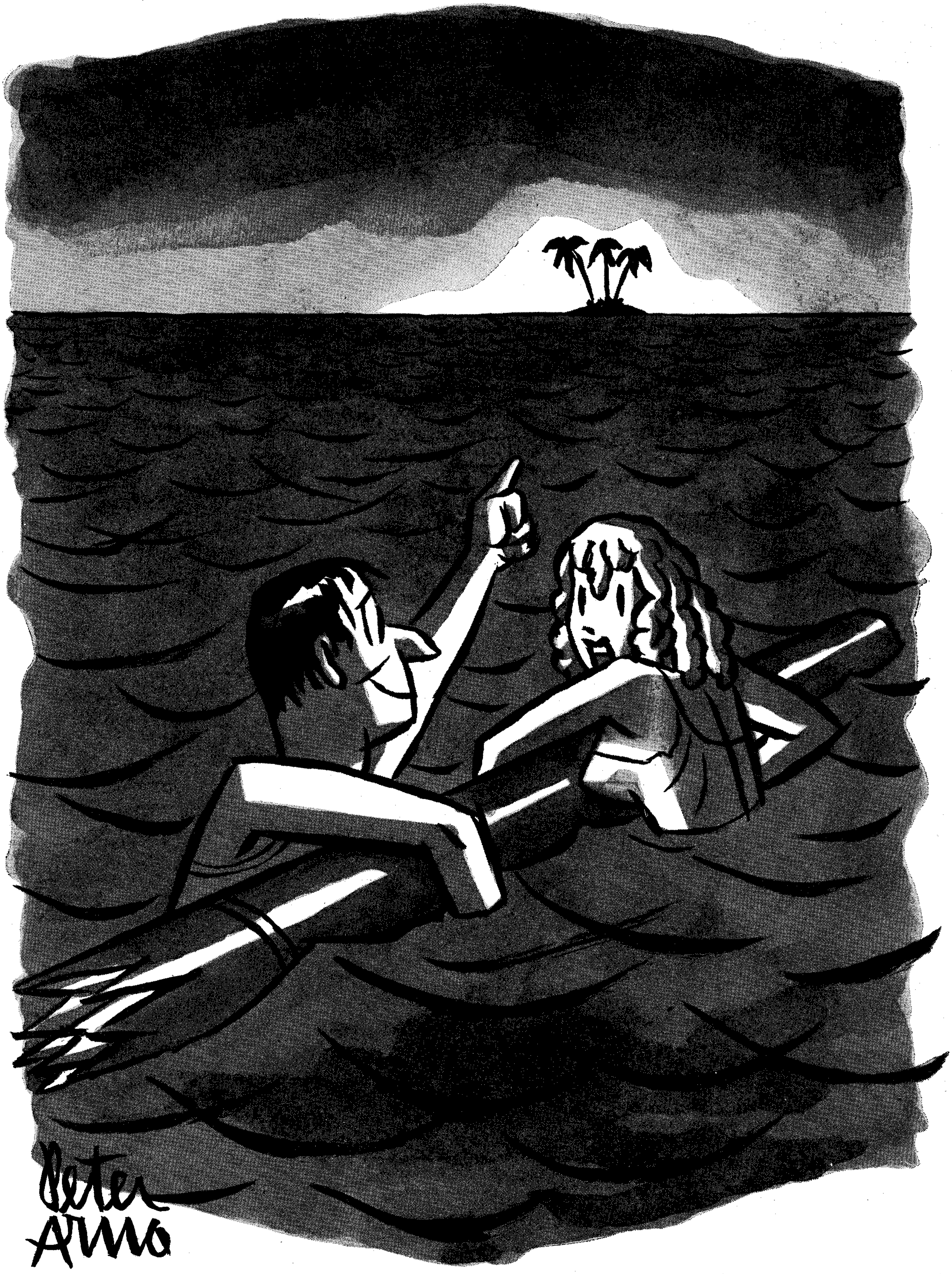
"You got a new desk," her companion replied encouragingly.

"I changed my seat," said the first girl bitterly. "A year and seven months, and I changed my seat. What an accomplishment!"

We have no observations to make on this colloquy, except that there may be the germ of a Paddy Chayefsky play in it.



"Say, how'd the dance turn out?"



"No thank you! I'll take my chances with this thing."

THE PRESBYTERIAN TOPERS

FOR nearly forty years of my mother's long life, one of her lingering ambitions was to get some kind of spirituous liquor into her brother-in-law, my Uncle Addison. Of the many Presbyterians I grew up under, he was the most pious, and he was a teetotaller. My five other uncles on the maternal side of the family had, like Uncle Addison, married my mother's sisters, and they were all Presbyterian clergymen, but they, like my mother and father, believed in temperance, not abstinence. They would quote St. Paul's advice—"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities"—and on the infrequent occasions when there happened to be some wine around our house in Washington, D.C., they would sip it out of thimble-sized glasses right at the dinner table, and my two older brothers and my young sister and I were encouraged to taste it. They held out obstinately for wine at Sunday Communion services, and by doing so they caused intermittent schisms in what was then called the Presbyterian Church South, and brought about a permanent rift between them and Uncle Addison on that one subject.

In Lexington, Virginia, where he was Professor of Greek at Washington and Lee, Uncle Addison belonged to a Presbyterian church that served grape juice at Sunday Communion services, but when he visited us in Washington, as he frequently did, along with the other uncles, he had to put up with local conditions. Most of the Baptist and Methodist churches in Washington were going in for grape juice, but hardly any of the Presbyterian churches were. Uncle Addison would no more set foot in a Baptist or Methodist church than he would in an Episcopal or Roman Catholic cathedral. Even if a Baptist or Methodist church was just around the corner serving grape juice on Communion Sundays, he would pass it up and go on long trips, by foot and by trolley car, to find a Presbyterian church—usually in some colored section of Washington—that had seen what he was sure was the light on the wine-vs.-grape-juice controversy. Then at dinner he would rejoin at our house the lighthearted crowd that had gulped down the wine at the Central Presbyterian Church in Mount Pleasant, where my father, having given up preaching in favor of social work, was a deacon, and where my mother was president of the Ladies' Auxiliary. If somebody had sent us a bottle of dandelion wine or claret—that was the only time we ever had wine at dinner—Uncle Addison wouldn't be offended, and wouldn't get stuffy about it. He would eat his roast chicken and rice and gravy and vegetables and drink his water cheerfully. He had no wish to impose his beliefs on others. He merely did not want others to impose their beliefs on him.

My mother, on the other hand, not only had a wish to make people think and do as she did, she felt it was her duty. She had given up hope of bringing Uncle Addison around to the point where he would drink wine with the rest of them at Sunday Communion or at Sunday dinner, but she never gave up hope of making him take a little something when he was sick. The wine-drinking in my family was, I think, a kind of argumentative, and certainly nervous, gesture on their part. They excused it on the ground that it followed the first part of St. Paul's advice. They interpreted the line about substituting wine for water "for thy stomach's sake" as meaning that it was all right, on occasion, to have those tiny glasses of it at meals, even when there was nothing wrong with their stomachs. "When Paul"—all of them spoke of the disciples in that familiar fashion—"when Paul said, 'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake,' " my mother would remark with conviction, "he obviously didn't mean that the stomach *needed* it, for medicinal purposes, but merely that the stomach would appreciate a little wine, that a little wine would aid digestion." My father and all the uncles and aunts—except Uncle Addison and his wife, my Aunt Em—agreed with this *in toto*. It was the latter part of St. Paul's advice—"and thine often infirmities"—that led to the heavy drinking of distilled spirits that sometimes occurred around our house. Mother interpreted this, and so did the others, as a clear-cut statement in favor of Presbyterians drinking when they were sick. How she had managed to stretch St. Paul's "a little wine" into the use of gin, brandy, and bourbon whiskey, I have never been able to figure out entirely, except that she did say one time, in reply to somebody or other who raised the question, that when a person needed a *heap* of spirits, as with a bad cold, wine simply wouldn't fill the bill, because it was not really medicinal. There was also the argument that the word "wine" in St. Paul's time was probably used to cover all kinds of alcoholic drinks, or perhaps—to take another tack, as those Presbyterians often did—gin, brandy, and bourbon whiskey, all of them so clearly medicinal, had not been invented in St. Paul's time.

Whatever my mother's private convictions were on all that, they were strong, and I am tempted to assert that they were subject to rather loose interpretations on her part, although I am aware, as anybody was who knew her, that there was nothing loose about her. She was able, at any rate, to make herself believe in using gin on somebody who merely looked peaked. She wouldn't give people brandy or bourbon whiskey if they looked peaked, but she would give them gin. I used to see her serve ordinary tea to ladies in the afternoon many a time, and many a time not one of the ladies seemed to be looking peaked, and they would get no gin in their tea. It happened now and then, though, that Mother would spot a peaked lady in the group. "My dear," she would say firmly, "you're looking peaked," and she would go to the pantry closet and bring out the bottle of Gordon's gin that was always kept there. The peaked one would insist that the hale ones keep her company, and, usually after a good deal of joking and laughing, every single one of them would be drinking a cup of tea with a whole teaspoonful of gin in it. I always liked to see this occur. It seemed to me, as I drank my cambric tea at a small table-for-two with my sister, that these gin parties were gayer than the ordinary tea parties—that more things were said by my mother and her guests that made us laugh, and that they laughed more themselves.

Whereas the gin and the wine, if there was any, were kept in the pantry closet downstairs, the brandy and bourbon whiskey were kept upstairs in my mother's medicine cabinet, in the sewing room. It was a walnut piece, full of locked drawers and cubbyholes, and far too big for a bathroom. I think my mother kept it in her sewing room, instead of in some other room, because she associated it with her work. It was when somebody got sick that she really la-

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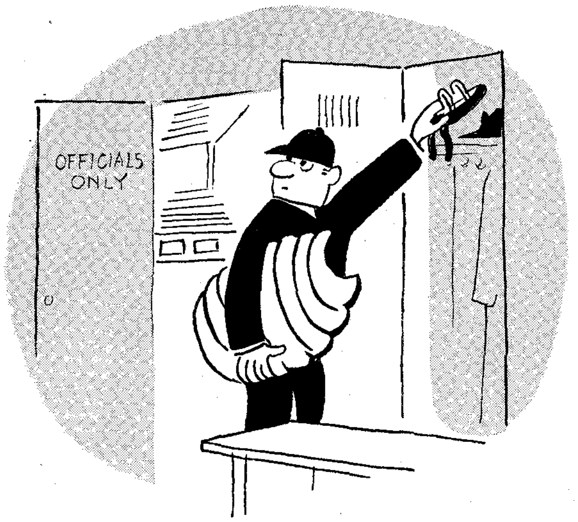

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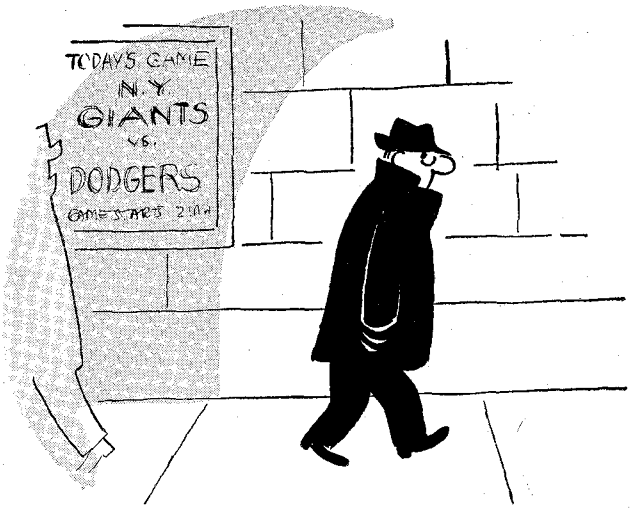


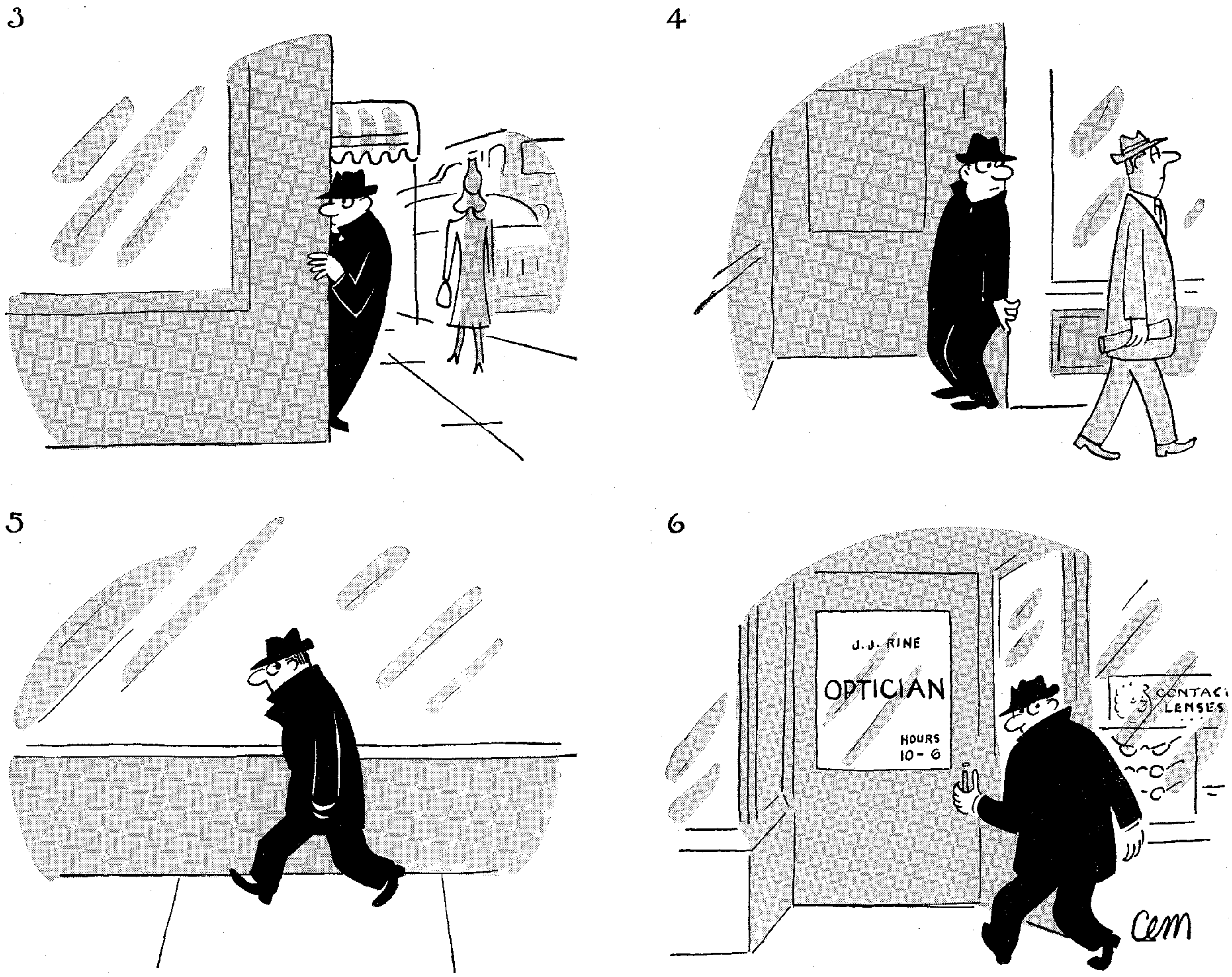
bored. Although she was the youngest of the sisters, she was the most aggressive, and she was especially strong-minded on the subject of illness. Nevertheless, it was a real pleasure to be sick under her roof, no matter who or what one was, with the exception, of course, of Uncle Addison and Aunt Em.

When people were on their feet, my mother was inclined to be critical of them. She had an intricate set of moral and spiritual specifications for healthy Presbyterians of all ages, and when something in the Presbyterians slipped, or wavered, and they didn't come up to her specifications, she was energetically severe with them. She was capable of physical violence, although it is true that she didn't often go that far. My father often reminded her of the time she had seemed to him to be on the point of hitting him over the head with a croquet mallet in the garden of her father's house, on the campus of the Hampden-Sydney Seminary, in Virginia. Her father had "saved the seminary from dissolution after the Civil War," as the family phrase went. He was, of course, a Presbyterian clergyman, like everybody else, and had married the graduates of the seminary, one after another, to his daughters as soon as the graduates had themselves been ordained. My father was courting my mother the day of the croquet game. He used to tell the story when my mother was in a temper about something. "You see," he would say, "I wasn't dead on her at all in that game. But she insisted I *was* dead on her, and when I insisted I wasn't, she set about establishing, by an entirely different method, and one that was nowhere to be found in the rules of the game of croquet, that I would *be* dead on her. On her and, in fact, on everybody else. Her mallet was lifted on high—higher than my head—and if I had not confiscated it, she would indisputably have proved her point." My mother always laughed at my father's rendition of the fable, and usually forgot whatever it was she was mad about at the time.

WHEN you were sick in my mother's house, the first thing you felt was a great sense of relief. This was due to the fact that my mother had abruptly stopped looking at you as a healthy Presbyterian who wasn't fitting into all her specifications. Suddenly you were a sick Presbyterian. When you were a sick Presbyterian, she left off going after you and went after the germs in you, or whatever it was that was making you sick. She had a vast number of remedies, but everybody's favorite was alcohol in one form or another, and she herself, in most cases, was also strong for it. As a matter of fact, I can't remember a single disease that ever visited our household that was not benefited, in my mother's opinion, and in her practice as well, by alcohol. If the disease itself couldn't be fought with alcohol, the lassitude of the convalescent period could be. The best sickness I ever had was typhoid fever. I was five, and I can still taste, and feel the effects of, the delicious eggnogs with brandy in them that my mother dosed me with during the convalescent period, and it was a good, long convalescent period.

As I remember it, hardly any of the growing and grown Presbyterians who surrounded me ever suffered from anything except colds, but they had a lot of them, and in my mother's diagnostical catalogue there was a wide variety of colds. This was where the bourbon whiskey came in. My mother had an abiding faith in it when the upper respiratory tract was involved. From a common, ordinary cold whose symptoms were nothing more than sniffles, all the way through a cold with a cough, severe bronchitis, and double pneumonia, bourbon whiskey was the thing. Through the years, everybody in the family, with the exception of Uncle Addison and Aunt Em, enjoyed having slight colds, bad colds, bronchitis, and pneumonia fully as much as I enjoyed having typhoid fever, and probably even more, because when the bourbon whiskey started coming at you, it came in great quantities. Mother would clap the cougher or sniffler into bed, and after the traditional chest-rubbing with menthol, and the gargling with the hot salt-and-soda solution, she would start the toddies. These were made with bourbon, sugar, lemon peel, cloves, and a little boiling water. They were tasty and effective. To this day, I find I can enjoy them, even when they are made with ice water instead of boiling water.

In the sickroom, my mother would light an oilstove of the portable, cylindrical kind that threw a golden pattern on the ceiling, and the patient would lie there, propped up on three pillows and covered with eiderdown quilts. As my mother brought, or had delivered by some healthy member of the family, toddy after toddy, every hour on the hour, the patient would go through stages of elation, amusement, garrulousness, and, finally, drowsiness that serious drinkers would have to spend hours and many dollars to duplicate these days. No matter how silly the patient got, my mother would announce that the cold was breaking up, and when he or she finally passed out and sank into a sodden sleep, my mother would say that the cold had, in all probability, broken up. If the patient had a temperature, of course, that was fever, and while a cold had to be fed, a fever had to be starved, in which case



the patient got no food at all, only toddies. If the patient was what my mother called twixt-and-between, meaning that he felt feverish when she touched the forehead but had no temperature according to the thermometer, the food would be limited to chicken broth, which didn't interrupt the flow of bourbon for a second. Very few patients ever failed to feel feverish to my mother's hand, and those, I suspect, were rank malingerers. They had to eat full meals along with the toddies.

After one day's treatment for a cold, the patient usually woke up feeling splendid, and threw the ailment off after a day or two more of my mother's medication. If the cold didn't stay broken up, and developed into bronchitis or pneumonia, the medication was stepped up, and a doctor was usually called in, although I never heard of his doing anything for the patient, even in a case of pneumonia, beyond what was already being done. Nobody ever died of pneumonia in our house, although almost all the older people had it once or twice. When those Presbyterians died, it was usually from heart trouble or simply from what was called old age. Nearly all of them lived happily and healthily far into their eighties or nineties.

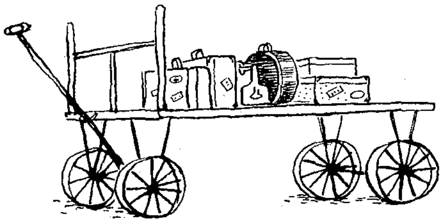
I STILL marvel at Uncle Addison's ability to resist the temptations that surrounded him, that came at him from every direction, when he and Aunt Em were staying in my mother's house. He wouldn't permit Mother to give him so much as a spoonful of gin in his tea, even when he was far worse off than peaked, and he had talked Aunt Em into refusing any medicine with alcohol in it, although Aunt Em, according to my mother, had been fond of gin, brandy, and bourbon whiskey when she was peaked or ailing in the days before she had married Uncle Addison. This state of affairs infuriated Mother, for more reasons than one. In the first place, she was exasperated by Uncle Addison's teetotallism because she thought it represented a bigoted attitude. She was against bigots as bitterly as she was against agnostics and atheists. The thing to be was a definite, liberal-minded Presbyterian like herself. Being a teetotaller, she felt, also indicated a reactionary cast of mind, and she occasionally threw in Uncle Addison's face her fear that he would someday wind up a Methodist and a Republican. What further incensed her about Uncle Addison's attitude toward alcohol was that, in addition to preventing her from dosing Uncle Addison when he was sick, it prevented her from dosing Aunt Em when *she* was sick. My mother was devoted to Uncle Addison, as we all were. Even my sister and I loved him, although he was the one who kept us from whistling on Sundays when we were already, by unanimous decree, bereft of the pleasure of reading the funny papers on Sundays. He was a compact, chipper man with a goatee, full of Presbyterian quirks (such as being against dogs, on the ground that they had no self-restraint), but at the same time he was extremely kind, polite, generous, and learned, and fun-loving in a Presbyterian fashion. Even my mother had to search around for something in Uncle Addison's makeup—aside from his teetotallism—that didn't fill all her specifications for a perfect Presbyterian. I heard her complain to some cousin or other—I think the cousin had looked peaked when she came to tea that day—that Uncle Addison was "outrageously uxorious." As an admirer of Uncle Addison, I was surprised to hear my mother say that he could be anything as mean-sounding as that. Years afterward, remembering the phrase and by that time understanding its dictionary meaning, I realized that my mother had meant that he loved his wife so much, and she him, that he had been able to persuade her to stay off the gin, brandy, and bourbon whiskey.

Both Uncle Addison and Aunt Em were inordinately susceptible to inflammations of the upper respiratory tract, which led my mother to express the opinion, time and time again, that her hot toddies were not only curative but preventive as well. "The throat and chest," she would say, adopting a tone of step-by-step reasoning, "become constricted from time to time, partly owing, Brother Addison, to the struggle we all must go through to fear God and keep His commandments. Alcohol, which Paul himself endorsed in so many words, tends to relax the entire respiratory system. After a crisis, such as these severe colds you and Em are at this very moment suffering from, the hot toddies I want to give you will cure the cold and, far more important, Brother Addison, will give you a period of immunity—a lease on life, Brother Addison—against future colds for a long time afterward. Now, do, Brother Addison, let me give you both a very weak hot toddy, won't you?"

Uncle Addison would wheeze and groan and turn his face to the wall, and Aunt Em, on her side of the bed, would snuffle and say, "Now, Lavinia, you just bring us some chicken broth and we'll get well before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' "

My mother had, of course, thought of slipping something into the chicken broth for those two patients, but she resisted the impulse. She resisted it for years, placing it, I guess, in the category of deception. It may also be that she figured that Aunt Em would recognize the odor of bourbon from her premarital days and that the jig would be up before the broth was inside Uncle Addison. It would have been no trick to fool Uncle Addison, for he often said—and he never told even a fib—that he had literally never tasted or smelled any distilled spirits in all his life long. By the time Mother was in her seventies, Uncle Addison was in his eighties, and Aunt Em had been in her grave for many years, her weak heart having failed her one night in her sleep. My mother, by that time, was a good deal more than a liberal Presbyterian on the subject of alcohol. She had grown to like Martinis, especially dry ones, and didn't bother to support her liking for one before dinner—never more than one—with quotations from St. Paul. Perhaps her whole Presbyterian structure of behavior was being undermined; it's hard to say. At any rate, one day, when Uncle Addison came home from a long walk in the snow and went down with a cold that, even for him, was extraordinarily severe, my mother dosed him all day long with chicken broth generously spiked with bourbon whiskey. When, at dusk, he stopped giggling and sang himself to sleep, my mother was sure he would be feeling splendid in the morning, and he was.

—St. Clair McKelway



HOW TO HARRY A HUSBAND

OR, IS THAT ACCESSORY REALLY NESSARY?

Husband stands at door of flat,
Coat in elbow, hand on hat,
In his pocket, from broker shady,
Two good seats for "My Fair Lady."
Patiently he stands there humming,
Coming, darling? Darling, coming?

But she's a freak and she's a hag,
She's got the wrong, she murmurs, bag,
She's got, she adds in wild distress,
To change the bag or change the dress.
She'd as soon appear with stockings ragged
As be seen incongruously bebaggèd.

Husband rings the bell for lift,
Hears it chunk and upward sift,
Well knows taxis in the rain
Rarer than the whooping crane.
Impatiently he stands there snarling,
Darling, coming? Coming, darling?

Another bag at last she chooses
And everything in the first bag loses.
She fumbles with many a dainty curse
For lipstick, glasses, keys, and purse.*
He grunts, as dies preprandial liquor,
To change from the skin out would have been quicker.

They disrupt the middle of the show,
Their seats are middle of the row,
They crawl and climb like tandem tractors
Between the audience and the actors,
Whose delicious rapport might have lagged
Had she been incongruously bebagged.

—Ogden Nash

*Then—
She turns it inside out and scratches
For handkerchief, cigarettes, and matches,
Tweezers, compact, and aspirin,
And Band-Aids redolent of My Sin,
Driver's license and Charga-Plate,
A sweepstake ticket one year late,
A colored chart of a five-day diet,
A Penguin commended by Gilbert Highet,
A tearful appeal from a charitymonger,
And a catalogue from Lewis & Conger.
This is she whose eyes start from their sockets
At the contents of her small son's pockets.

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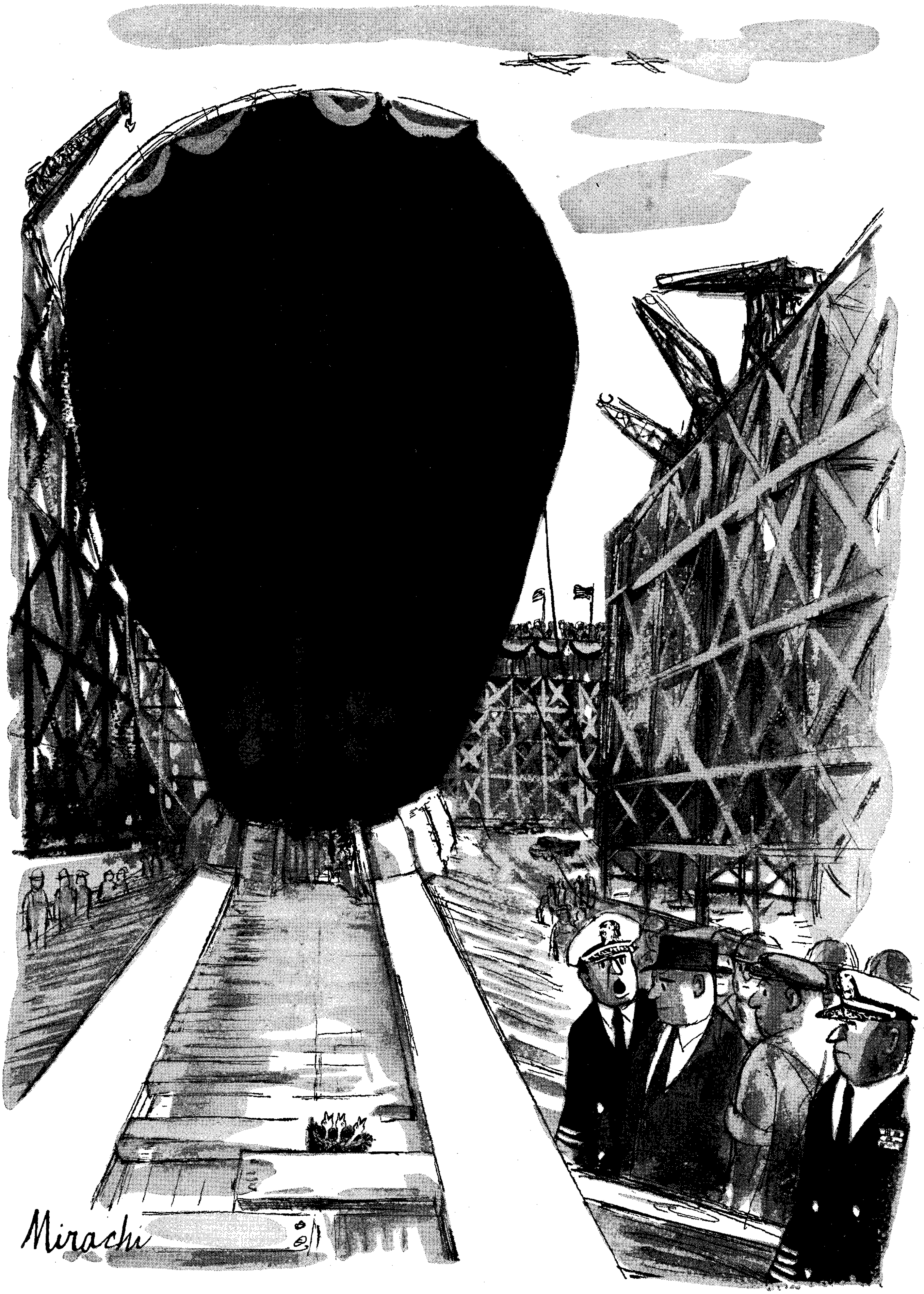


"Well, you might have stopped it before it got this far."

THE AMBUSH

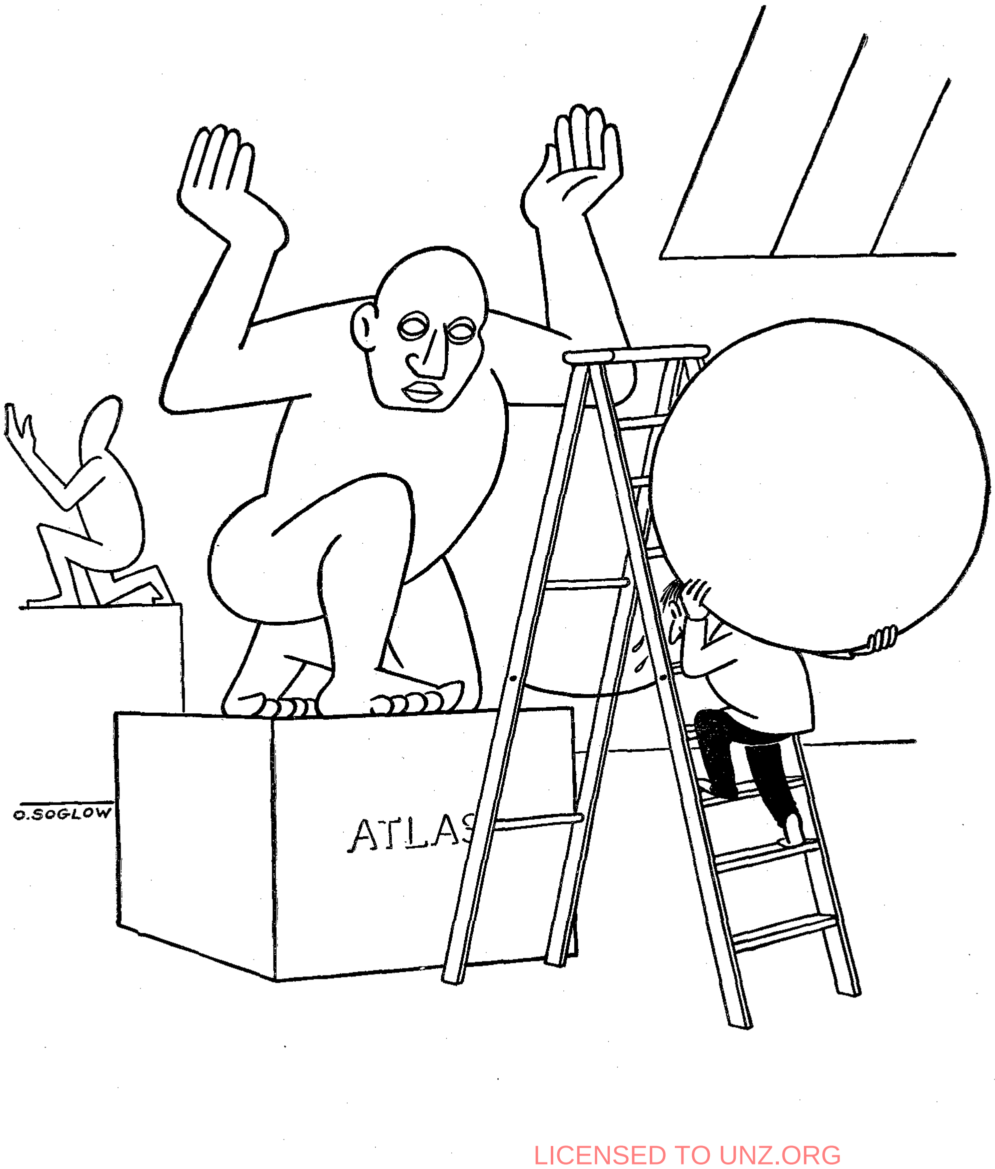
A FEW weeks after the funeral, Catherine went back to stay with the Ingrams. Uncertain, during those weeks, how much grief was suitable to her—for she and Noël had not been officially engaged and in the eyes of the world she saw her status as mourner undecided—she had shown no sign of sorrow, for one tear might release the rest and one word commit her to too many others. Her fortitude was prodigious, even alone after the funeral, when all that she had keyed herself up to was over. She avoided the drawer where his letters were: the air about her, at the art school by day and with her parents at home, was full of warnings and tensions. She felt jolted and stunned, as if she had been in his car at the time of the accident, and she walked about slowly and carefully, suffering from a stiffness of her limbs and a sensation of vertigo. By the end of the first month her effort had told on her—the energy spent in fending off other people and the sympathy they might offer, the holding back of tears, left her weak and apathetic. The boredom of her grief was not its easiest part to bear; the irritation of having nothing but her loss ever enter her mind now, when once she had had so many thoughts, dulled all her days and her dreams at night. Her parents were thankful when she took herself off to the Ingrams and they could come down from their tightrope and relax.

Mrs. Ingram met her at the station. Catherine saw her first, standing on the platform, scanning the carriages as the doors began to open. She was wearing a mauve gingham frock, and her white hair was blown back from her forehead and from that plane below her high cheekbone which Noël had had, too, and which made, Catherine thought, those two faces the most beautiful she had ever known.

"I am here," she said, setting down her suitcase for a moment while she was kissed.

"Dear Catherine, I am so glad you came before it was dark." Her seemingly meaningless phrases were often found, later, to have some meaning after all.

A soldier, for Mrs. Ingram's sake, not Catherine's, had lifted the suitcase and was carrying it out to the station yard. A wake of devotion always followed her, and Catherine joined her own homage to the rest.



They got into Mrs. Ingram's tinny little shopping car and drove away through the red brick Thames-side village and down darkening lanes scented with elder blossom.

"Esmé is still with us," Mrs. Ingram said. "I wanted you to come before his leave was over."

Esmé was Noël's elder brother, adored first-born, whom Catherine had heard of for years, resented somewhat on Noël's account, and seen fleetingly at the funeral, to which he had come from abroad.

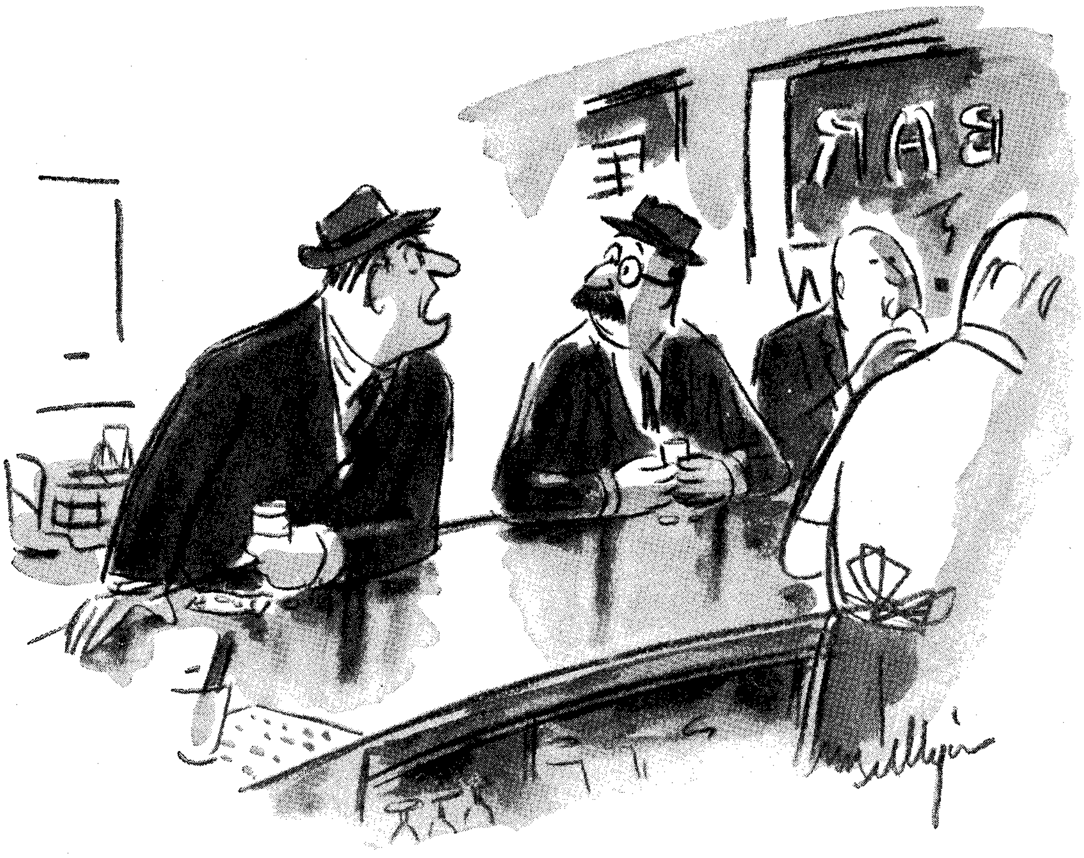
"You will be someone young for him," Mrs. Ingram said.

She drove as if she were a goddess in a chariot, her white hands confident, her head erect. Sometimes she waved to children who pressed back against the hedges, staring.

They turned through iron gates in to the tunnel of trees leading up to the house; a haze of gnats danced under the bitten leaves; cow parsley was gray in the shadows. The drive ended suddenly and they were under the high façade of the house, with its rows of Georgian windows diminishing in height at each storey and the panelled door and rounded fanlight. Lights were on on the ground floor and a young man came out of the house and down the steps toward them.

Not quite up to the shock of seeing even a slight resemblance to Noël, Catherine was obliged to look at what she had steadfastly at the funeral ignored. This brother had the same eyes, shrewd and alert, lines from laughter beneath them—for as a family they seemed to have laughed a great deal. When Mrs. Ingram did so, she became even more beautiful—a rare thing in a woman; laughter enlivened her features and never disorganized them. Esmé was heavier than Noël, his features less defined, his color paler. The beautiful flatness under the cheekbone he lacked. Catherine could imagine him in middle age rather puffy under the eyes and stout and inactive, and even, later, gouty, as his father had been.

Catherine saw the house in the last of the light—perhaps its most magical time. It was ashen and flat against the dark trees. Beyond the lawns the river slid by, and she could hear and smell the tumbling water at the weir. Moths followed them into the lighted hall. Damp had drained color from great patches of the crimson walls, but the room was in



"How do I know you're not sneering at me?"

brilliant contrast to outside. The tall clock only tocked, never ticked, Noël had said. On a table was a disarray of flowers and baskets and vases, for Mrs. Ingram had left for the station in the middle of building a great pyramid of honeysuckle and peonies. She now, leading Catherine to her room, looked back regretfully at her interrupted work. Could not Esmé have fetched me, then, Catherine wondered, worried as always. Or wouldn't he?

From her bedroom's two long windows she would be able to see the river when it was daylight again.

"I hope the weir won't disturb you," Mrs. Ingram said, as if Catherine had never stayed in the house before. "I never hear it now."

When Esmé had brought in the suitcase and gone, Mrs. Ingram embraced Catherine again. "So lovely that you are here," she murmured. "Come down soon and have a drink after your long journey."

She looked round the room, pulled at a curtain, and rearranged some white geraniums in a pewter mug before she left Catherine alone.

The girl had the most extraordinary feeling of dizziness from so much sudden beauty—the beauty of Mrs. Ingram herself, whose footsteps were now light and hastening on the oak staircase, and the house and garden and this room scented with pinks and sounding of the river.

On the wall above the writing table hung a water-color drawing of Esmé and Noël as children—vaguely done, insipidly pretty and not worthy of their mother's room. They sat on a sofa together and had a picture book open across their knees. The smocking on their blouses was painstakingly tinted in, and Esmé's tawny curls were carefully highlighted, though nothing much could be made of Noël's straight black hair. His eyes were round and unseeing and bright as forget-me-nots. Fond drawing by a relative, Catherine thought. She herself had never drawn Noël, either fondly or objectively. The nearest she had got to that, she reflected, was once sketching his foot when he was lying on the lawn after swimming. She had been drawing the gable of the boathouse and branches of a chestnut tree and for some reason, turning to look at him, she began on a corner of the paper to draw his foot, with its bony angle and raised veins. Then he had slapped one foot against the other to chase off a fly. She had rubbed out the sketch, blown at the paper, and quickly covered up the smudge with a clump of rushes. She had trembled, as if hoping to hide some misdemeanor, but was calm again when he stood up and came to look at her drawing. She had added an imaginary dragonfly above the rushes and then, at his request, a heron. What became of the drawing she could not now recall.

Mrs. Ingram was in the hall when Catherine went downstairs. The uncarpeted staircase could be an ordeal, so much of it exposed to the hall, and now Mrs. Ingram looking up and smiling as she stripped leaves from the peonies. Voices echoed here, and whatever Esmé said as he came from the library carrying a decanter was lost to Catherine.

She took her glass of whiskey and Esmé pulled a chair out from the table for her where she could watch Mrs. Ingram's flower-arranging. A pale greyhound lay on a window seat, and Esmé sat down beside it, fingering its silky ears.

"Other women I know do the flowers in the morning," he said.

"You need not stay with me."

She tore some leaves from a stalk with an asperity to match her voice, an asperity Catherine had never heard before but which she always had felt to be a dreaded possibility in people as decisive as Mrs. Ingram.

Esmé sat far back in the shadows, stroking the dog's ears, not replying.

This hall was at the heart of the house—open to the garden in fine weather, a place for casual conversations and chance meetings. The last time Catherine was there, it had been filled with wreaths, cushions of carnations propped against chair legs, Mrs. Ingram's hoop of roses and camellias lying on the table. It had had a drab symmetry about it, with its suggestion of flowers bought by the dozen, and Catherine had seen the glance it received, the weary contempt with which it was put aside as beyond improving.

Now Mrs. Ingram carried the big soup tureen of flowers and stood it against the wall, stepped back to view it while Esmé yawned and clapped his hands, then called to his dog and went out into the garden.

Mrs. Ingram sank into a chair the moment he had gone, as if she had no need now to be busy.

"I shall send you to bed soon," she told Catherine. "You look tired after your journey." And then, as Catherine was obediently finishing her whiskey, she asked, "How are you getting over Noël?"

At home, no one had dared to say this name and Catherine was unprepared to hear it and could think of no reply.

"Don't defer it, or try to pay off in installments," Mrs. Ingram said. "One only pays more in the end." She sat so still, with her elbow among the litter of leaves on the table and her cheek resting on her hand. "I knew you would take it in this way, poor Catherine, and that is why I asked you to come here." She gave the smile that was always so much remembered when Catherine had left her and was trying to reassemble the look of her, feature by feature, in her mind. The smile was the only uncertain thing about her, wavering, pleading; deep lines broke up the smoothness of her face, and her regality—the Blue Persian look, Noël had called it—vanished.

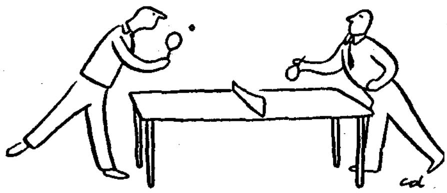
I love her, Catherine thought. I could never withstand her, no matter what she wanted of me.

When she was in bed, she wondered why such a thought had come to her, when there was no longer anything Mrs. Ingram could want of her, no longer anything she could ask her to relinquish. Strangeness and the physical beauty of the place overtook her. She was under this roof again, but the old reason for being there was gone. Listening to the weir, lying in the flower-scented room, between the cool sheets (Mrs. Ingram's linen was glassier than anyone else's, she thought), she fell under the spell of the family again, although the one of it she loved was dead. Missing him, it was in this place she wanted to be! No other.

She heard Esmé crossing the gravel again and calling in a low voice to the dog.

IN the morning, the garden, drenched with dew, flashed with rainbow colors; the meadows on the other side of the river gently steamed. The sun had already warmed the carpet under the windows. Catherine stood there barefoot, looking down on the dazzling scene. She could hear the grating sound of oars in rowlocks before Esmé appeared round the river bend under the silvery willows. She watched him coming up from the boathouse. His footprints were dark on the dewy grass, and the dog's pawprints ran in circles about them. He was especially tender with his dog, would be with all animals and with children, as some bachelors are, she guessed.

When Catherine had stayed in the house on other occasions, Mrs. Ingram had always had breakfast in bed. She had a clever way of not being seen coming downstairs but of being discovered later very busy about the house, at her desk or coming from the kitchen with a list in her hand, as if she had been about since daybreak, the reins gathered in her hands for hours. This morning, Catherine, coming downstairs, was surprised to hear Mrs. Ingram and Esmé talking in the dining room. "If you object, I can go to *his* place instead." That was Esmé. Then his mother said quickly "I don't object—" and paused, as if she were about to add a second clause that would take the meaning from the first. She got as far as saying "but" and then heard the footsteps in the hall, and Catherine came into the room to a tense silence and rearranged expressions.



Mrs. Ingram was standing by the window, drinking coffee. Esmé rose from the table and, doing so, scattered some pages of a letter over the carpet. His mother glanced, then glanced away. She really does look as if she has been

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE POETS

(ON LOOKING INTO A RECENT ANTHOLOGY)

As if the inner voice had said, *Don't smile*,
Not one is smiling, as photographers prefer,
But each poet has his chin up, so to speak,
And each poet is in profile, as it were.
The compositions, on the whole, are weak
And yet suggest the formal Brady style.

Poets are good-looking. It's hard to say just why.
The mouths are poor, often the lips are fat,
The hair of an obvious or a dated cut.
It's difficult to point to this or that
Feature—the ears, for instance—and say what
Precisely makes the pictures catch the eye.

In little ovals and cropped squares they pose,
The sensual, the ethereal, and the vain,
And jut their graceful jawbones into view.
Sometimes the cheeks show deeper grooves of pain
Than in most faces. Nevertheless it's true
The really telltale organ is the nose.

The poet's nose is like a bird in flight;
The winged nostrils buff the shining wind.
The poet's nose is like a speeding prow
That splits the silk of waves and leaves behind
The widening incision of the bow;
The poet's nose is like a bull-tongue plow.

But lesser men have noble noses, too.
It is the look that makes the poet's face:
The look of inside-out, the look of wax,
Of wizened innocence and the skinless gaze;
It is the staring mask that never cracks
Or, when it does, splits dangerously through.

Sages and beardless boys with doubled fists
And girls, old girls, in sibylline disguise,
What is it that the popping camera asks
The flickering silence of your rows of eyes?
What light can penetrate your ancient masks
Or the bright glow of your myopic mists?

—KARL SHAPIRO

• •

"Would you mind picking me up, Bill? Agnes is using the car after all."

• •

up since dawn, Catherine thought. Perhaps she doesn't sleep, either.

The warmth of Mrs. Ingram's smile welcomed her, and Catherine regretted the stiffness and timidity of her own that answered it. She felt full of a jerky vagueness, and the beginning of a fear that the house, with its associations, might undermine her and expose some nerve in an intolerable way. She was constantly alarmed at the possibility of behaving badly, and trembled to think of the presumption of not holding back a grief that Mrs. Ingram herself seemed able to contain. The strain was not merely of never being herself but of not knowing who she any longer was.

She took a chair opposite Esmé's, and Mrs. Ingram came back to the table to pour out coffee, but without sitting down.

"Are you going out sketching this morning?" she asked Catherine; for that was how she had spent her mornings on other visits.

Catherine stared down at her boiled eggs as if she were wondering what curious object she had been given, so dismayed was her expression. Esmé, who had put away his letter, looked across at her but wished that he had not. There was a sign of a crack in her sedate composure.

She said, "Yes, I think I will do that."

"Then we shall all meet at luncheon."

Mrs. Ingram was brisk, as if now Catherine was disposed of for the morning. This was unlike her, Esmé thought; but his mother was definitely up to something, and he wondered for whom ill was boded, Catherine or himself. Some wonderful ill, no doubt, he thought; done for one's good; a great, bracing, visionary ill. Even if I want to paint again, Catherine thought, I don't want to be in the painting *mood*—so exposed and inviting. She had brought her painting materials with her and knew that she must rouse herself to work again, and better here, perhaps, than at her own home, with its too patent watchfulness, the irritating parental concentration upon her and all her doings and the secret discussions she could imagine just as if she had overheard them. "Now she is painting again. Such a good sign. We will pretend not to have noticed."

So after breakfast she went down to the river and along the bank until she reached the lock. Much about the Thames Valley is Victorian—the canopied steamers and the lock-keepers' red brick houses and the little shelters with spiked edges to their wooden roofs like miniature railway platforms. The garden beds of marguerites, calceolarias, were edged with whitewashed stones and slung about with whitened chains; all was neat and two-dimensional, like a primitive painting, captivating, bright, and unconvincing.

Beyond the lock was a stretch of river darkened and smothered by dusty summer chestnuts; the oily, olive-green water slid by, was brown when the sun went in; a boat tied up in the rushes had no reflection. The other bank, in contrast, was silvery with aspens and willows, with shifting white leaves and light.

She sat on the bank and unpacked her water colors. The sun was strong now, the light banal, she thought fretfully, narrowing her eyes to blur what she saw too sharply and with too many irrelevancies. She felt a deep reluctance to begin painting on this lulled and buzzing midmorning, and felt, too, that she had been expelled, excluded from Mrs. Ingram's presence, where she wanted to be, and sent off to do her painting, as a child might be sent to practice scales.

She slapped at the horseflies biting her bare legs. They were always a plague—the towing-path flies—and on other summer days Noël had sat beside her and waved them away with his handkerchief while she painted. Her irritation suddenly heeled over into grief and she dropped her brush, stunned, appalled, as the monstrous pain leaped upon her. Her painting—the faint washes of gray and green that had lifted the paper—dried in the sun; the jar of water was scarcely colored. She rested her elbows on the drawing board and covered her eyes with her hands, waiting for this moment to pass. Esmé, going along the towpath to the pub, saw her before she heard his footsteps, and would have turned back, but as he hesitated he thought that she had heard

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him. He was a reticent man but could see no reason for turning his back on sorrow, so against his inclination he went over to her. His dog, following him, sniffed at the paint water and stretched himself out in the shade of some rushes.

Catherine kept her head bent, and began to pack up her painting things as Esmé sat down beside her. She had not been crying. Her face was pale, but her cheekbones were red where her hands had pressed against them. In a few seconds this color receded and she seemed more in command of herself.

She unpinned the drawing paper from the board and tore it across.

"Not a good morning?" he asked.

"I am bitten to death by horseflies."

"Come with me to the pub and have a drink. I will carry all the paraphernalia."

He had Noël's voice, though he talked too rapidly and stumbled over words. His tongue was not quick enough to keep up with his desire to have the words done with and his part of the conversation over. His manner of speaking was, from nervousness, overdecisive, and just when he meant to be tender he sounded stern.

They walked along the towing path in silence until they reached the Rose and Crown; there the bar was empty until a woman came through from the kitchen, drying her hands, to serve them. She drew the beer and went back to her cooking. Catherine and Esmé sat on the varnished window seat and looked out at the river. Conversation was uneasy between them. What they had in common was felt by both to be taboo, and he, from lack of interest and living abroad, had no idea of what sort of girl she was. This morning, he began to be moved by her forlornness and blamed his mother for letting her mope; something strenuous and gay should surely have been arranged—though he could not think what.

"Would you like to play darts?" he asked her. She did not in the least want to play darts and did not know how, but his solicitude was so masked, his voice was so abrupt, that she timidly agreed. He was patient and encouraging as her darts struck the brick wall, once a tin lampshade, but rarely the board, until, as part of her haphazard throwing—and she had no idea that such a thing could happen—two darts landed together in the bull's-eye. She glowed at his amazement and praise. He called in the landlord's wife to draw them some more beer and to see Catherine's score, and said that he had never done such a thing in his life and would never do it.

"But I didn't *know*," Catherine said happily. "They might just as easily have gone out of the window." She could not have imagined that doing something well in a game could be so stimulating.

They left the pub and walked back along the towing path. Mrs. Ingram was sitting on the steps in the sun, and she, too, listened to Esmé's account of Catherine's first game of darts and she smiled radiantly, as if this was the nicest, gayest thing that could happen. At luncheon, the three of them were drawn together; by some simple magic, which Catherine could not understand, Mrs. Ingram no longer seemed cross or embarrassed with her son, but rather as if she were acquiescing to some delightful plan he had for the future. Only when they were drinking coffee on the terrace and Esmé suggested an afternoon on the river did she detach herself from them again, making too many excuses—a little headache and a letter to write and a vague notion that one of her friends might call. She would not let them delay one moment. They must go alone, and if they wanted tea it could be packed for them.

Catherine was disappointed, for it was Mrs. Ingram she loved and admired, not Esmé; and Esmé himself looked sulky again. He watched his mother going away from them along the terrace, and his eyes were full of contempt, as if he knew some secret she had, which he despised. He stood up and said "Well, then," in a hearty voice, trying to seem gaily anticipatory but not managing it.

Mrs. Ingram had a small motor launch, which was used for visiting her friends up and down the river, and in this, sitting beside one another in wicker chairs, Esmé and Catherine drove sedately under the summer darkness of the trees. The easy gaiety had gone, and Catherine felt helplessly that Mrs. Ingram had pushed her off alone with Esmé against his inclination, and she was puzzled to think what motive she could

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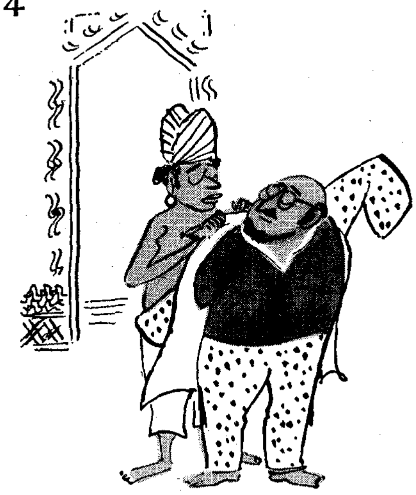

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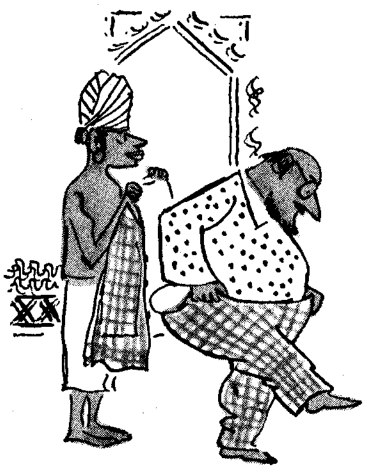

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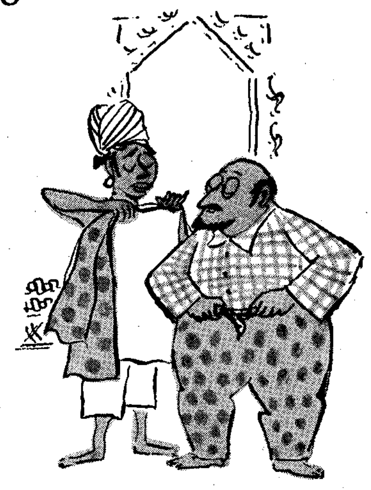

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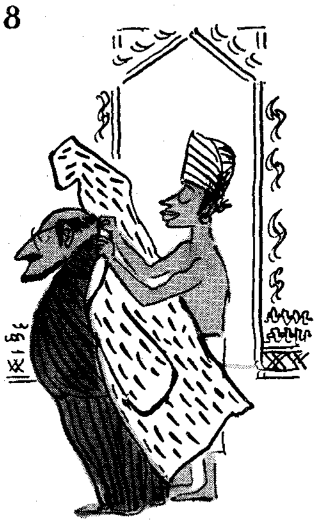

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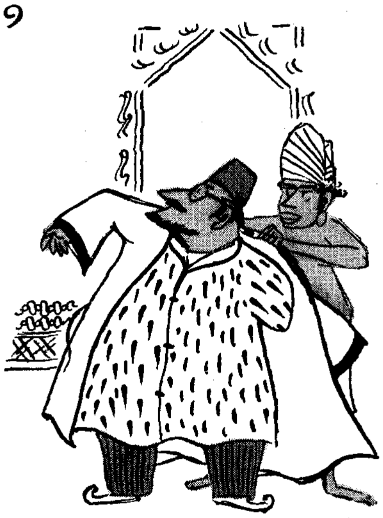

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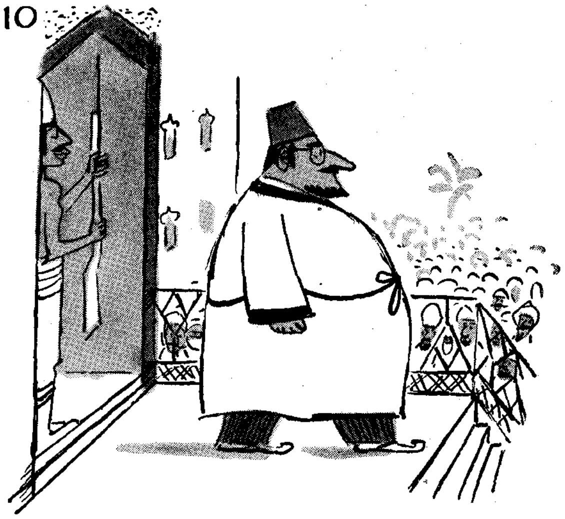

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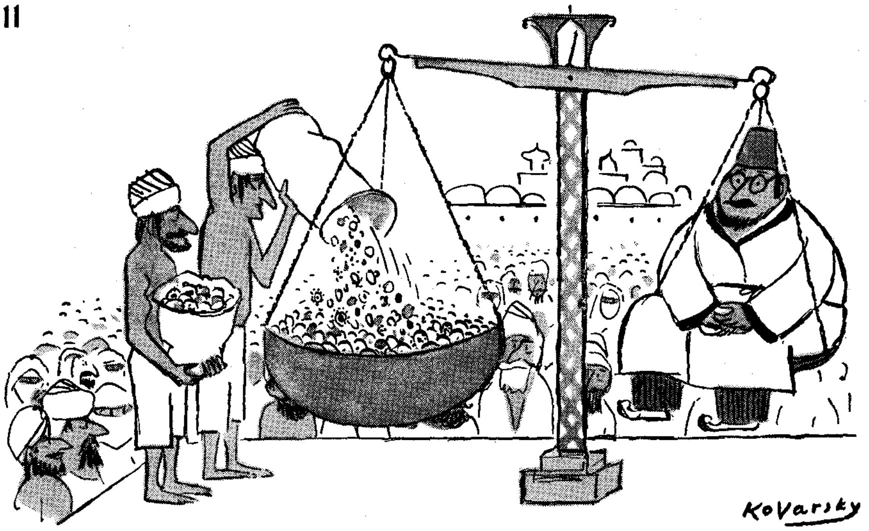


have for doing such a thing. If it was simply to be rid of her, then she need never have invited her; that she might be trying to lay the foundations of something deeper between Esmé and Catherine than this slight acquaintance they had was not in character with her role of possessive mother. Noël had once said, "It is lucky for you that you love me, not Esmé. Mama never allows any girls within yards of her darling. They are just to be devoted to one another." Equally, that Mrs. Ingram simply had, as she said, a headache was unthinkable. She was not a woman who would be likely to have headaches or confess to such frailty if she had. She was ordinarily so proudly direct that excuses were alien to her. She would not deign to dissemble or explain. When she did so, Catherine felt uneasily compelled to wonder why.

Some cloud was between mother and son. In other circumstances, Catherine would have thought that it gathered from Mrs. Ingram's jealousy. Her coldness might have been caused by Catherine and Esmé wishing to escape together, not from the reverse. For the second time that day, Esmé set out to dispel the melancholy his mother had induced in Catherine. She recognized along the river features of the landscape she had discovered with Noël, and Esmé pointed them out to her as if she had never seen them before. Soon, his discourse became more than a commentary upon the riverbanks and the late-Victorian and Edwardian houses, gabled and balconied, the rustic summerhouses, the lawns with urns of geraniums, and flagpoles, and weeping copper beeches, and began to be an excursion back through time: for here, he said, Noël had rammed the boat into the mooring posts ("Yes, he told me," Catherine whispered), and on that island disturbed a wasps' nest in a hollow tree.

They were held up outside the lock, and at last the keeper came out and opened the gates. The peace and heat inside the lock were intense. As the water went down, Catherine, grasping a slimy chain, looked long at Esmé, who stood up with the painter over a bollard and lit a cigarette. The most veiled of men, she suddenly thought him: his in some ways handsome face expressionless with discretion, the speed of his talk overcoming his reluctance to talk at all, and his easiness, his courtesy—with the lock-keeper at this moment—proclaiming almost that beyond this he was far removed and could not love, be loved, or have any exchange at all that courtesy or kindness did not dictate.

Beyond the lock, she found herself thinking, We shall have to come back through it, in an echo of the triumph with which she used to say this aloud to Noël. Each lock had prolonged their aloneness, as indeed it prolonged her time with Esmé, but it was so much as an echo of an old thought that it came to her that she found herself telling Esmé now how once it had been.

At first, she thought his courtesy had deserted him. "Oh, look, a kingfisher," he said.

She looked in the wrong place and it was gone. "Another thing about the river," he said. "We can quite safely bring our unhappiness here. No one can reach it or be contaminated by it, as on dry land. I have felt that I was in quarantine with it these last weeks."

"But at home—" Catherine began.

"No, I don't think we can be safe there," he said rapidly. "I mean that other people would not be safe from *us*."

"I wonder if your mother wishes now that she hadn't invited me."

"My dear little Cathy, what an odd thing to wonder. Or should I not call you 'Cathy'?"

"I liked to hear it." She had blushed with pleasure and surprise. "I wondered if the sight of me depresses her," she said humbly. "I suppose that we have only Noël in common. By the fact of just being myself I can only go on and on reminding her of him."

"You remind her of yourself and that she loves you. The dead can become too important, just by dying. Any ordeal is yours, surely? Coming back to the house and the river and so much obviously that only you and Noël knew about." He spoke rather aloofly, to imply that being in love was not in his province, though he acknowledged it in hers. "But I understand," he added, "that it was probably now or never."

"I shouldn't have liked it to be never. I love it here, being with your mother and seeing the house again—the *beautiful* house."

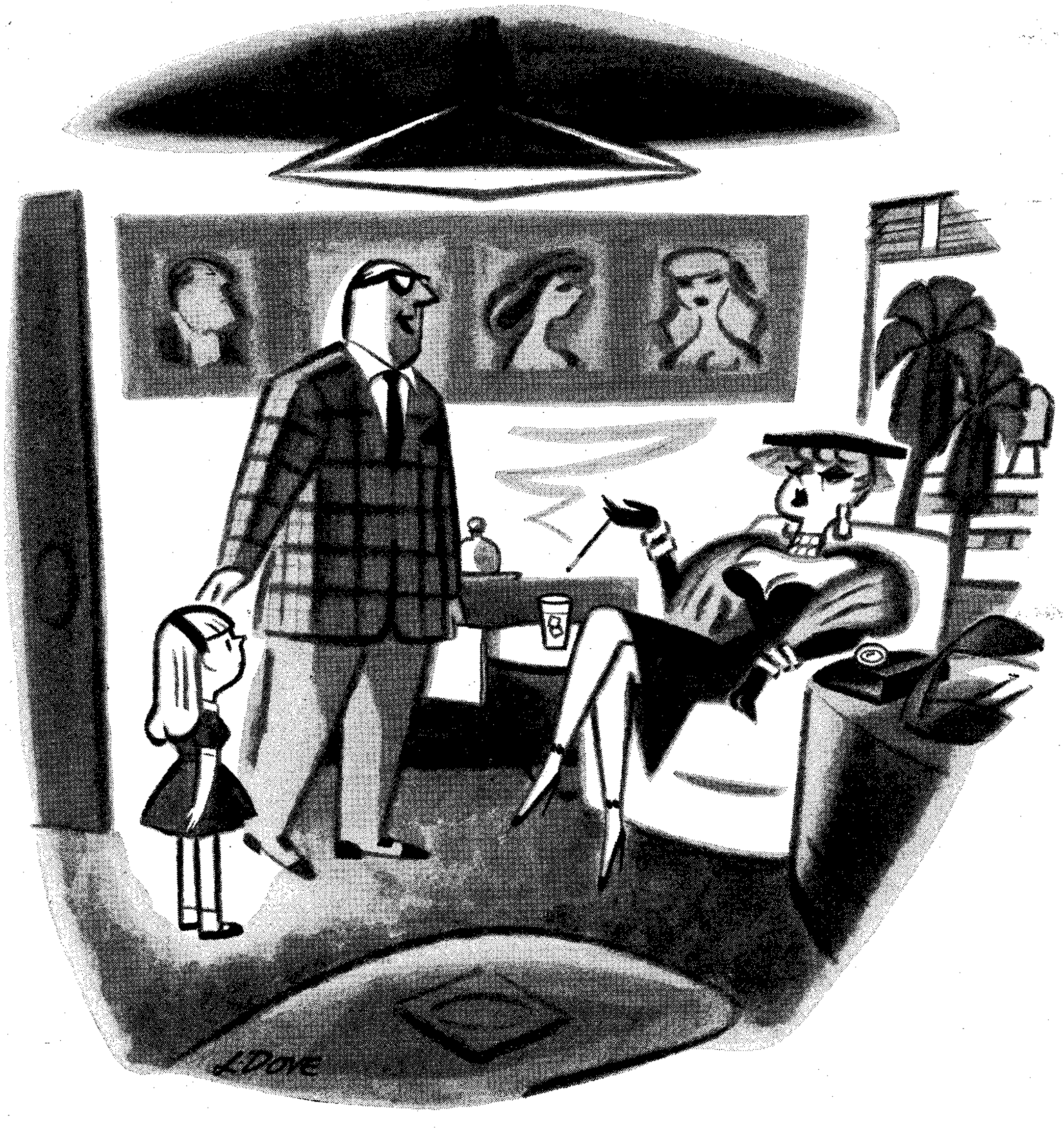
"Yes, I think it is the only nice one on the river," he said. He turned the boat round in midstream. "All of those rose-red villas with their fretwork balconies and the conservatories and so much wisteria . . . Yet I miss it when I'm away, and it comes at me with a dismaying, not wholly depressing rush when I return. Living in one place all of one's youth makes being an expatriate very difficult. I think I shall go and live in London for a bit before I have to go abroad again. Go by instalments, as it were. It may halve the pains of departure. I must tell Mama. Until I have done so, know nothing of it, please."

"Of course not," Catherine whispered.

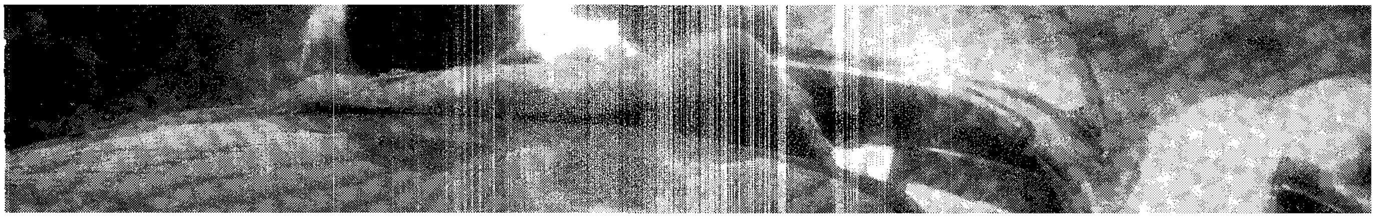
"HAS Esmé said anything to you about leaving here?" Mrs. Ingram asked Catherine a day or two later.

"No."

Wide-eyed surprise, poorly done, thought Mrs. Ingram. "I know he feels concerned about leaving me and may not like to mention it; but he will



"Miss Fosse, this is Betty. Betty is going to play you as a child."
"Really? How charming."



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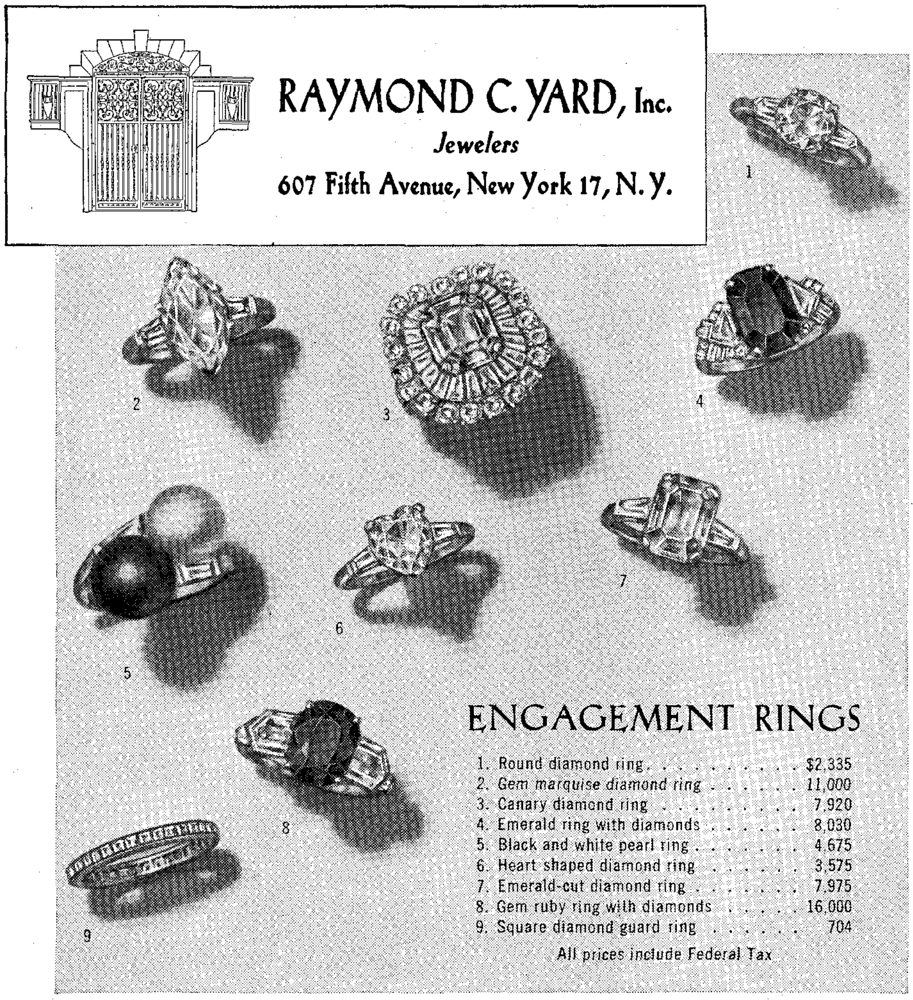

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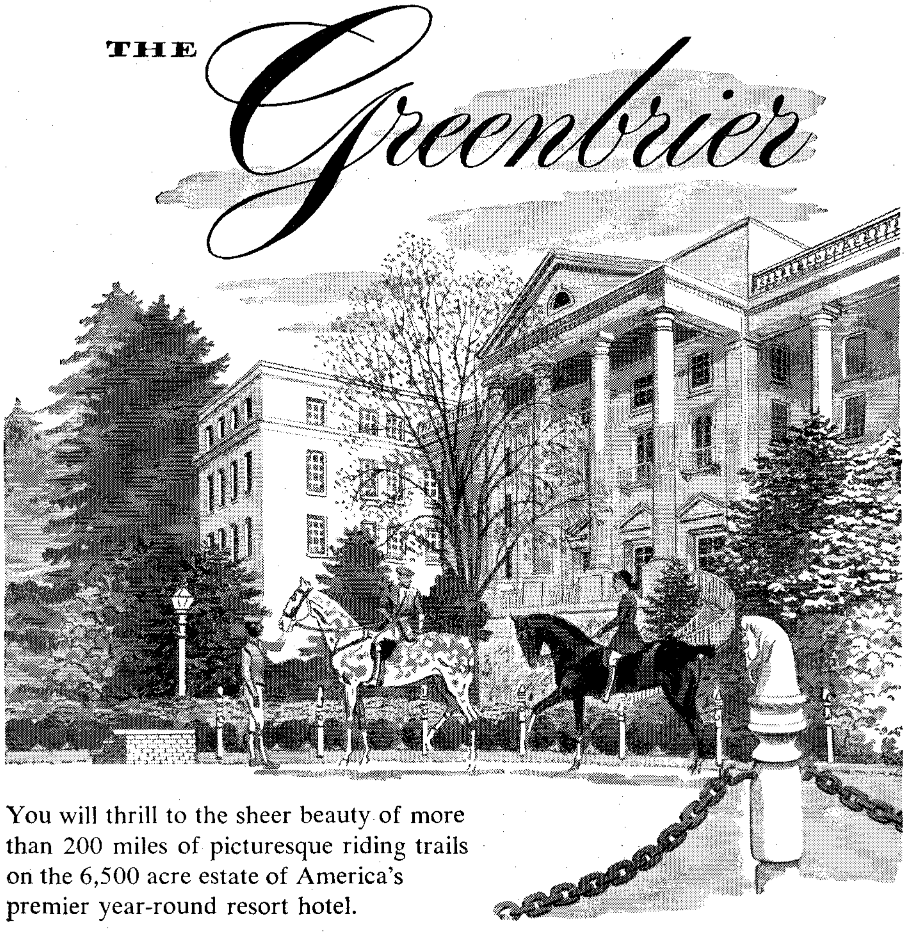

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have to go in the end. I cannot expect him to spend all of his leave with me. He mustn't be tied to my apron strings forever."

"Apron strings" had too homely a connotation altogether—Esmé and his mother were not just pottering cozily about a kitchen. So fine that they were invisible were the threads with which she drew him to her: it was by the most delicate influence that she had had him break off his long-ago engagement and had later tried to stop him from going abroad, though seeming all the time to speed him on his way. I know that she sometimes does wrong, Catherine thought. But I love her and I should be happy if she cared to dominate me, too. She had wanted to be her daughter-in-law and part of the enchantment. She and Noël would have lived nearby, and come often to the house. "The children are coming to luncheon," Mrs. Ingram would say. Once, the summer before, Catherine, sitting out on the steps in front of the house, had heard Mrs. Ingram in the hall, telephoning a friend. "Do come over. I shall be alone. The children are going to the cinema." Bliss had flowed through Catherine. She had shut her eyes, feeling the sun, hearing the sounds of the garden—the birds and insects and the weir. Yes, it was bliss in those days, she thought, and she still sensed the magic of this quieter house, though the river was more melancholy to her and the family diminished and Mrs. Ingram's composure no longer completely holding.

Someone called Freddie began to be talked of—a friend of Esmé's, a painter, of whose painting Mrs. Ingram disapproved. She compared it unfavorably with Catherine's. It had, she said, that detestable ingredient, virtuosity. "It allows one to see how clever he has been, and that should never be. I don't want to see the wheels go round or to feel called upon to shout 'Bravo,' as if he were some sweating Italian tenor. One should really feel 'How easy it must be! How effortless!' I should think—don't you, Catherine?—that an artist must seem too proud to have tried, too careless to have thought of succeeding." Esmé said nothing, so Catherine could not judge if he agreed.

Freddie was expected for luncheon, but did not come.

"Perhaps he didn't feel hungry today," Mrs. Ingram said.

So Freddie himself was out of favor along with his paintings, Catherine thought. Mrs. Ingram had glanced at Esmé when she had spoken, and his face betrayed him by its impassivity.

In the afternoon, Catherine made

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another attempt to paint, in a tangled part of the garden behind the old stables. In the shade, the nettles and docks were a dark and bitter green, and this greenness seemed to tinge the curdy white flowers of elder and cow parsley. She became gradually absorbed in the shapes and the textures of the leaves—the feathery, the ribbed and spadelike, the giant fern weighted down by a heavy snail. She was pleased with what she was doing and just painting in a bright poppy among the green and silvery green for contrast when she saw a snake lying on the path before her at the edge of the shade. It was green, too, of an olive green to enhance her picture, and in a curious way she realized this before she took fright, tiptoeing backward away from it until she felt safe to turn and run.

She sped up the steps and into the hall, calling for Esmé; then the wonderful sunny slumberousness of the house checked her and she felt disconcerted. A young man came to the drawing-room door, saying, "I wanted Esmé, too."

Oh, I am glad, for Esmé's sake, that he came at last, thought Catherine, pulling up too suddenly and slipping on a rug.

"Scatter rugs, they call these in America," said Freddie, coming to steady her. "A good name. I should like to scatter them all in the river."

He seemed a very neat young man at a first glance. His suit exactly matched his fawn hair, and his blue bow tie matched his pullover and socks. His voice, his Cockney accent were pert and gay, his small eyes very bright. A second impression revealed his bitten nails and dirty shoes and the fact that his slight build and his clothes made him seem more boyish than he was.

"You sound as if you wanted Esmé in a great hurry," he said.

"Yes, I saw a snake round by the stables and I think it is an adder."

"Isn't there a gardener or something?" Freddie asked, looking vaguely out at the terrace.

"I just thought of Esmé first. I left all my painting things there."

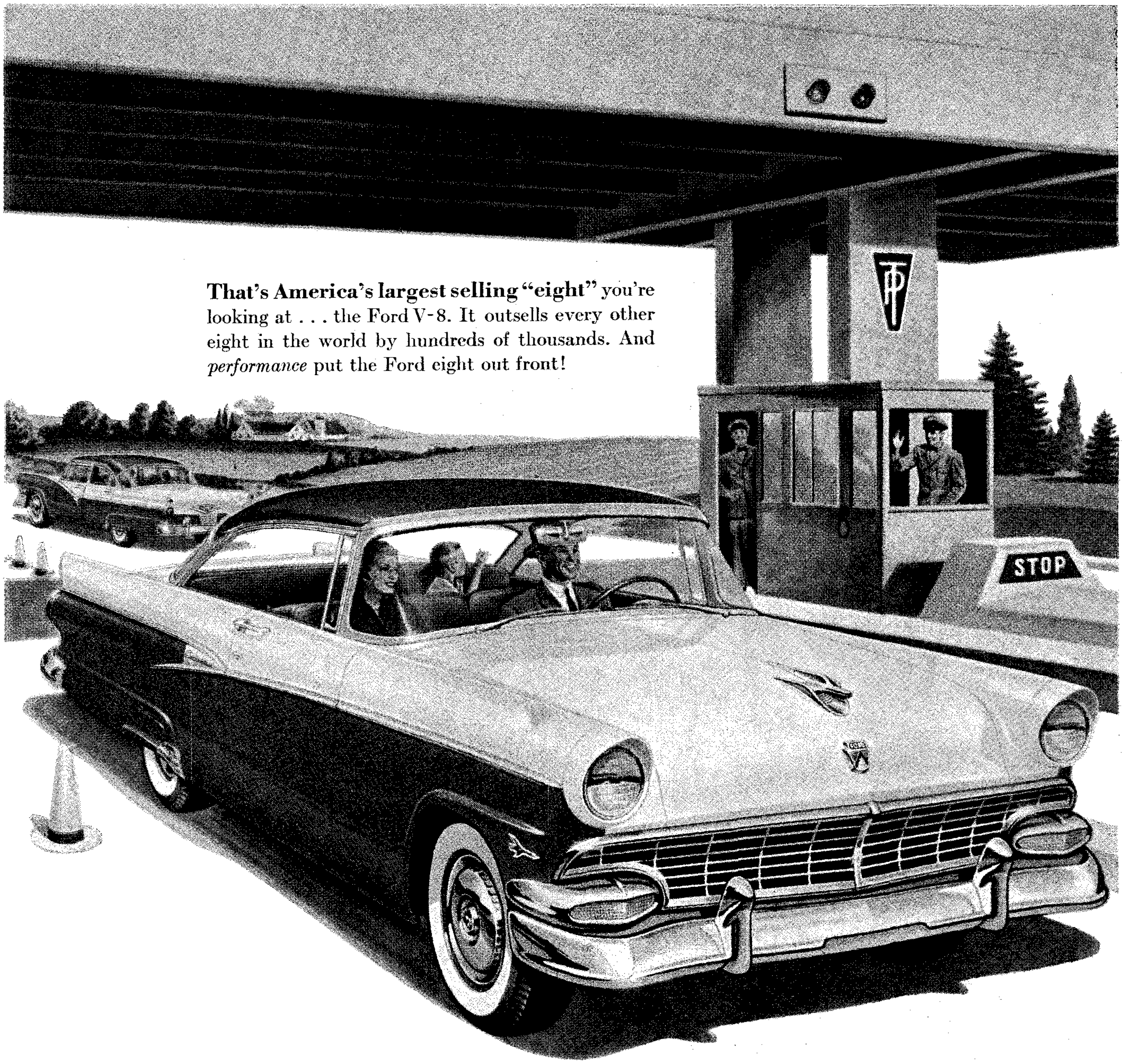
"I shouldn't think a snake would harm them. Did you want me to kill it, or something?" he asked reluctantly.

"You see, I am sure they are deadly."

"Is that supposed to encourage me?"

He went into the back hall and chose a walking stick from the umbrella stand. "Oh dear, this isn't really up my street. I just hope it's gone away by now. It would have been much better if you had asked a gardener."

They set out toward the stables, and



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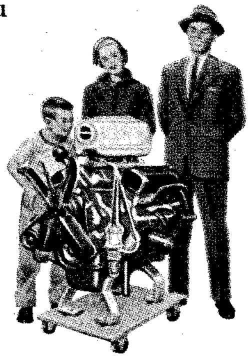

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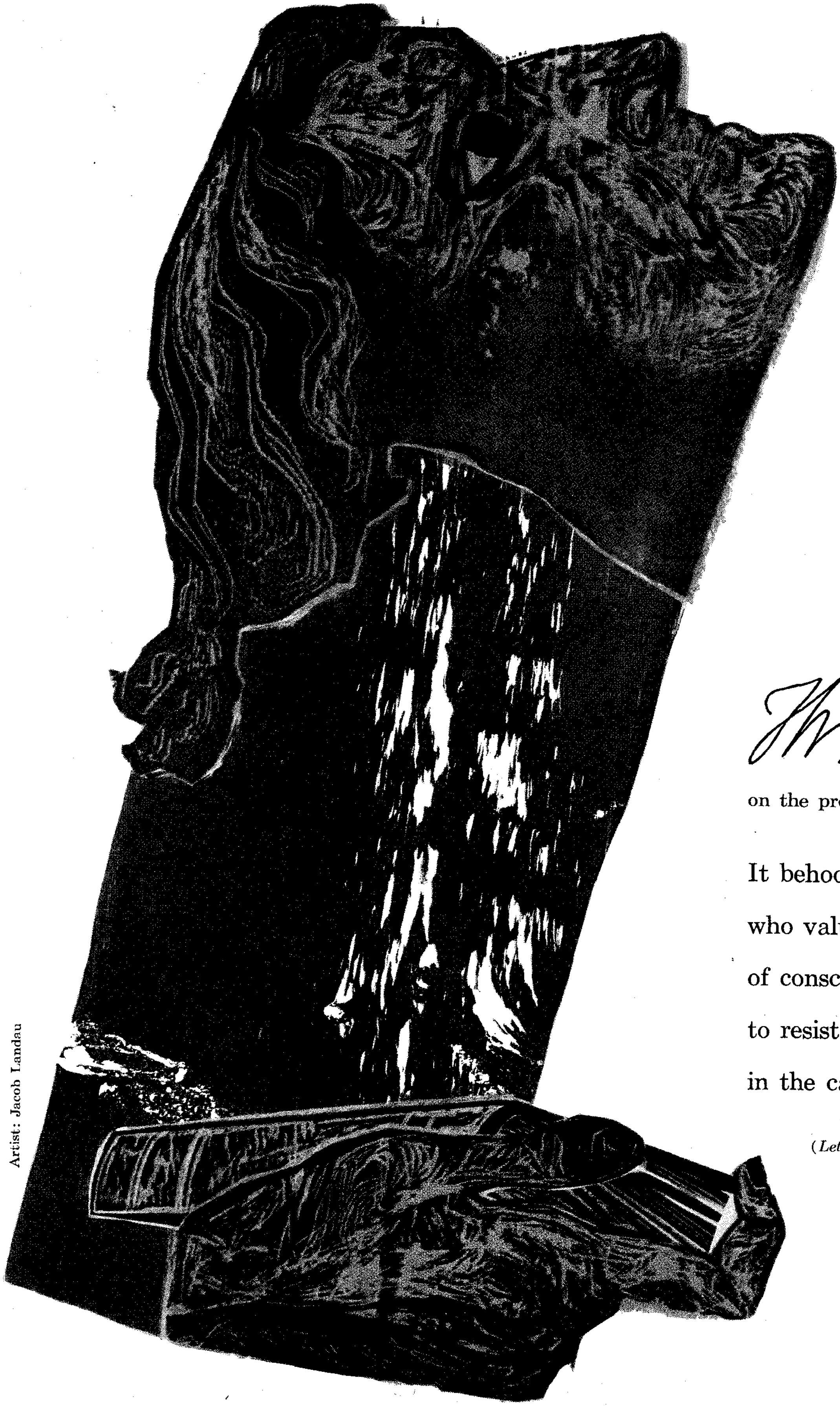

Artist: Jacob Landau

Th Jefferson

on the protection of liberty

It behooves every man
who values liberty
of conscience for himself,
to resist invasions of it
in the case of others.

(*Letter to Benjamin Rush,* 1803)

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he said, "My name is Freddie Bassett. I was expected to lunch. Was there much hard feeling?"

"I am a guest. It isn't for me to say."

"So there was! I ran out of petrol miles from anywhere. So what could I do?"

"You could have telephoned, I suppose."

"Splendid! I knew I was right to try the story out on you first. You spotted the flaw as Mrs. Ingram would have done. How can I get round that one? I telephoned, but the silly girl at the exchange said there was no reply. I don't know what these girls are coming to."

"No one would believe you."

"Mrs. Ingram will not dare to say so. All right, then, I lost my way."

"This way," said Catherine coldly, taking another path.

"As a matter of fact, I did." He seemed surprised to find himself speaking the truth. "I stopped for a quick one, and fell in with a little party. You know how that can be done—complete strangers, but something happens, there is some clemency in the smoke haze, so that they seem the dearest companions one ever had, one almost weeps with gratitude that they are so sympathetic, so much one's own sort. So helpful in helping one to forget anxiety. I could not tear myself away from them, and now I have forgotten them and shall never see them again—only similar ones. When it was closing time we stayed on, because the landlord was the same sort as well. I felt dreadfully guilty about Esmé, and they were all so sympathetic and so full of condolences and advice about what his mother would say. They came out to see me off and wish me good luck. Then I took the wrong road."

"Wouldn't it have been better not to have come at all?"

"Surely not? I can stay to dinner instead."

Catherine felt frightened. I am not his accomplice, she thought. It is nothing to do with me.

"Do you know when Esmé went out?" he asked. "I want to say that I arrived the minute after."

"I didn't know that he had gone."

"He has taken his mother to a meeting. I hope it is a nice long one and that my head will feel better before she comes back."

They crossed the stables courtyard and Catherine peered through the archway at the path where her painting things were lying beside her folding stool.

"Have I really got to?" Freddie asked. "Oughtn't I to be wearing put-

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tees or something? I am sure it has kindly gone away."

But the snake had only moved farther into the sun. Catherine shrank back and for some strange reason put her hands over her ears. "Oh, Lord!" grumbled Freddie, going forward with the stick held high. Catherine stayed in the courtyard. She heard the stick beating the ground and Freddie swearing, but she would not look. When he came back, he was carrying the stool and the drawing board, and his face was white. "I take it you don't want to go on with this at the moment," he said, handing her the unfinished water color without glancing at it. "I just left it there—the snake."

"You did kill it?"

"Yes, I suddenly went mad with fear. It was a dreadful thing to ask someone from London to do. Are you the girl Noël was engaged to?"

"We weren't engaged."

"And now, I understand, Mama wants you to marry Esmé?"

"I think you are rude and absurd," Catherine said. "It is none of my business, but I don't know how Esmé can tolerate you."

She hurried on ahead of him and turned the corner of the house. There was Esmé walking on the lawn, his head down, his hands in his pockets. He paced up and down dejectedly. When he saw Catherine, he smiled, and then his smile warmed and he came forward eagerly, quite transformed by the sight of Freddie trailing behind, carrying the folding stool.

"IT was a poor grass snake," Mrs. Ingram said. "It would have done no harm to anyone and great good to the garden."

"I am just a Cockney. How should I know?" said Freddie. "I did as I was told."

Catherine could only keep saying how sorry she was.

"I am surprised at you," Mrs. Ingram said teasingly. "So meticulous in your painting, and to make such a mistake."

It seemed to be Catherine who had failed. Freddie was triumphantly eating dinner instead of lunch, although Catherine would have staked a great deal against such a possibility. She had listened to his long apology with outraged astonishment: ". . . tramping along in the blazing heat with my little petrol can in my hand. . . . I went all round some village looking for the post office. Wonderful honeysuckle all over it and jars of bull's-eyes in the window. I should have thought there would be

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some regulation against calling them that when they are nothing of the kind. . . .”

He is putting off the weak part of his story, about the telephone, Catherine thought with interest.

“. . . the phone box was just outside the door and the exchange itself just inside by the bacon-slicing machine. The same popeyed old codger who was selling the bull’s-eyes went to the switchboard. Twice he got the wrong number. ‘Skates the Fishmongers here’ was one. The third time I truly thought would be lucky, but there was no reply. ‘There is always someone there. There are hundreds of servants. They are moneyed folk,’ I said. ‘Comfortably *placed*, as you might say.’ ‘I daresay,’ he said, sarcastically, as if I were a child, or drunk. ‘All the same, they’re not answering.’ ”

Esmé bent down and stroked his dog, trying to hide a smile.

“You *might* have answered,” Freddie whined complainingly. “After I had trudged so far and had such a horrible time and my hands were so *sore* with carrying the petrol can.” He glanced at them, wincing.

“It *is* only pretending, isn’t it?” said Mrs. Ingram, her voice as sweet as honey. As if she thought that Freddie was overexciting himself, she changed the conversation.

So Freddie triumphed. He triumphed over his headache and he stayed to dinner and Catherine thought that he would manage to stay the night as well. Esmé was quiet and full of a peace that Catherine could understand. She remembered the contentment of saying those words to herself: “We are under the same roof.” She had known how beautiful it can be to come to the close of the day and lie down in bed thinking those words. Then the house itself became haunted, enchanted, spellbound with love.

Her heart began to ache again and her throat almost shut. The flesh is endlessly martyred by grief, humiliated by nausea and vomitings, bothered and alarmed; breath checked and the heart belabored; the eyes stabbed viciously until they unload their tears, and the tongue as bitter as if it had tasted poison. This Freddie does not know, Catherine thought, and she felt pity for Esmé and kinship with him.

DINNER was soon over, for there was hardly any conversation to prolong it. Once Mrs. Ingram said to Freddie, “Catherine paints, too,” and Freddie answered, “So I saw.”

Beset by midges, they drank coffee

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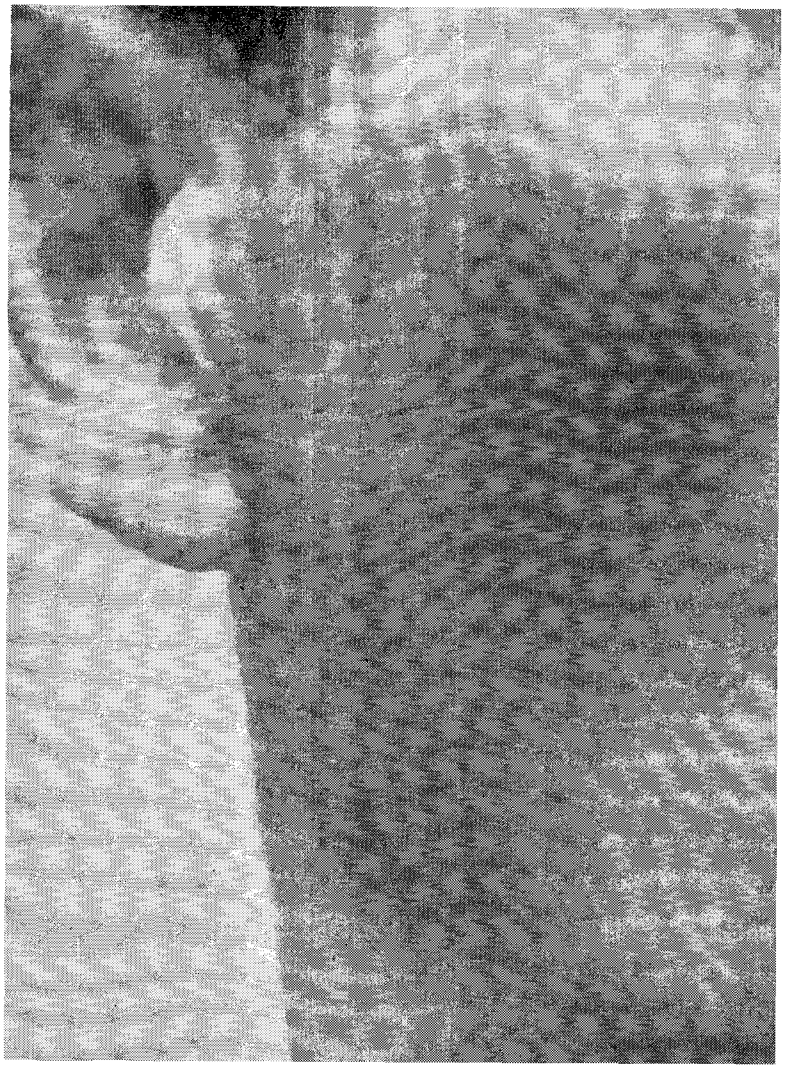

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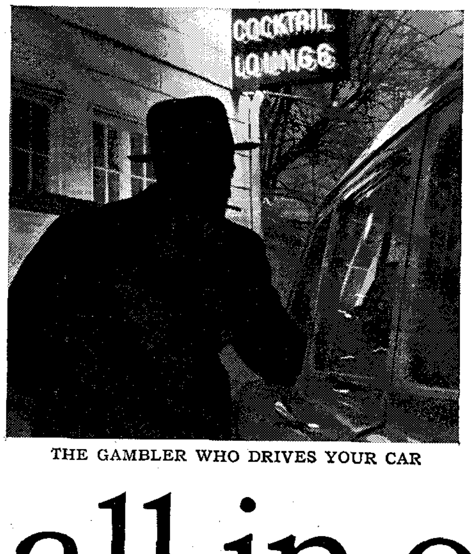

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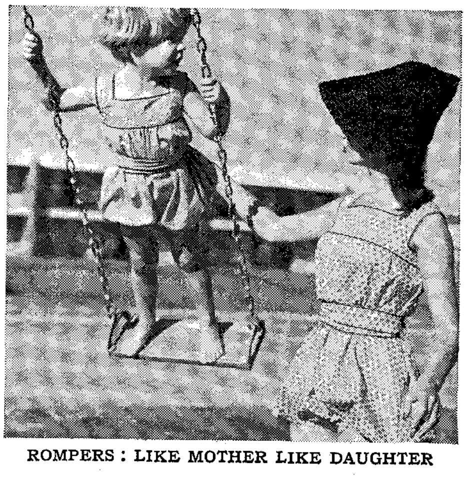
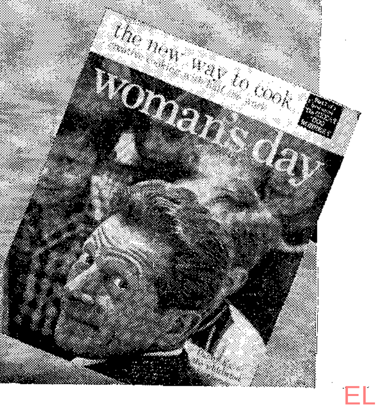


ROMPERS : LIKE MOTHER LIKE DAUGHTER



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out on the terrace above the steps. "An irritating noise," Freddie said, referring to the weir, and Catherine thought, So it is! The sound is what you are yourself at the moment: if you are in despair, it sounds despairing; tumultuous if you are angry; romantic when you are in love.

Esmé and Freddie never exchanged remarks or glances, and when Mrs. Ingram went indoors Catherine felt herself so much in the way that she followed her, and was conscious of their nervous silence as she walked away.

Mrs. Ingram came from the back hall carrying a bunch of roses. "I was going to ask you if you would like to come, but don't if you aren't up to it. To Noël's grave, I mean. No, you would rather not, I am sure," she said quickly. "It is difficult to guess how other people feel about such a thing. I know it is old-fashioned and unimaginative of me, but I feel comforted when I go there."

Catherine did not know herself how she felt or would feel, but she went with Mrs. Ingram and carried the roses for her. They walked slowly along the scented lane to the church by the river; then through the lich gate under the limes. She began to be afraid. She remembered the churchyard carpeted with wreaths and the raw earth mounded up ready for its dreadful purpose; the groups of black figures standing, as if stunned, among the graves and the lime trees only just in leaf, which now were ready to flower. She wondered if she would have to face some overpowering monument, for death is alien enough in itself without some of the things that are done afterward as being appropriate. She hung back on the gravel path, as she had done once before, and Mrs. Ingram, humming peacefully, her pink cardigan hung over her shoulders, stepped quickly across the grass. Following her, raising her eyes only to look at a safely eighteenth-century headstone with a cherub's head and wings, and saffron rosettes of lichen all over the crumbling stone, Catherine saw the name "Ingram" with a sense of shock. But there were groves of Ingrams, among them Noël's father, who was to share the roses. Unlike most of the other riverside families, this had kept its bones in one place for at least two hundred years. The last Ingram had, Catherine was relieved to find, only a simple white wooden cross with his name painted in black. She faced this steadily, feeling that she had been spared an awkwardness. "Only until the ground has sunk," Mrs. Ingram

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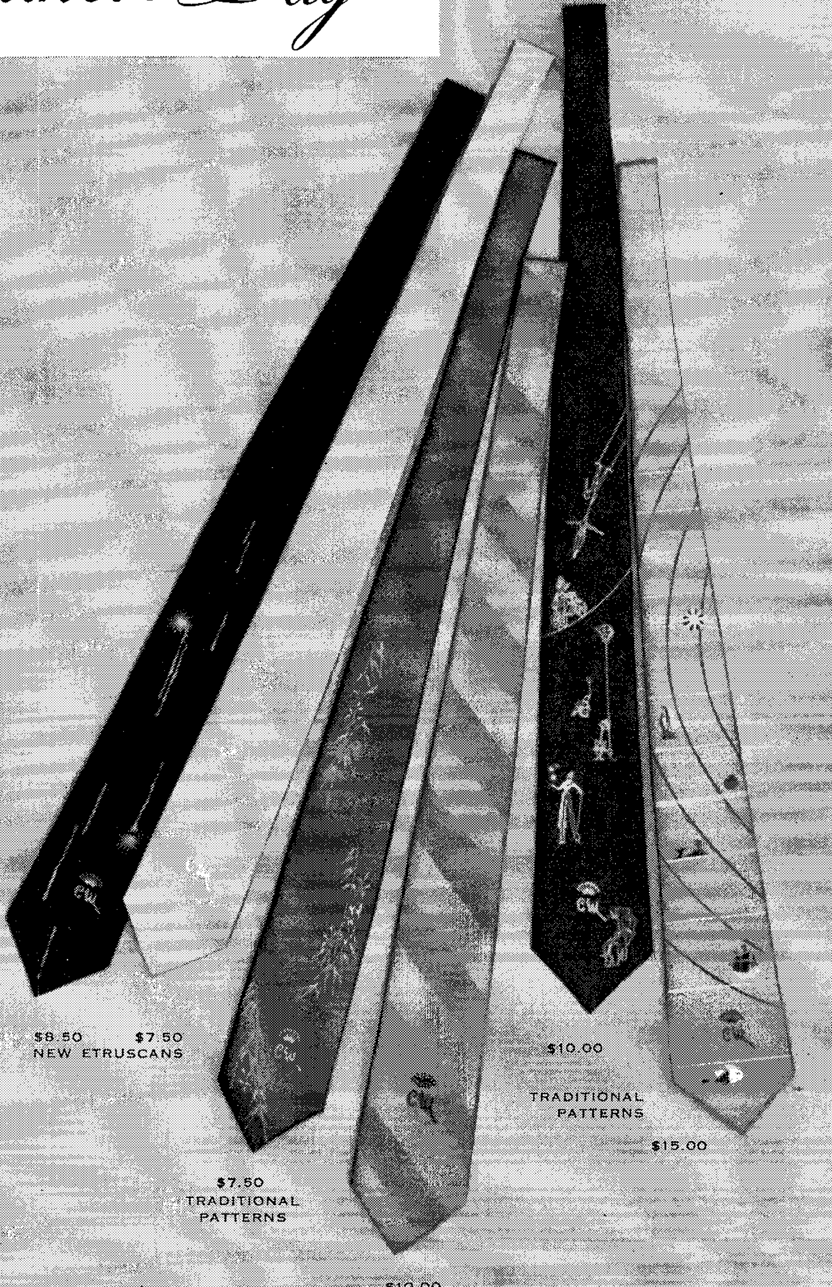
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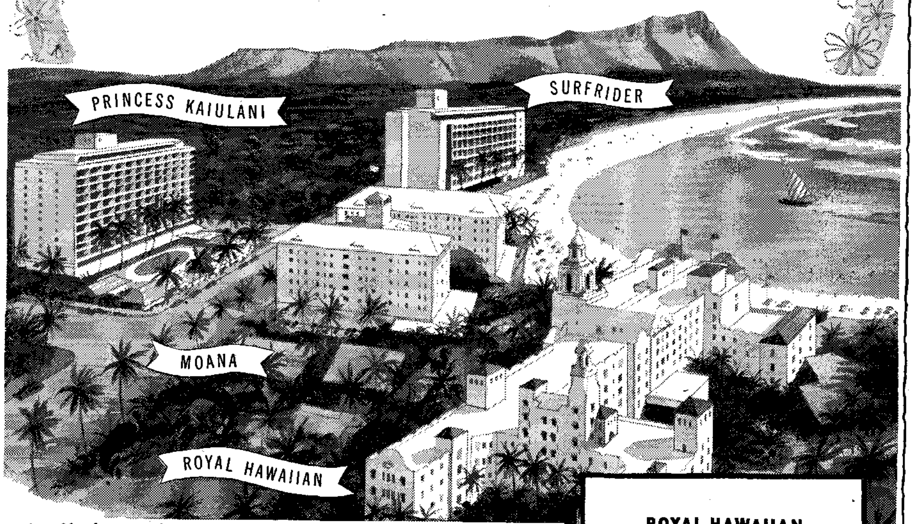

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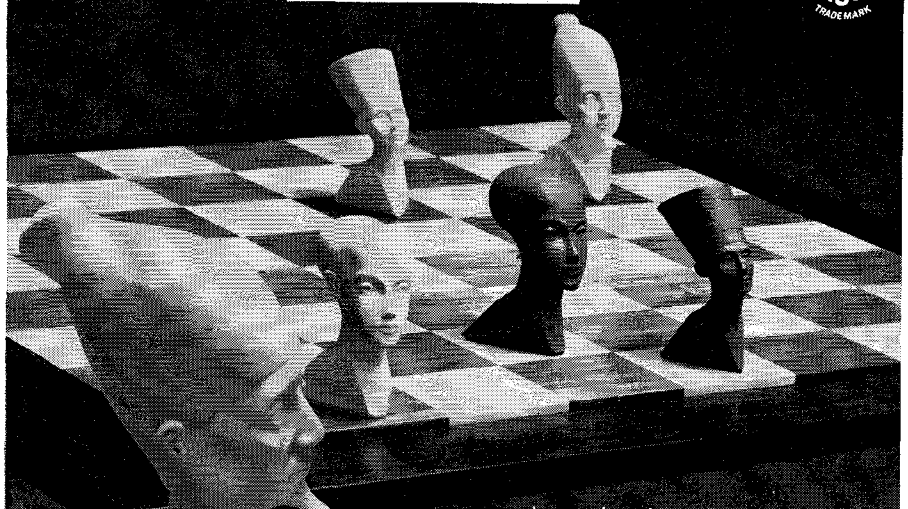

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said, throwing away stale water and going to fetch fresh.

Catherine took a step back, as if she might otherwise sink with the earth. She felt obscenity, not peace, around her.

"I suppose that little liar will be staying the night," said Mrs. Ingram, returning from the water tap. "I can't pretend that I fancy having him under my roof."

She knelt down and began to strip leaves off the roses and break off the big blood-red thorns.

When her plans have failed, there are always the flowers to do, Catherine thought. The night I arrived, I suppose that she left them until late as an excuse for sending Esmé to the station—to make us be together from the start. But Esmé wouldn't fall in with the plan—a new habit in him, I should think.

Then the words "my darling Noël" broke across her reflections. For a second, she wondered if she had said them aloud, caught on the in-breath of a sob. But Mrs. Ingram finished the flowers calmly and then they walked home along the towing path. The river was bronze in the sunset, and the fluffy meadow grasses filled with a pinkish light.

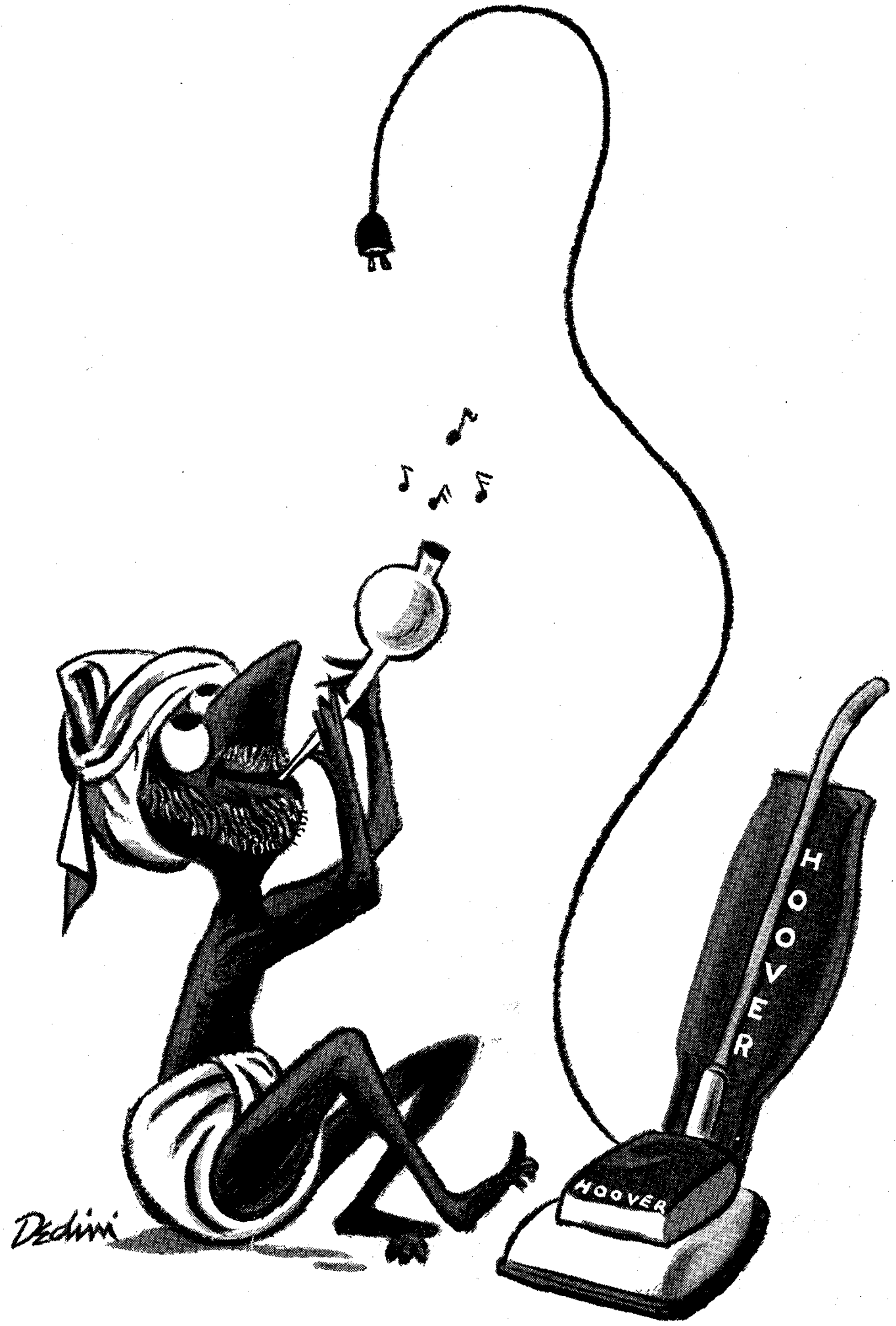
Esmé and Freddie were still sitting on the terrace. Freddie was now in Mrs. Ingram's wicker chaise longue, his hands clasped behind his head and his legs stretched out comfortably. Esmé sat, rather awkwardly, with his greyhound across his lap. They both struggled to rise when they saw Mrs. Ingram and Catherine crossing the lawn, but Mrs. Ingram ignored them and went round the house by a side way and Catherine followed her.

CATHERINE went up to bed and stood by the open window, looking out into the dark garden. A misty moonlight furred the grass, like rime, and white ghosts rose off the weir. I have been to the churchyard, she thought, and now I have had enough.

She drew one of the heavy velvet curtains round her like a cloak. I cannot *not* feel when I am here, she thought. Especially when I am so *meant* to feel. Was not Mrs. Ingram, she wondered, trying to make her realize the extent of her loss, as if nothing could be accomplished until this was done, or any other part of her plan proceeded with?

Mrs. Ingram came in to say good night and found Catherine wound up in the curtain.

"So Freddie went—as if he over-



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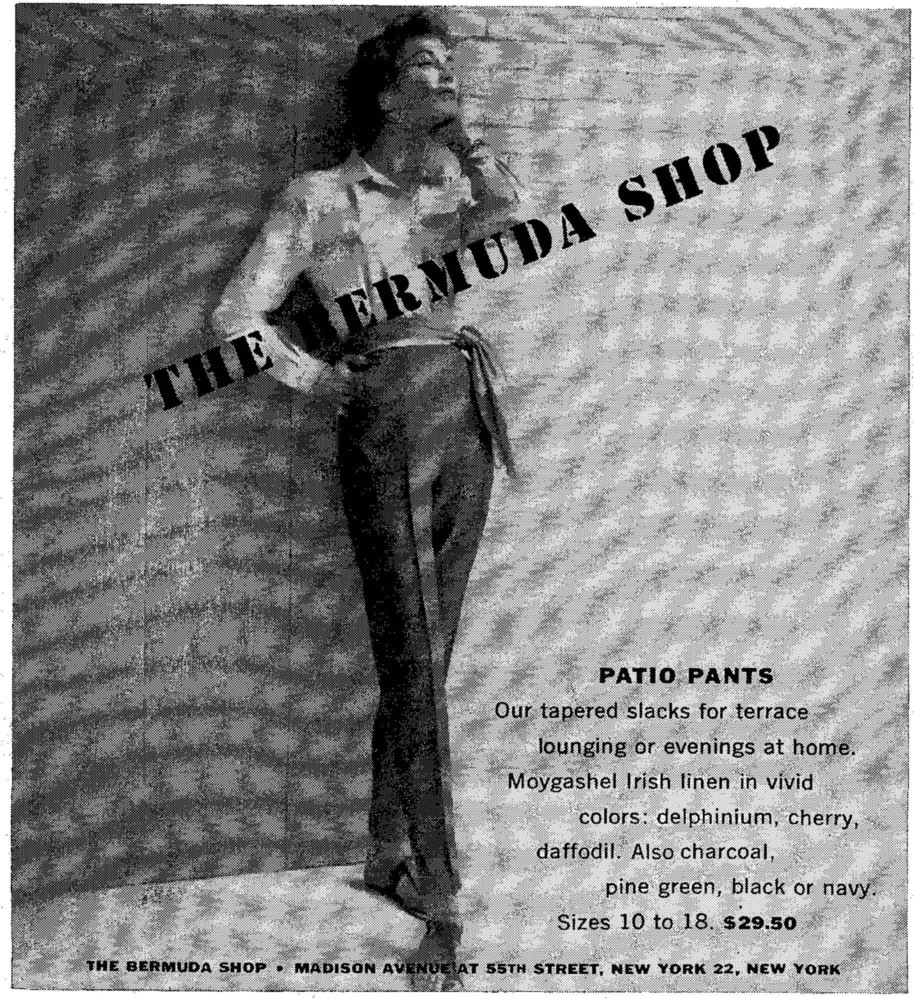
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heard me and meant to prove me wrong."

She came to the window and they both looked out at the garden, listening to the weir.

On the blanched terrace below, Esmé's greyhound appeared, then Esmé. He went down the steps and was lost in the dark garden. Sometimes he reminded Catherine of his brother. Family likenesses in gestures are stranger than those of feature or build, and often more poignant, and she had sometimes been moved by such a slight thing as the inclination of his head as he walked, so mysteriously the same as Noël's.

"He is going away next week," Mrs. Ingram said.

"And I," said Catherine quickly. "I must go, too." She was struggling with tears, and her voice was rough and abrupt. She breathed very steadily, and presently the tears receded and she said, "I must get back to work, you know. I must . . ."

"What makes it difficult for living here may make it good for painting," Mrs. Ingram said.

"Too beautiful," Catherine began. She put her hands over her face, and tears ran down her wrists and the insides of her arms. Mrs. Ingram waited, as if she were measuring the fall of tears and knew when the limit of grief was reached and only then put out her hand and touched Catherine's shoulder.

"You see, I can't stay. You do see?" Her heart had been twice ambushed in this house and now she was desperate to escape. Yet did Mrs. Ingram understand? She said nothing. She simply took Catherine in her arms and kissed her—but with a welcoming, a gathering-in gesture, as if to one who has come home at last, rather than to someone preparing to go away.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

•

The 13th annual Institute of Race Relations will be held at Fisk university July 2-14, it was announced yesterday.

Lecturers and consultants at the institute will include:

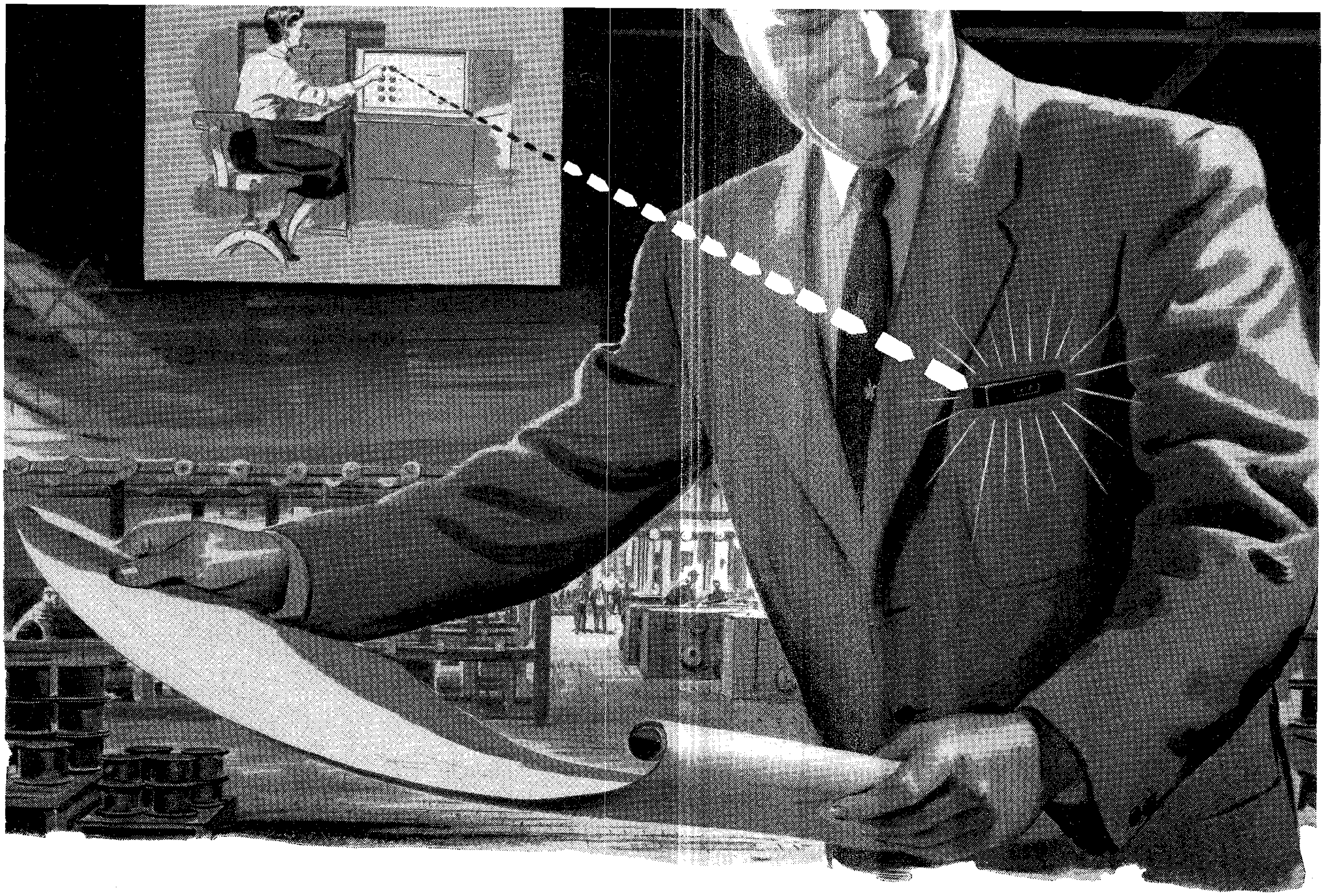
Henry Steele, Commander, department of history, Columbia university.—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Columbia, the gem of the ocean?

•

Mr. Hayes has written four Alfred Hitchcock productions for Paramount during the last two years: "Rear Window," "Two Cats Apiece," "The Trouble With Harry," and "The Man Who Knew Too Much."—*The Times.*

And remember "To Catch a Thief"? Sequel to "Two Cats Apiece."



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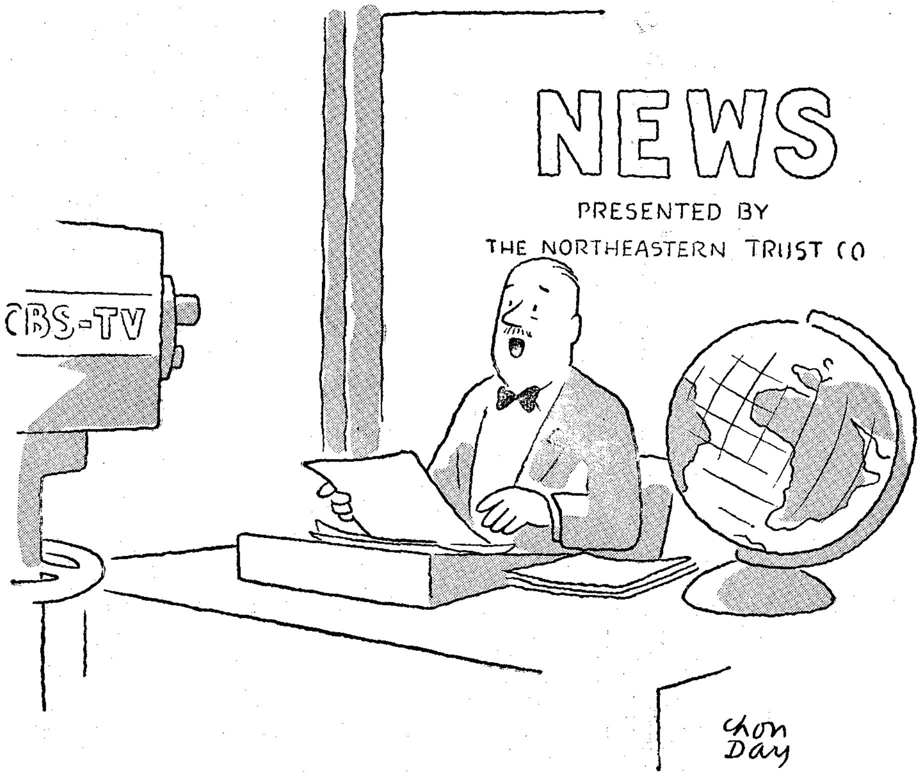
THE THEATRE

THE RIDDLE OF THE PHOENIX

THE policies pursued by the management of the Phoenix Theatre have always seemed cryptic to me. The intention, of course, is to offer worthy and more or less unusual entertainment at prices that would not be economically possible uptown. The outcome has been the production either of old plays that, however stimulating they may once have been, have long since lost their ability to communicate with an audience or of experiments that for the most part have struck me as studiously bizarre rather than authentically original. There have been exceptions to this unhappy rule, but very few, and I should say that no producing organization in my memory has achieved an equivalent record for boring its customers respectably but implacably to death. The tone of the publicity issued by the Phoenix has, naturally, been self-satisfied, but now and then there has been evidence that someone was aware that something was wrong. This has actually become vocal, however, only in two revues that have appeared down on Twelfth Street, in each of which the master or mistress of ceremonies was permitted to open the proceedings with a rather curious message. "If you think this is terrible," they said, in effect, "you ought to have seen some of the other things that have gone on down here." On both occasions, I have been slightly embarrassed by this desperate honesty, but I have been grateful for it, too. You might say that somebody put the words right into my typewriter.

This remark made its second appearance last week, in "The Littlest Revue," a collection of songs, dances, and sketches employing only ten actors—and two of these microscopically—but a formidable array of composers, lyricists, sketch writers, choreographers, and scenery and costume designers, including, in no particular order of celebrity, Ogden Nash, Vernon Duke, John Latouche, Eudora Welty, Charles Weidman, Klaus Holm, and Alvin Colt. I am happy to report that the results achieved by this unusual concentration of talent can by no means be described as terrible. There are three funny sketches, or, more accurately, sketches that are based on sound and funny ideas and that handle these ideas wittily enough right up to the closing lines, which are invariably dismayingly flat. There are four songs that I consider agreeable and ingeniously worded, though hardly memorable; there are two dances, one a very peculiar Grand Guignol effort and the other more conventional, that I admire; and the settings, though really little more than blueprints, are, I think, neat and resourceful. The eight principal performers are Charlotte Rae, Beverley Bozeman, Joel Grey, Tammy Grimes, Dorothy Jarnac, George Marcy, Tommy Morton, and Larry Storch. All these people are young, enthusiastic, and reasonably fetching in appearance, and while there are no genuinely arresting personalities among them, with the possible exception of Miss Rae, who gives promise of developing a true comic style, they are appealing and unquestionably competent.

So much for compliments, or what will have to pass for them here. The numbers not mentioned above (there are twenty-nine in all) range from songs about good little girls going to heaven and bad little girls going to Bergdorf Goodman's, which I guess are merely tedious, to one, called "Far from Wonderful," that contains lyrics like "You're not so muchable/You're not untouchable/But, darling, neither am I," and makes me feel very irritable indeed. The sketches are about equally numbing, the best of the poor ones being a labored and incoherent burlesque of "Anastasia" and the worst a job labelled "The Man in the Gray Flannel Space Suit," which is exactly as forbidding as its title. The good sketches—since it seems a little churlish to be specific only about the show's failures—are "Give My Regards to Mott Street," which has something to do with the off-Broadway stage; "Beyond Reproach," a piece about tidying up Noel Coward for television; and "Bye-Bye Brevoort," a cockeyed tribute to the lost and gracious past. They are almost first-rate, and so are the songs listed as "Spring Doth Let Her Colours Fly," "Summer [spelling by Phoenix] Is Icumen In," "The Shape of Things," and "I Lost the Rhythm." The two nice dance numbers bring the total to nine. I'm afraid it isn't enough. —WOLCOTT GIBBS



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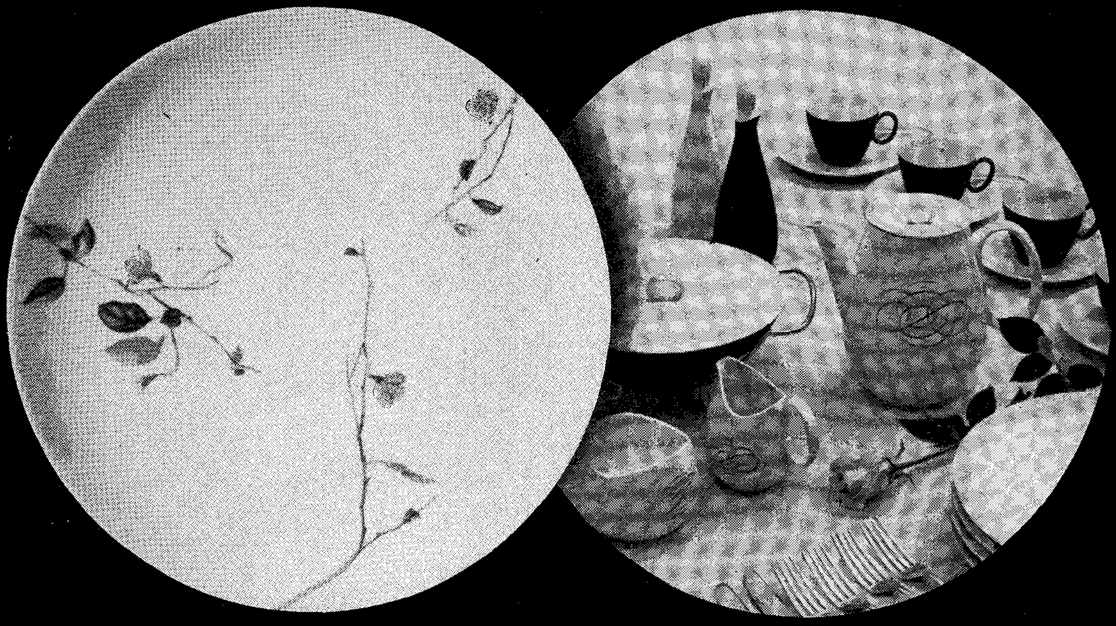

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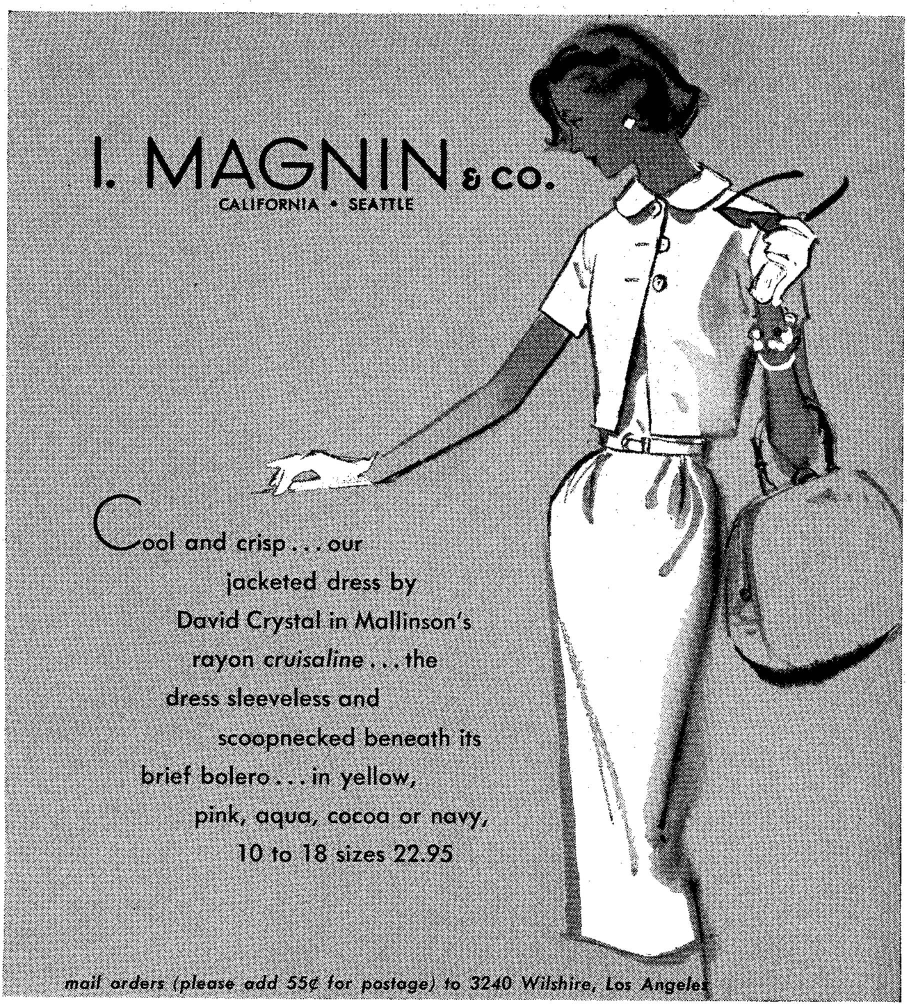

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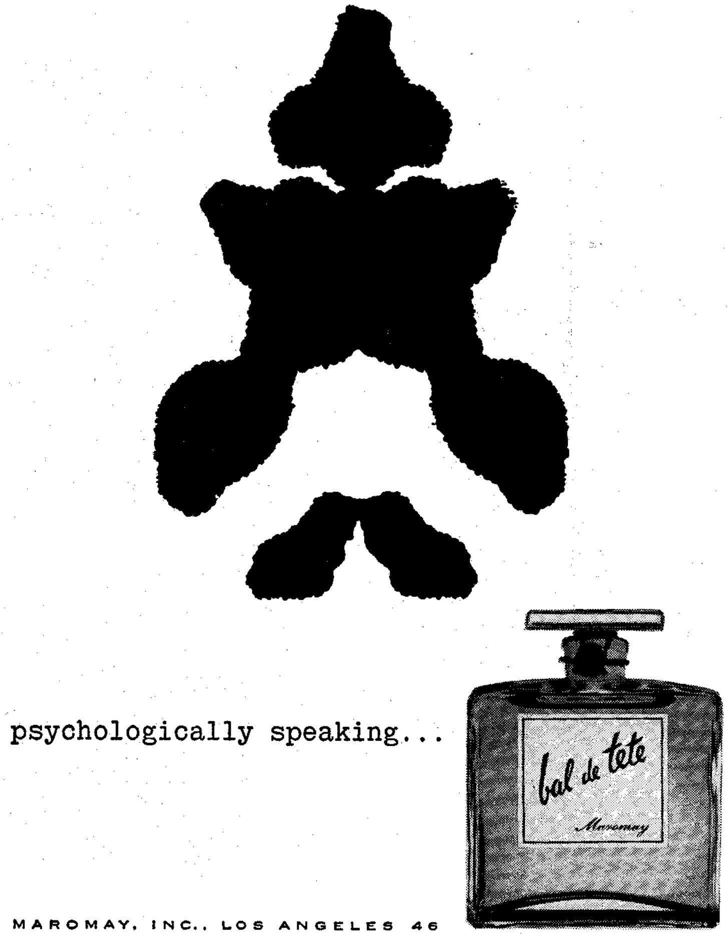

psychologically speaking...

MAROMAY, INC., LOS ANGELES 46

THE ART GALLERIES

En Garde!

LIKE a good many other people, I guess, I've always taken time off on my trips to the Metropolitan Museum to admire, in the big main hall, the armed mannequin knights mounted on their chargers, as well as any other examples of medieval and Renaissance armament that were on hand. But they were well scattered, which made study difficult, and I imagine that other amateurs in this field will be as pleased as I was to learn that all the Museum's collection, one of the three or four greatest in the world, has at last been permanently installed in the Morgan Wing, back beyond the main staircase, in the northwest corner of the ground floor. I must say that it makes an impressive assemblage.

I've had trouble justifying my love of armor. One reason, I suppose, is the remoteness of the period it typifies and the mass of gallant legendry surrounding it. The man who wore the sadly battered Italian helmet that is one of the exhibits, or the one inside the handsome suit of chain mail that is another, was just as dead when he died as any other soldier, of whatever century, who was killed in action. (We assume the chain-mail one was killed in action because the armor is European and it was found in the Constantinople Arsenal, arguing that the man was a Crusader.) But both died long ago, and they'd be dead now in any case, which somehow makes a difference; and apart from the legendry, which is enormously persuasive, it does seem that if wars must be fought, the uncomplicated, directly expressive fashion of man-to-man combat is the best way to fight them. I think, too, that some of my fondness for knightly armor—as a subject for contemplation, at any rate—derives from the mixture of beauty, practicality, and sheer foolishness it represents. It would be hard to conceive of anything more nonsensical than encasing a man in a wrapping of sheet steel and hoisting him on a horse before sending him out to battle. (The horse was essential; dismounted, all an armored man could do was flail about with his sword for a while and then surrender.) Yet once the custom was

Men of Note

Somebody has figured out that music in the U. S. pulls more paid admissions than major league baseball. Considering the eagerness with which people everywhere read the music news in The New York Times, it's not surprising.

But then, the way music is reported in The Times is bound to make readers of listeners, and vice versa. Times music reporters consider music the liveliest of the lively arts. They report it accordingly. Music Critic Howard Taubman has hit the front page with exclusive music stories as often as three times in a week.

You see Taubman and the rest of The Times music staff below in a rare moment of repose. Reviewing more than 1,000 concerts, recitals and operas in a year – and several times that many recordings (Beethoven to bebop) – keeps them restless as a trill.

Howard Taubman has been reporting music and musicians for Times readers since 1930. He has written and edited several books about music and opera. Some years ago, covering musical events in England, he displayed his reportorial versatility by covering also the running of the English Derby.

Music Editor Ross Parmenter covered police, labor and the New York waterfront before he started reporting music for Times readers in 1940. Harold C. Schonberg was a music critic for the New York Sun before he joined The Times in 1950. John Briggs was a music critic for the New York Post and editor of Etude before he came to The Times in 1952. Edward Downes came to The Times last year after 20 years of teaching music and writing about it.

Whatever the score, in music as in all things else that fill and make our lives, you can depend on Times reporters, editors and correspondents all over the world to keep you interestingly informed. They work together as smoothly as an orchestra, producing each day a newspaper that is lively and alive and a delight to read. They put more into The Times. You get more out of The Times. Enjoy it every day.

The New York Times
"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

From left: Parmenter, Taubman, Schonberg, Briggs, Downes. Arnold Newman photo.

established, man's ingenuity went speedily to work, producing pieces of equipment that remain marvels of truly artful material craftsmanship and efficiency. Even in the best examples, though, the basic silliness occasionally shows through, and one of the charms of the exhibition—for the interested but uninformed amateur like myself—is its mingling of the cleanly purposeful and the outlandishly exaggerated, the handsome and the absurd.

I was struck, for instance, by the graceful modelling and the smooth-surfaced simplicity of a suit for man and horse that is in the big main gallery of the wing. (And what an imposing display *that* is, with no less than seven mounted knights, banners flying overhead, and some twenty other knights ranged in phalanx, afoot, along the walls to confront the visitor as he enters.) But I was equally fascinated, perhaps a shade irreverently, by a suit made for Frederick of Saxony, in which the steel sections of the body armor were shaped, etched, and gilded to look like a puff-sleeved, brocaded jacket and velvet long hose, and the helmet was modelled in a rough portrait mask of the man himself, even to a big, drooping gold mustache—as well as by an even more fantastic helmet, this one Venetian, that was fashioned to look like the open-jawed head of a lion, gilded, intricately chased to suggest fur, and complete to jewelled green eyes and pointed white teeth.

The mounted example, dated 1490, was intended as battle armor, or "field harness." The others, of about the same period, are classed as "parade armor," and to a certain extent that distinction points up their difference, for I found as I wandered through the collection that the handsomest pieces—in functional neatness, anyway—were the "business" ones, meant for combat or jousting, while the more ornate and bizarre were the "dress" pieces, which were also, curiously, often the heaviest. There were exceptions, however. Weights are given throughout the exhibit—an attractive feature for the curious—and I came upon one suit of jousting armor, doubtless for a nervous fellow, that was doubled in thickness at all key points and weighed a good seventy pounds. (Field harness weighed around a hundred and twenty pounds for both horse and rider, quite a load for any animal.) But in general the comparison holds true, and it was interesting to discover that as time went on and gunpowder began to make armor obsolete, its functional quali-

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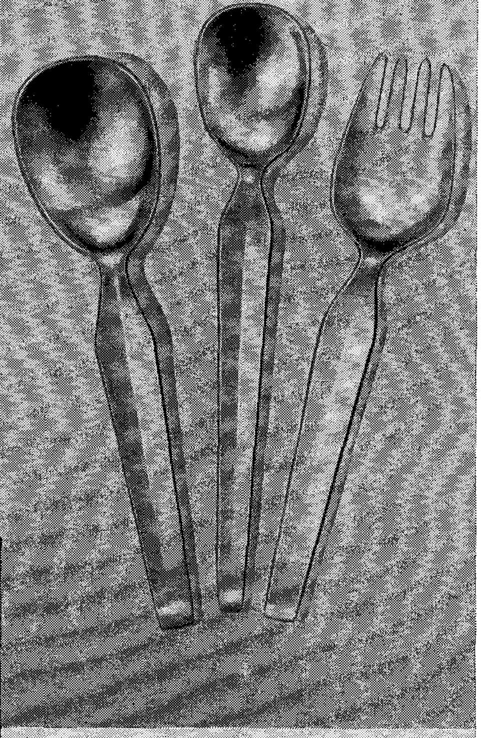

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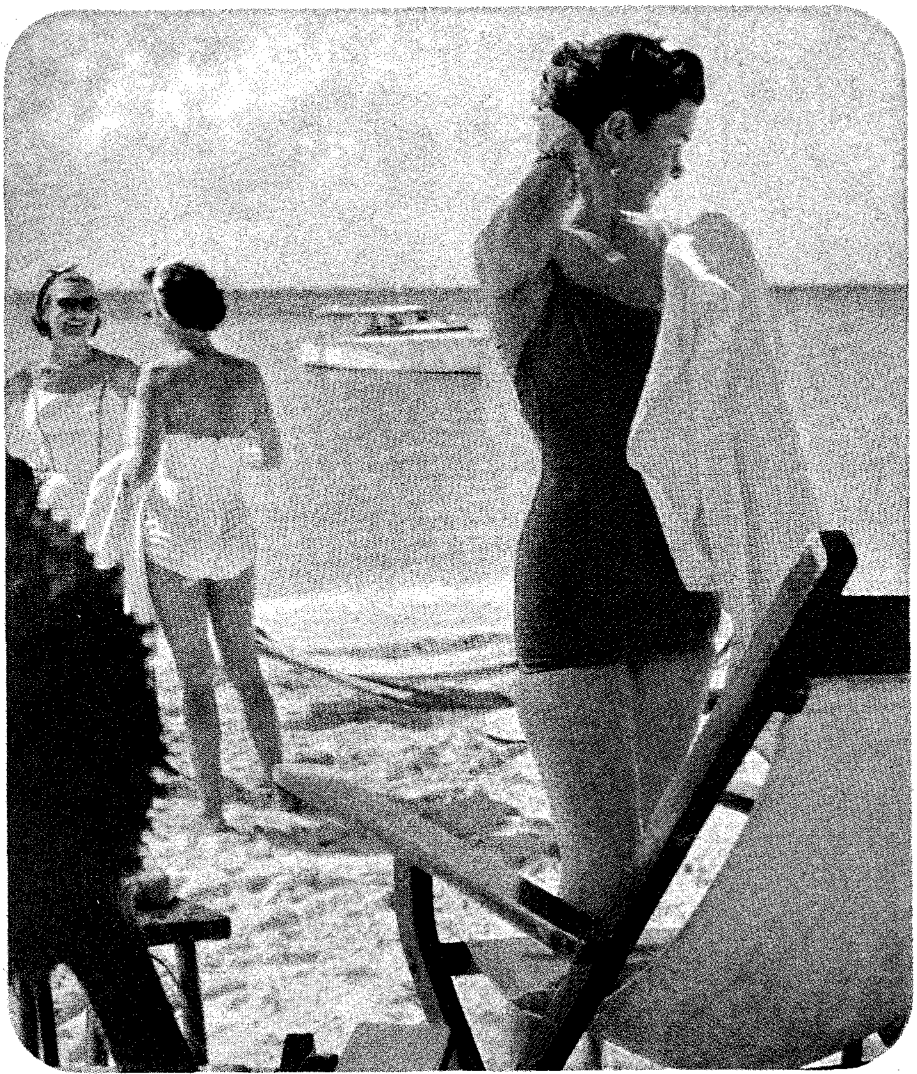

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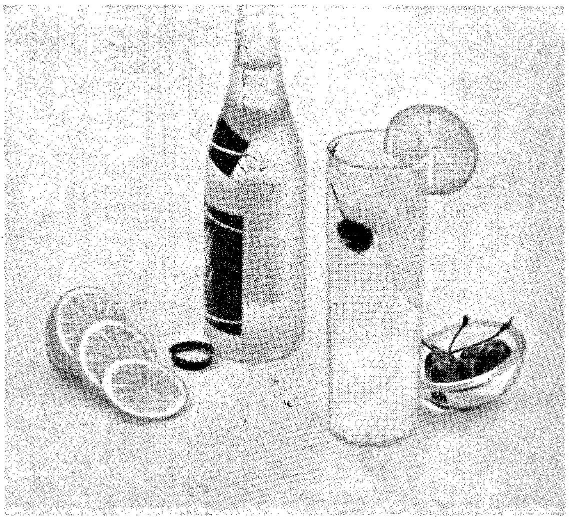

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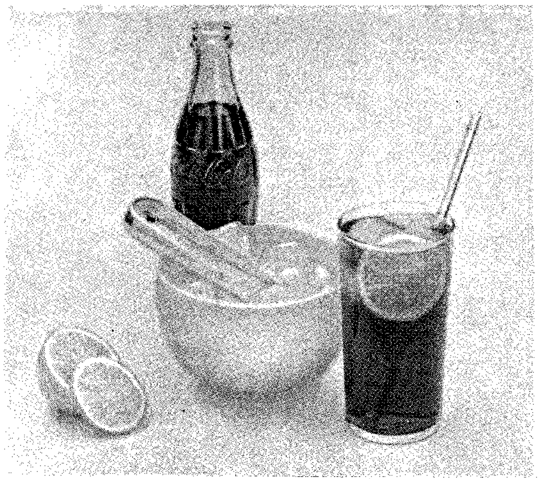
VODKA COLLINS 1½ oz. Wolfschmidt's Vodka, juice of small lemon, 1 tsp. powdered sugar; stir and dissolve. Add carbonated water and ice cubes. Stir well; decorate with cherry and lemon slice.

SCREWDRIVER Place 1½ oz. Wolfschmidt's Vodka in 8 oz. glass with ice cubes. Fill with orange juice. Stir. Decorate with orange slice.

BLOODY MARY 1½ oz. Wolfschmidt's Vodka, ½ oz. lemon juice, 3 oz. tomato juice, 2 dashes Worcestershire Sauce, pepper and salt. Shake with cracked ice, strain into highball glass.

MOSCOW MULE 1½ oz. Wolfschmidt's Vodka, juice ½ lime. Pour over two cubes of ice, stir with Ginger Beer. (Use pewter mug or highball glass.)



ties tended to disappear, giving way to the heavily ornamental. The craft reached its peak around the middle of the fifteenth century, and the collection is focussed on that period. But it ranges widely to either side—specifically, from an odd, crown-shaped Frankish helmet dating from the sixth century to a ceremonial dress helmet, as curlicued as a pompier's casque, made for Louis XIV in the eighteenth.

Though the making of body armor was an international trade, and the great craftsmen and their pupils—the Missaglia family of Milan, Hans Maystetter of Innsbruck, Anton Peffenhauser of Augsburg, and so on—were wooed assiduously away from one court to another, there are certain national differences to be noted. The English armor in general seems the "cleanest," the French is a close second, while the German and the Italian run more often to the bizarre. The most beautiful example was made for George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland and Queen Elizabeth's official champion, around the end of the sixteenth century, for the ornamentation, rich as it is, manages to enhance the sculptural form of the suit instead of complicating it; the most lavish one was made for Henry II of France—so intricately embossed, etched, gilded, and damascened that, it's estimated, it must have taken the better part of a year to fabricate.

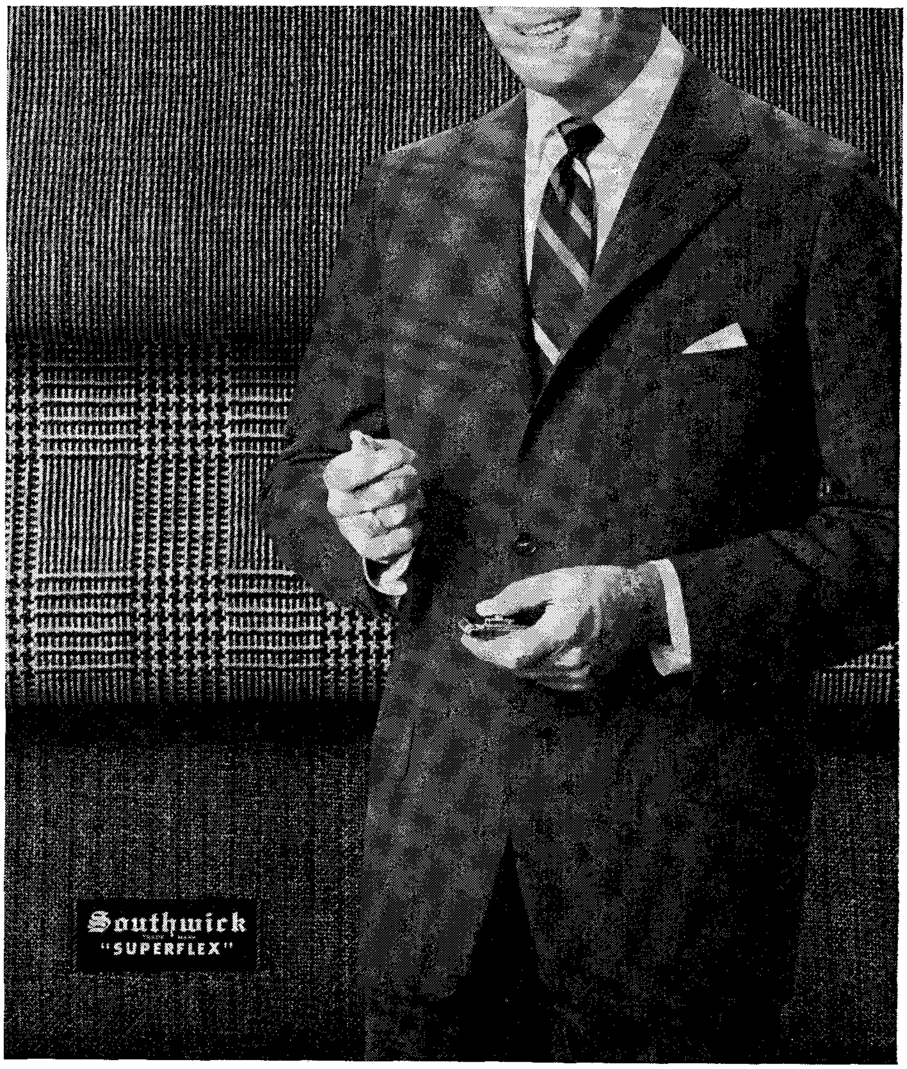
In the main, though, it was the random items that charmed me most—a group of snouted, slit-eyed, sinister, and yet beautifully modelled Crusaders' helmets that were discovered in 1840 on the Greek island of Euboea (no one knows how they got there); a huge sallet, or casque, made by the Missaglias in 1470, and stamped thrice with their mark (meaning that, on an early form of proving ground, it had been three times tested by crossbow bolts); a griffin's-head helmet from Italy (mingling the fantastic with the mythological), and so on. And, apart from the full suits of armor, there are also fine collections of swords, shields, maces, cuirasses, corselets, halberds, partisans, colletins . . . Even the names are evocative. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Dr. Gilbert Murray, O.M., will celebrate his ninetieth birthday quietly at his home at Boars Hill, near Oxford, tomorrow, with his wife, Lady Mary Murray. They have been married 66 years.

This evening he is to broadcast in the B. B. C. Home Service a talk called "Unfinished Battle."—*London Observer.*

Ah, there, Lady Mary!



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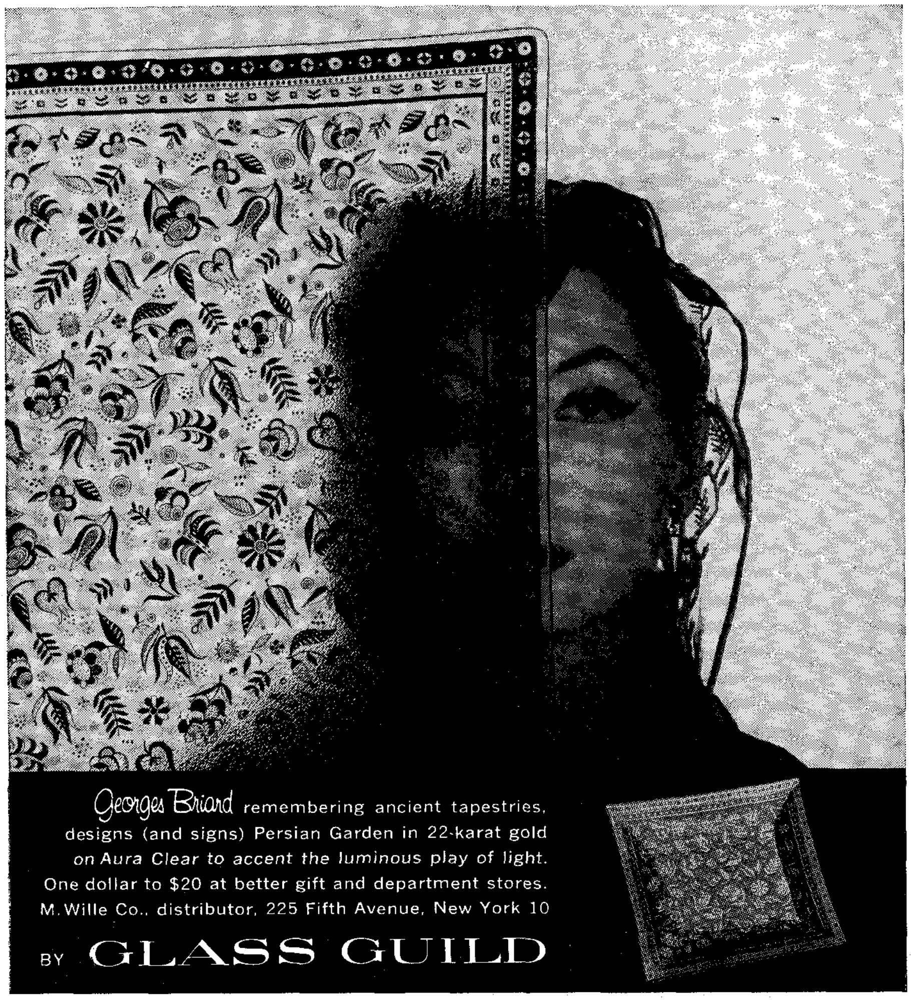

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LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 20

THE visit to Paris of Marshal Tito and Mme. Tito-Broz (as she was mostly called here) produced an uncomfortable, unrewarding Monday-to-Friday for Parisians. It is true that the last important visitor from Belgrade—King Alexander, in 1934—was quite easily assassinated in Marseille, owing to inadequate security measures, and in the case of Tito, both the Marshal and Premier Guy Mollet were determined to take no risks. Preceded by motorcycle outriders, Tito was driven through cleared streets so fast that, sturdy as he is, you could hardly see him behind his car's bulletproof glass. Paris was turned into an unpleasant police state. The city swarmed with gendarmes and plainclothes *flics*. Suburban agents were bulled into midtown. Two tough police brigades were flown down from the French Zone of Germany. At the second-day reception for Tito at the Hôtel de Ville, on a warmish morning, the salon windows were nailed shut by police order. After the Titos attended the Opéra ballet, hedges of police awaited their greased-lightning drive back to the Palais de l'Elysée; an American tourist matron standing on the Place de la Concorde opened her handbag and took out her handkerchief—not even to wave but merely to apply to her nose—and instantly a policeman moved in on her to peer into her purse. For the Titos' luncheon with President Coty at the Palais de Versailles—which offered, among other items, trout, roast beef, snipe, ice cream and cake, 1953 Riesling, 1945 Château Lafite-Rothschild, a 1949 Beaune, and magnums of Veuve Clicquot—the police shut off the Versailles *autoroute* to the public from midmorning on. Within a radius of almost ten miles, suburban and country traffic was detoured by state highway police or held up by roadblocks in village lanes. The Versailles route being a main western exit from Paris, the city was embroiled in gigantic traffic bottlenecks by late afternoon. An Italian diplomatic couple who got caught in one simply gave up trying to catch their train to Rome; they would have missed it by about two hours if they had finally bothered to go on to the Gare de Lyon. In front of the Yugoslav Embassy on

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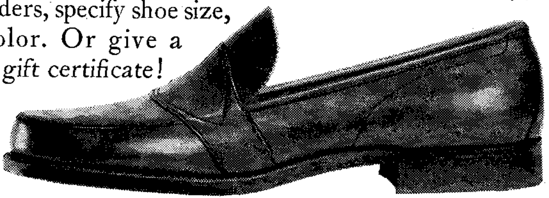

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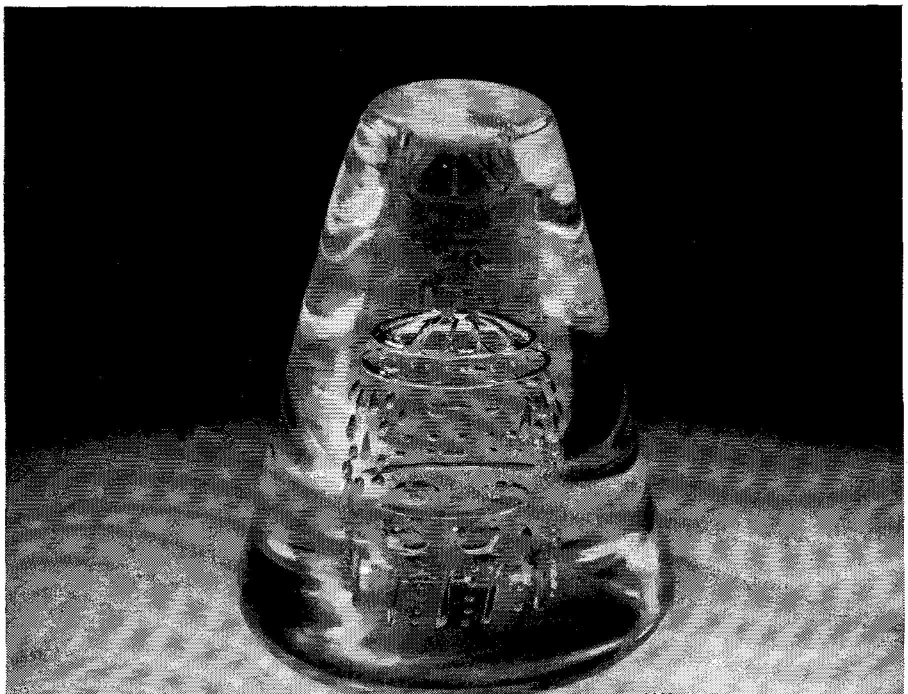
Because of the acute tension in France over the Algerian war and over the general North African terrorist bloodshed, Paris is not at its republican best right now. Journalists are not what you could call popular with the harassed government, from which the gendarmerie instinctively takes its cue. And the police have recently been making themselves unpopular with practically everybody.

AN exhibition of about two thousand contemporary Soviet books of all kinds—novels, scientific works, medical treatises, poetry, books on ballet and on Leninism, and storybooks for children—has just opened in the Sorbonne's public salons, on the Rue des Ecoles, and will later travel to Lyon and Bordeaux. In the almost hysterically happy new East-West sociable relations, a corresponding French book show was opened in Moscow last week by Premier Mollet on his visit there, and will go on to Leningrad and Kiev. Most of us being unable to read Russian, we can appraise the volumes here only by their format on the outside and by their illustrations, if any, within. In both respects, they are fifty years behind the times by Western European standards, with dull-colored, démodé bindings and conservative pictures that often seem practically Czarist period pieces, the combined effect being that of a cautious avoidance of modern aesthetic stimuli. The children's illustrated storybooks are the most attractive, as in all lands, containing what look like the same universal animal themes—the story of a



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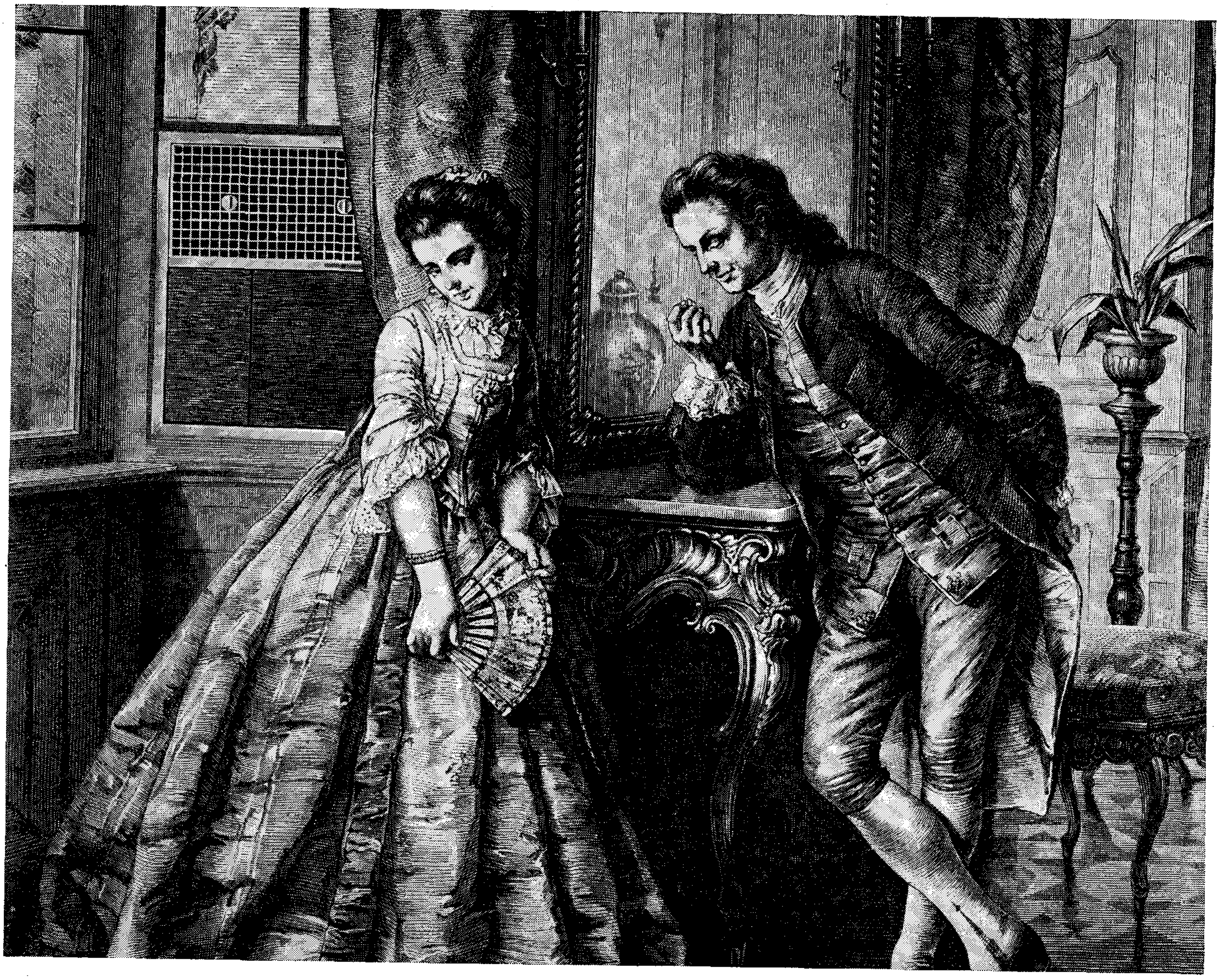

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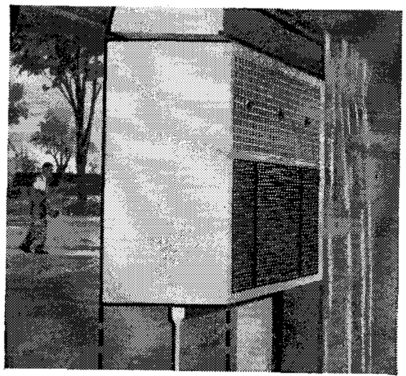

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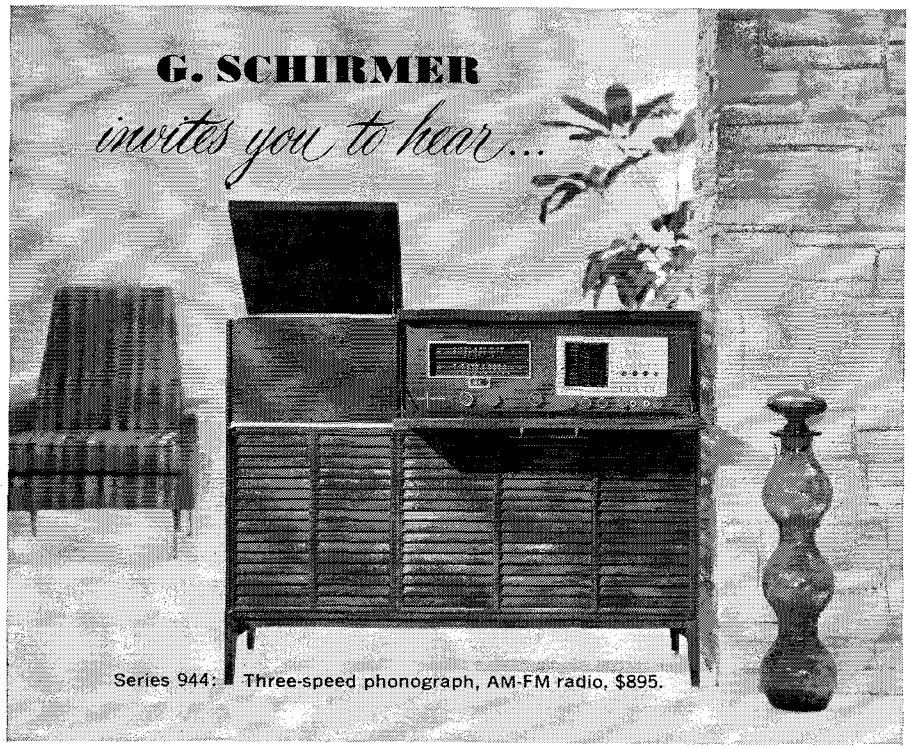
fox, of a quail, of a whimsical tiger. For the somewhat older readers, there are no space cadets but also no brutal comics, and no sadistic paperbacks depicting young gangsters at play with toy machine guns in Moscow's back yards. To judge by the illustrations, the Russian books are ethical, responsible juvenile literature. Among the best colored plates in the art books are those showing early Russian church frescoes—a holy surprise. Of the Soviet scientific works, one presented for consumption in French is "Une Grande Transformation de la Nature," by Michurin, a predecessor of Lysenko, which few French scientists are likely to accept as important. Among the books in English is a volume of three short novels by Turgenev, including "The Torrents of Spring" in a translation by Mme. Ivy Litvinov, wife of the former Soviet Ambassador to the United States, rather than the old familiar Constance Garnett version we all brought ourselves up on. What is really impressive about the book show is the size of the publishing effort it reflects. Russian classics like Pushkin, Chekhov, and Tolstoy, and modern Russian novelists like Ostrovski, Polevoi, and Stalin's favorite Fadeyev, who died last week, a broken-down alcoholic, are garlanded with printing figures (they may or may not be anything like true) that run into the hundreds of millions. In foreign literature, French novels have always been the greatest favorites, because Russian culture was always French; since the 1917 revolution, eleven million copies of Victor Hugo and two and a half million of Stendhal have been published in translation. One of the few modern living French novelists featured in Russian is the non-Communist, bourgeois Roger Martin du Gard—a significant choice. Last year, the Soviet's heaviest domestic sale of foreign books in Russian translation was of American scientific and technical works. There are also forty-five volumes by Lenin in the show, and, to the Paris Comrades' confused surprise, fourteen by desanctified Stalin. Well, after all, he was the party responsible for most of the books assembled there and for the triumph of literacy, of which this exhibition is the proof.

THE violence and horrors of the war in Algeria and the divisions of opinion on it here in Paris have been profoundly worrying the French. There has even been talk of reforms that have no bearing on anything right now but represent the general malaise, the restlessness of hopes, the onset of self-criticism. There is talk of copying



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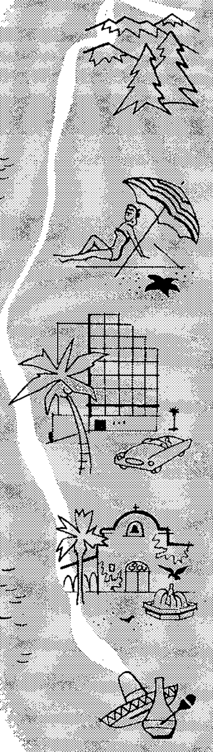

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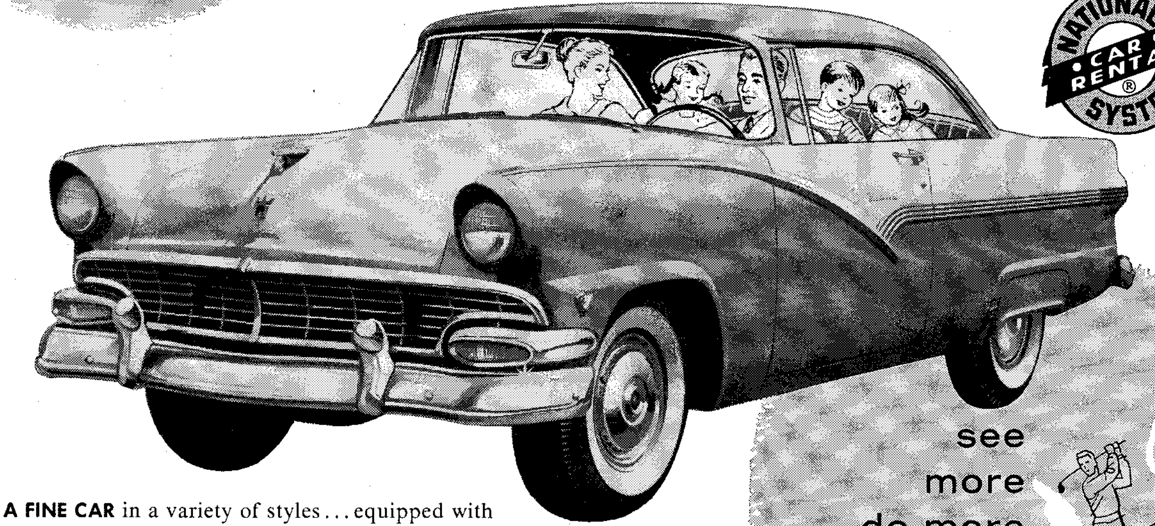

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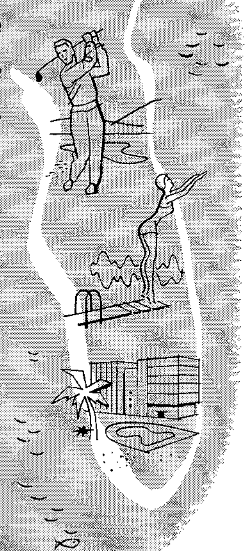

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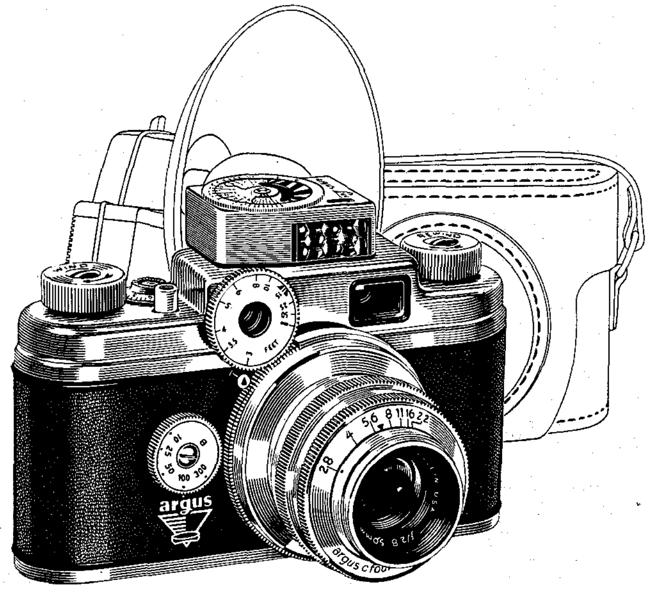
the American Presidential form of government, so as to have a strong elected head, instead of unstable, helpless Premiers. There is some talk of a return to the highest office of General de Gaulle, sure sign of the temporary idealism that comes with deep national anxiety—the phantom of the incorruptible strong man, who would now consent to govern only if he could start from strength, not from the weakness of the present form of government. The drab Champs-Elysées military parade that recently celebrated the eleventh anniversary of the ending of the war gave a picture of France's deprivations these last months in North Africa. There were no colonial troops in the parade. General de Lattre de Tassigny's famous Atlas Mountain *goums*, in turbans and on galloping stallions, have been enrolled in the Sultan's army in Morocco, now an independent Sherifian state, where natives have been burning each other alive. There were no regiments in red fezzes from Tunisia, also newly "independent in interdependence," where massacres have been continuing and where Premier Habib Bourghiba has just demanded the right to send Tunisian diplomats to Washington and London and to establish a Tunisian Army. There were no white-capped, bearded Foreign Legionnaires, now fighting in Algeria, where all forms of horrible death are part of the war. Men have been mutilated, children have been stabbed, throats have been cut, farmhouses and farm crops, and their owners, have been fired by torches and gasoline, with natives fighting the whites, whites fighting the natives, and some natives fighting other natives. Because, after hundreds of years, history has come to a sudden head on the south side of the Mediterranean, Premier Mollet, Socialist and pacifist by training, has been forced to do in Algeria what previous, reactionary French governments neither dared nor wanted to do. He has been making a war of pacification with one hand and, with the other, offering drastic reforms to eight and a half million roused Moslem natives, all the while also trying to preserve the existence there of the one million colonial whites—French, Italian, and numerous Maltese—for whom he and France are responsible today. Many French here in France, recalling Indo-China, think that nobody can prophesy how this racial war between two peoples at such different stages of civilization will turn out. Millions of the French in France passionately, patriotically believe in the righteousness of the



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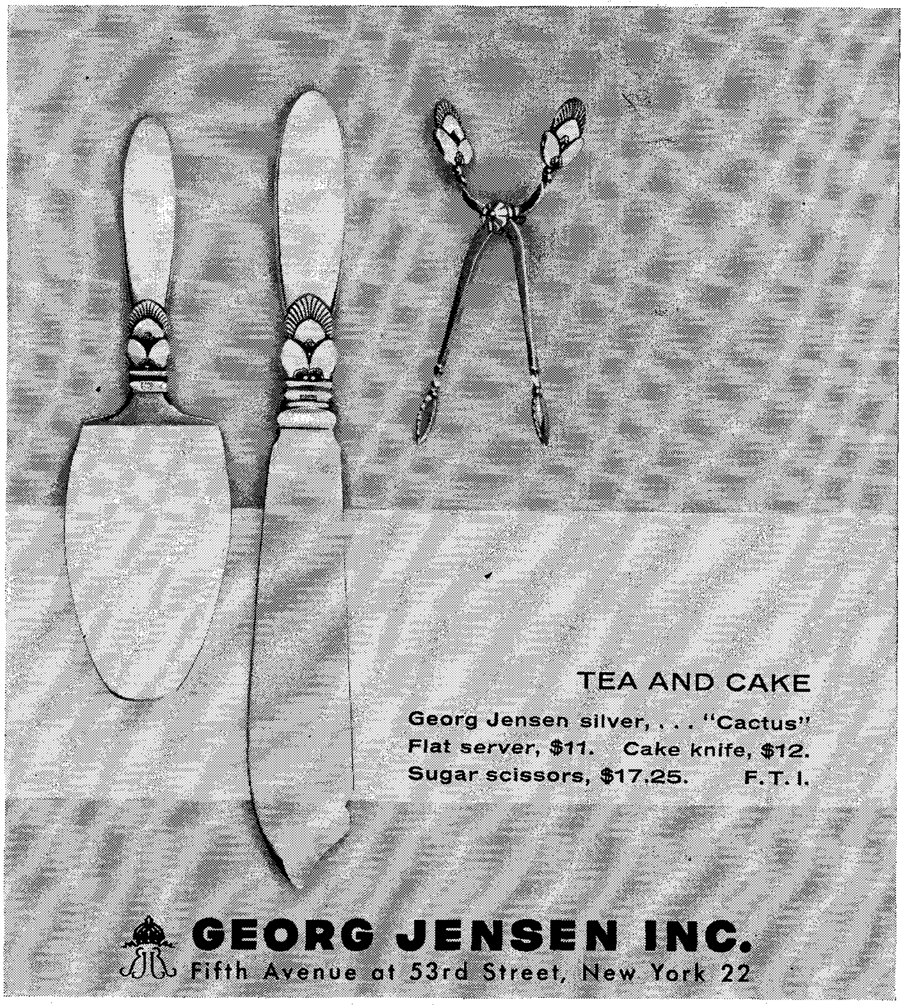

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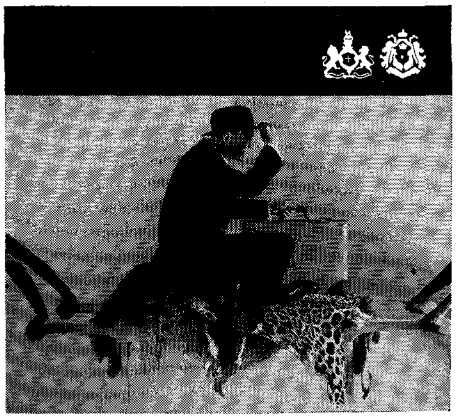
war and in its victorious outcome. Other millions believe that history in the past ten years finished the colonial cycle of all Western liberal peoples (thus excluding the Russians). And still other millions are Communists, to whom the Algerian war is *une sale guerre.* Though the Communist deputies in Parliament supported Mollet's demand for special powers to fight it, they are now agitating for negotiations to stop it with a cease-fire. The forceful Robert Lacoste, Resident Minister in Algeria, has just stated that "though I promise no miracles, I have a reasonable hope that by the end of summer law and order will reign in Algeria." What discourages so many French is that law and order have not yet started to reign in independent Morocco and Tunisia.

IN the vague talk of needed reforms that is now much in the air, one unexpected taboo topic has emerged—that of birth control. It all began slowly a few months ago with the publication of "Des Enfants Malgré Nous" ("Children in Spite of Ourselves"), a book favoring birth control, by Jacques Derogy, who is a journalist on the Progressiste, or pro-Communist, morning paper *Libération.* Then three Progressiste deputies, including Marquis Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, *Libération's* editor, offered a bill to the Assembly to liberalize the law of 1920, the last date when this aspect of maternity was ruled on. The 1920 law, besides making abortion a crime, provides high penalties for the dissemination of birth-control information or material. Under this law, not only the doctor or the *faiseuse d'anges* (the angel-maker, as the French cynically call an accommodating midwife) who performs the operation is guilty but—and this seems harsher—even the friend who gave the *enceinte* woman the name of the abortionist. All are liable to equal punishment if caught—from one to five years in prison and a fine of a million two hundred thousand francs, plus temporary or permanent professional disqualification for the doctor or midwife. The formerly pregnant woman herself, poor wretch, gets from six months to two years in prison, depending on whether she is a first or repeated offender, and is fined at least two hundred and forty thousand francs. French doctors are legally permitted to give only lunar information about avoiding conception; if denounced to the medical authorities and proved to have given more than that, they are automatically barred from the medical profession, which, you may be sure, makes



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Salt Lake City, Utah	Maurice Anderson
San Francisco, Calif.	Robert Kirk Ltd.
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Sarasota, Fla.	Pym's
Shreveport, La.	Selber Bros.
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Southampton, N. Y.	Schur, Inc.
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Syracuse, N. Y.	Syracuse Men's Shop
Tidewater, Va.	The Hub
Toledo, Ohio	B. R. Baker Co.
Tulsa, Okla.	Miss Jackson's Shop
Tyler, Texas	Joyner Fry
Washington, D. C.	Raleigh Haberdashers
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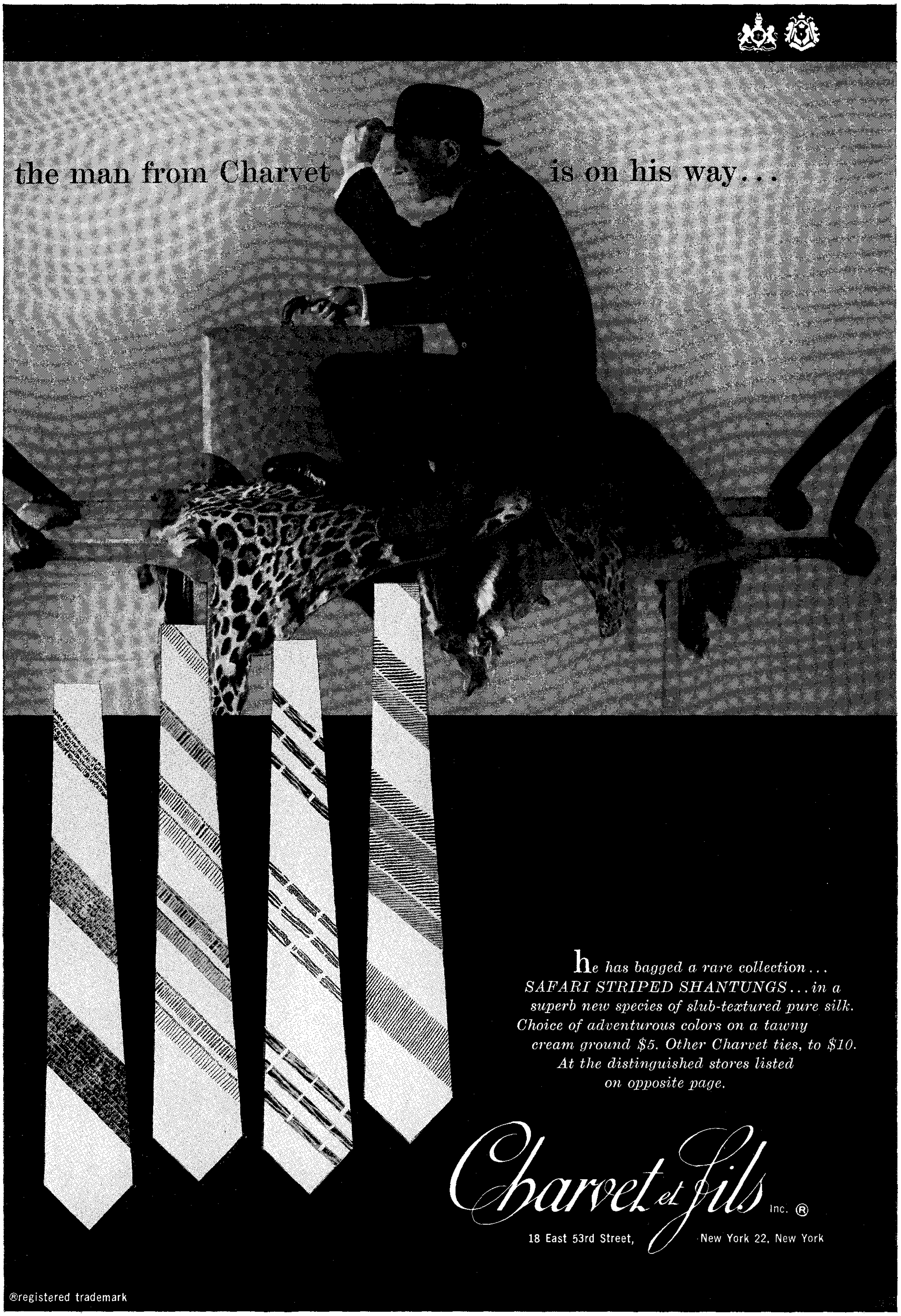

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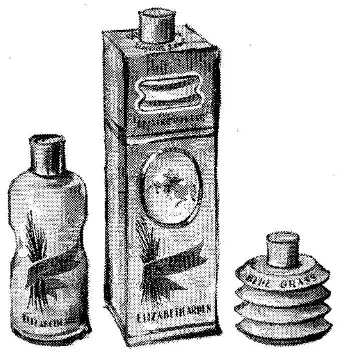

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Elizabeth Arden

French doctors very tight-lipped indeed on the subject. In the past few weeks, *la maternité volontaire* (the French have not yet taken up the American phrase "planned parenthood," perhaps because almost seven per cent of French children born today are illegitimate) has suddenly become a vital public topic, argued pro and con in the Paris newspapers—usually according to their political coloring, which impinges even on pregnancy here. Already, birth control has made strange bedfellows, the Church and the Communist Party both being against it. Jeannette Vermeersch, wife of the Communist leader Maurice Thorez, damned it as "manifestly a petty-bourgeois error" and an effort "to cover the crimes of the capitalists." Thorez himself confusedly denounced it in the Communist paper *Humanité* as "reactionary anarchistic neo-Malthusianism, aimed at turning workers away from their battle for bread and Marxism," and then, more candidly, added that limited births would undermine the government's "family subsidies and other advantages that workers have struggled to obtain for mother and child." Though *Libération* usually follows the Party line, it has stood firm for Derogy's book and ideas. Françoise Giroud, editor of the Mendésist weekly *Express*, has from the first been a passionate birth-control supporter. The conservative *Le Monde* last week carried a half page on the subject. Politicians who are against the proposed birth-control bill fear reduced French natality, which, one of them said, "could eventually reduce the French Army." As part of the present weighty discussions, this month's *Problèmes*, a review edited by the Association Générale des Etudiants en Médecine de Paris, is entirely given over to the horrifying French problem of "annual abortions amounting to between fifty and fifty-five per cent of the number of births." So great has the issue suddenly become in France that the Vatican has announced that the Pope is soon to speak on "fecundity and sterility." France is a Catholic country. What he says will be influential—in part.

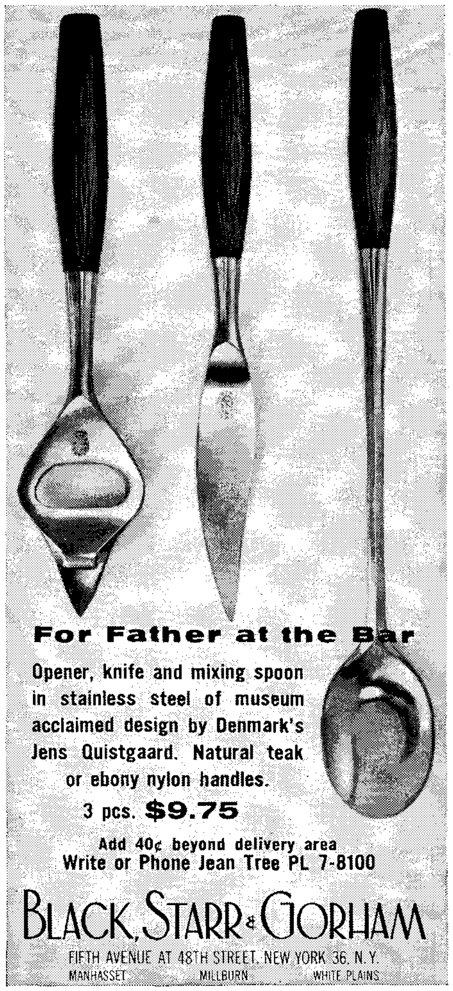
—GENÊT

•

How soon we will do it I don't know. But I do know one thing: The only sure way a man can keep a good digestion and a serene disposition today is to run away from home and become a hermit.

—*Hal Boyle in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Worth a try.



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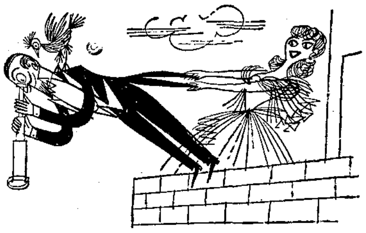

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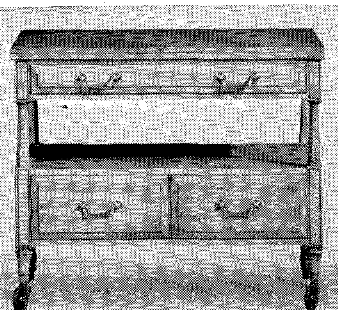

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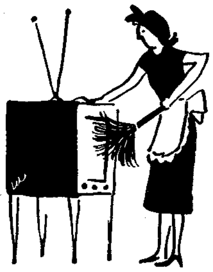
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



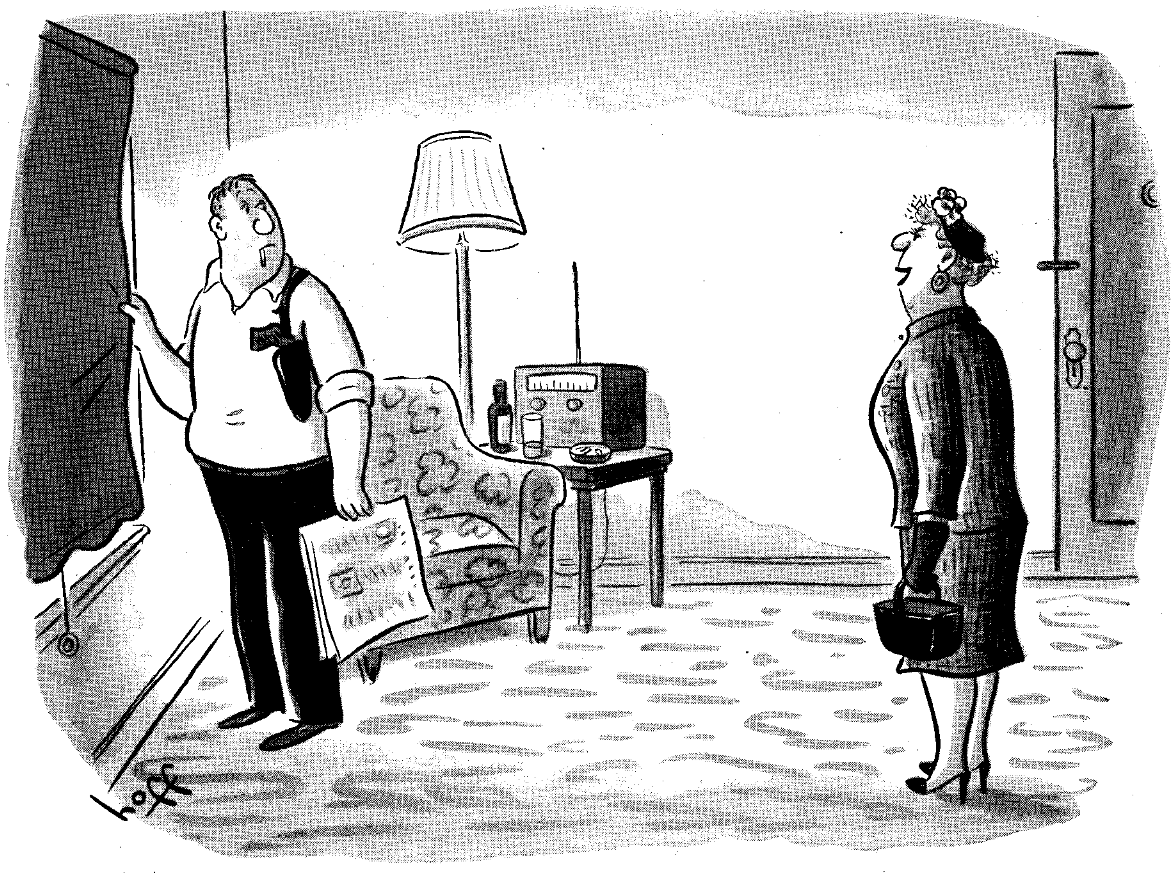
SEVERAL weeks ago, I reported in these columns on some of the grander collections of antique porcelain and earthenware in local shops—pieces that provide unending aesthetic delight to the beholder but are scarcely of practical use to the ordinary run of housewives. The present treatise I propose to dedicate to the shopper who is in search of teacups and platters, jugs and plates to be put on the family table, rather than in a drawing-room cabinet, and to this end I have investigated what the town has to offer in the way of modern china that is both good-looking and serviceable.

I got off on exactly the right foot in this research by paying a visit to the showrooms of Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, at 24 East 54th Street, where I spent a whole morning (and I could easily have put in twice as much time) in blissful contemplation of the lovely forms that have come down to us straight from the eighteenth century, with only occasional nods in the direction of changing fashions. Wedgwood has recently given something more than a nod—though a good deal less than an obeisance—to contemporary applied art by producing not only a number of new patterns intended specially for modern tables but a brand-new earthenware shape, or style, called Barlaston, that has the sleek quality we think of as modern. The introduction of a new shape is something of an event at Wedgwood, which has brought out just one other since the Second World War and has only fourteen shapes in its entire repertory at the moment. Barlaston comes in five attractive patterns, one or more of which are to be had at Black, Starr & Gorham, Altman, Saks Fifth Avenue, Bloomingdale, and Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd). A dinner plate in any of the patterns costs $1.75. Incidentally, the plates in both Barlaston and the other recently devised shape, which is called Savoy, are "coupe" plates, the rimless and slightly concave articles of tableware that manufacturers seem to have agreed are the very symbol of modernity. I am afraid I can't string along with the current enthusiasm for this form, but I must say that Wedgwood has dealt with it more graciously than most.

Among the modern patterns is a graceful one labelled Partridge in a Pear Tree. Made in both bone china and earthenware, it has a lightly sketched-in decoration of just what you might guess, and it is to be had in its china manifestation ($6 a dinner plate) at Saks Fifth Avenue and in earthenware ($2.25 for the dinner plate) at Altman.

Nice as the new Wedgwood shapes and patterns are, on the whole, I found that none of them were more happily in step with contemporary settings than certain of the old ones. For instance, the superb stoneware known as black basalt, which has been made continuously since 1770, would strike just about the most arresting note conceivable amid today's decoration. In large ornamental bowls, the black ware, with its fine-grained matte surface, is impressively handsome, but I imagine that the householder committed to the modern way will be more interested in the table pieces—notably some ravishing little soup bowls, which are $4 apiece wherever Wedgwood is sold.

While Wedgwood's production of stoneware and bone china is considerable, the major output of the factory is still the cream-colored earthenware that has been known as Queen's Ware ever since the spouse of George III ordered a service made of it. Many of the early patterns in this agreeable ware are among the most popular items in the Wedgwood catalogue right now—Napoleon Ivy, for example, a rather uninspired pattern ordered by the British Government for the captive Emperor, who, poor man, must have grown heartily tired of it. This is on hand at William Plummer, and so is the beautiful Liverpool Birds pattern, designed in the seventeen-seventies. Edme, an uncolored, fluted design that is one of Wedgwood's oldest, is also still going



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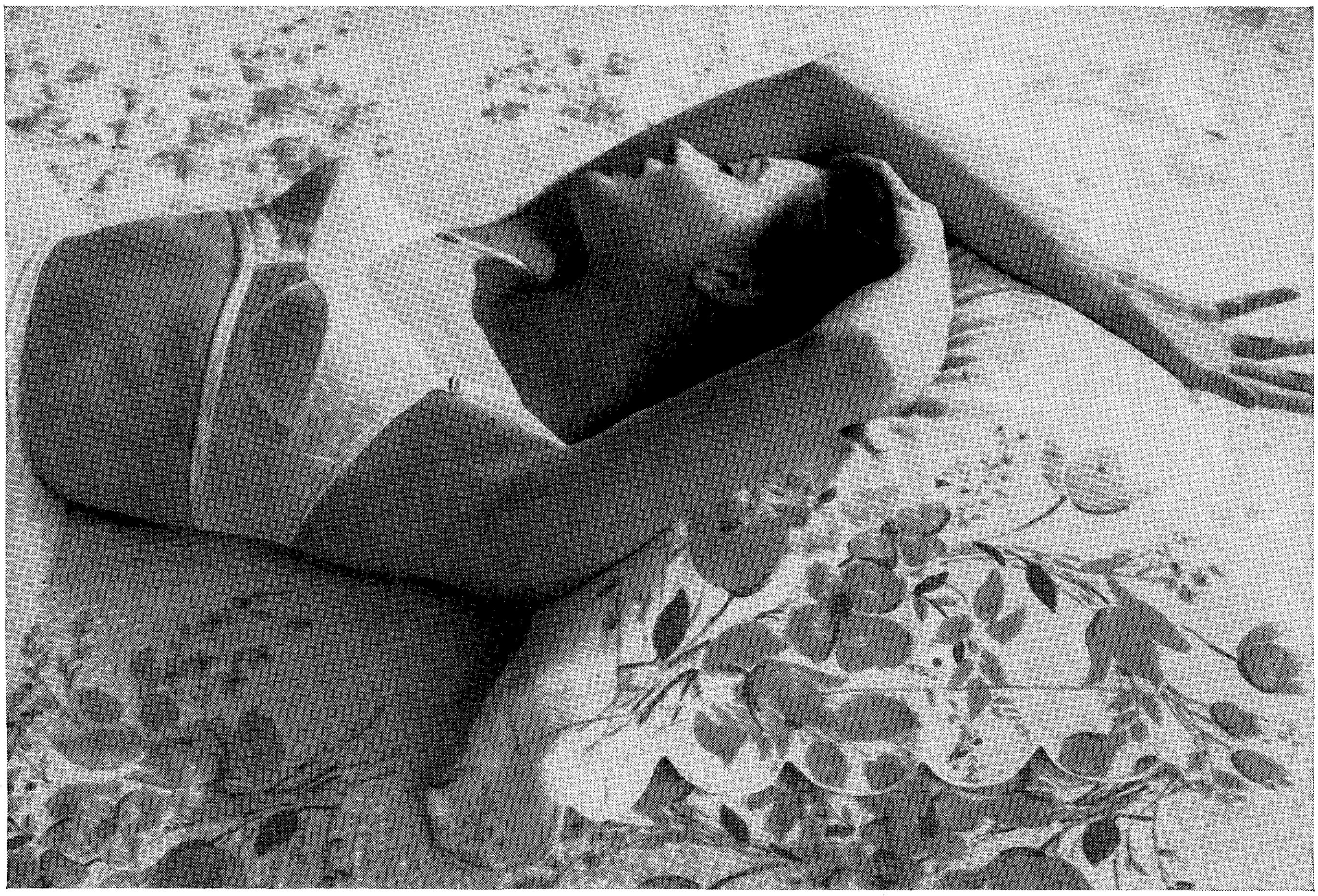

strong in all the shops that carry the factory's wares.

SPODE, the great eighteenth-century competitor of Wedgwood, was the first potter to perfect bone china, a term applied to a paste containing a high percentage of calcined ox bone, which gives china translucency and whiteness. As might be expected, the Spode factory today turns out, along with fine earthenware, many of the bone-china patterns that were created in the early years of its existence. In contrast to the eighteenth-century Wedgwood designers, who took their inspiration from classical decorative art as revealed in the new and exciting excavations at Pompeii, Spode was strongly influenced by the equally lively enthusiasm of that day for Oriental, and particularly Chinese, design, and many of the Spode patterns that are most popular now were adapted from the Chinese, and embellished somewhat to suit the English taste. The Spode factory also produces, as it has since 1805, a porcelainlike earthenware, known as stone china, that contains a large proportion of crushed petuntse, or china stone, which renders it unusually hard. This earthenware material was perfected when the factory was called upon to make replacements in the many Lowestoft services that had been imported from China during the eighteenth century. In filling these orders, Spode occasionally introduced English motifs into the Chinese designs, but the shapes of the original Lowestoft services were scrupulously copied, and it is these same shapes and slightly Anglicized patterns that are reproduced in Spode Lowestoft today. In this group are Gloucester, which has a sparse Chinese design on a blue-gray ground, and Graystone, in which the blue-gray surface is strikingly presented without decoration. Both are sold at Tiffany; a Gloucester dinner plate costs $5 and a Graystone dinner plate $2.50. A third Spode Lowestoft pattern is the charming Blue Bowpot, to be found at Black, Starr & Gorham. This has an informal Chinese design done in blue on the same blue-gray body, and a dinner plate costs $4.30. The Spode Lowestoft at Plummer includes the beautifully formal Fitzhugh pattern. (It was given its name by New Englanders, who imported it but couldn't be bothered to twist their tongues around "Foochow"—its port of origin.) A Fitzhugh dinner plate costs $4.60.

WHILE I might, of course, continue with this catalogue of classic English china, it would be more to the

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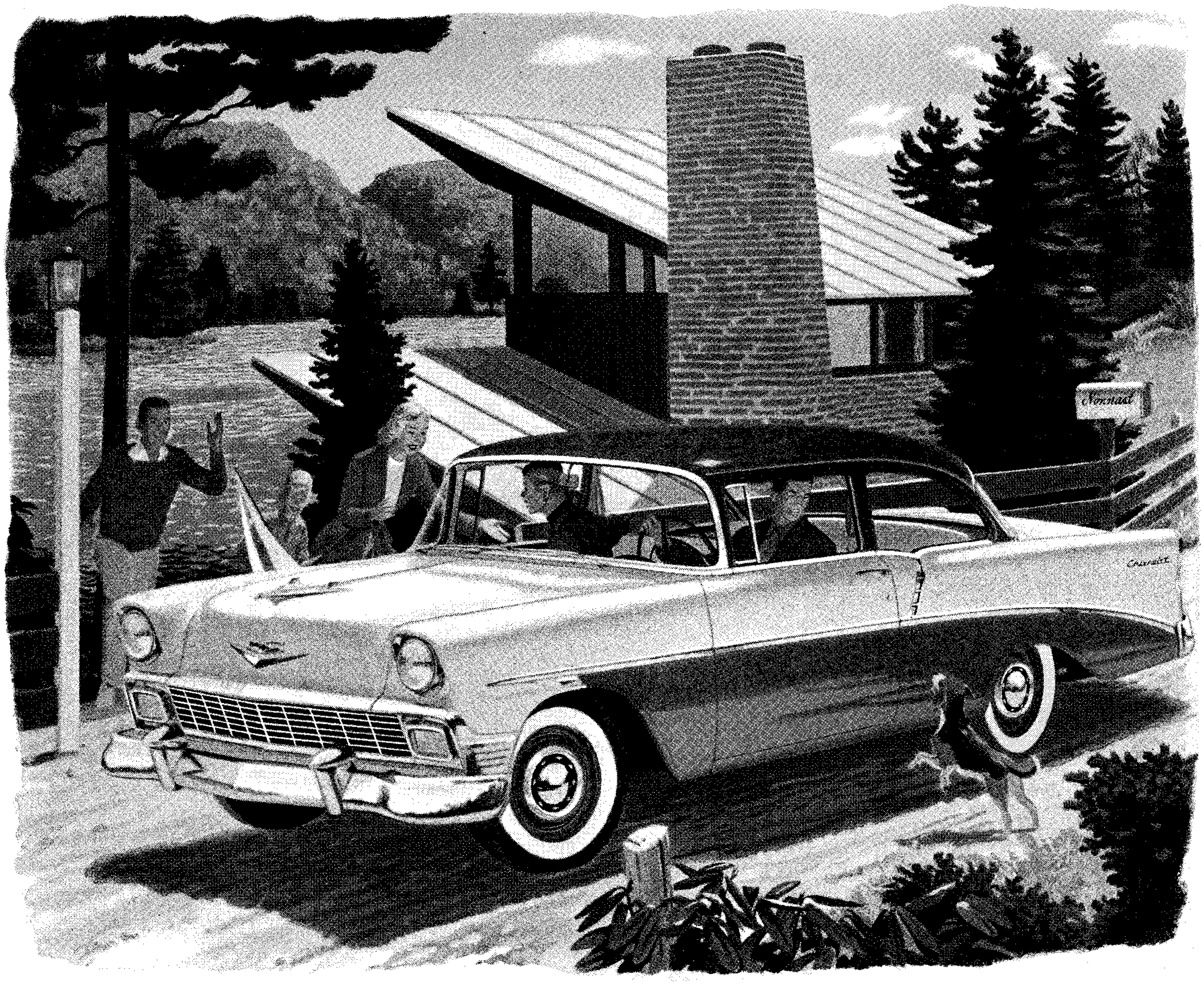

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FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS point, I think, to direct the interested shopper to the wide choice of these wares displayed at Tiffany and at Plummer. At Tiffany, along with the Spode, some of the most distinguished patterns of Minton, Coalport, Crown Derby, Royal Worcester, and Royal Doulton can be found, as well as examples of the American Lenox porcelain. Plummer, too, has most of the elegant patterns of the great English factories, and it also has the eternally durable gold-banded willowware of Booth, and a large selection of Adams Calyx, an informal earthenware that is handsomely colored in fascinating Chinese designs and is relatively modest in price.

IN any roundup of the town's better porcelain and earthenware, the Bloomingdale china department, which has taken a big step forward in the last year, cannot be overlooked. This offers not only sizable stocks of the outstanding English wares but some very appealing newcomers, among them a couple of delightful patterns (one called Snowflake and the other Polaris) from the Arabia factory in Finland. I was also taken with some earthenware plates in tones of beige and cream, designed and manufactured by the well-known English ceramist Susie Cooper ($2.25 for the dinner plate). Then, there is a pattern called Nantucket, which has a crisply fresh floral design in blue on white porcelain, and which is one of the most successful American patterns I have seen recently; it is made by Syracuse, and the dinner plate is $3.

IT was during a visit to Scandinavia some years ago that I became acquainted with Rosenthal porcelain, which has been turned out for the past seventy-five years in a small Bavarian town near the Czech border, and I wondered then at the exalted attention it enjoyed in a part of the world that has long produced plenty of fine porcelain of its own. At that time, although the composition of the porcelain was unmistakably fine, many of the patterns showed an all too studied pompousness, fashionable once, perhaps, but far from attractive to modern eyes. Evidently, the manufacturers themselves came to have misgivings about some of these opulent patterns, and four years ago the industrial designer Raymond Loewy was called in to create a new group of shapes and decorations, which have subsequently been put on the American market. There are, to be exact, two new Loewy shapes—a moderate-priced porcelain called Continental (from $6.95 to $14.95 for a five-piece

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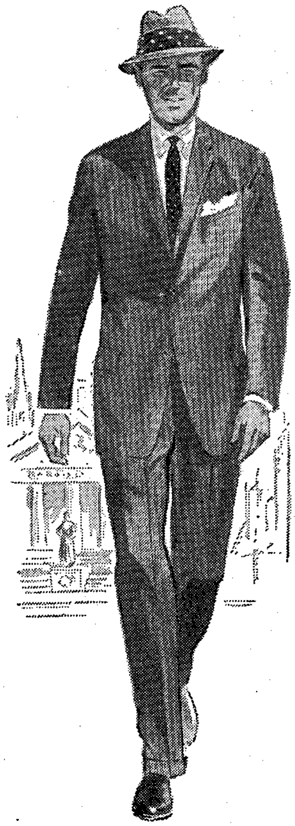

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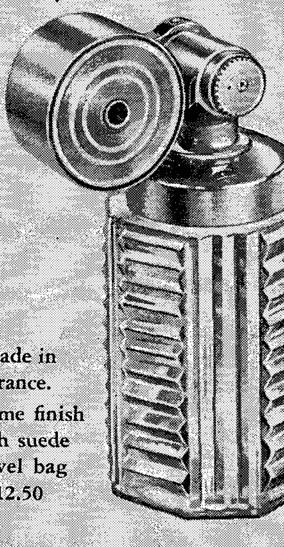
place setting), and a delicate ware called Classic Modern (from $12.95 to $23.95 for a five-piece place setting). While both porcelains are superbly made, the Classic Modern, which the Rosenthal people describe as "semi-hand-thrown," is a marvel of translucent whiteness and strength, and at the same time produces the illusion of a softness that is almost unctuous. I am afraid I can't admire all of Mr. Loewy's pieces (for one thing, the coffeepot in the Classic Modern series seems to me overly contrived), but some of the forms are well thought out, and he has devised a dinner plate, with the slightest suggestion of an indentation inside the rim, that I consider nothing short of an inspired compromise between the coupe and the standard rimmed plate. The use he has made of one basic hollow form, which comes in all sizes, from a tiny condiment bowl to a capacious soup tureen, is also particularly happy, and there are details, like the rounding of the inside of a teacup, that are worthy of consideration by anyone interested in modern china. Both the Classic Modern and the Continental china are on hand at Black, Starr & Gorham, Altman, Bloomingdale, Saks Fifth Avenue, Carole Stupell, and Cardel, 615 Madison Avenue (58th).

PEOPLE who agree with me that morning *café au lait* tastes best out of a big European-style cup are likely to find the homey earthenware cup that Bonniers has imported from Sweden completely irresistible. The name of the design is Little Mother (it's *Lillemor* in Swedish, if that's any help), which at least suggests comfort and well-being, and the generous shape, a slightly tapered cylinder, is in itself some consolation for the bleak ordeal of waking up. This import appears and disappears at fairly erratic intervals, but anybody to whom morning coffee is of the first importance will surely feel that the cup is worth waiting for. It has a geometrical design of pink, blue, or black on white, and is priced at $2.50, complete with saucer. Much the same cottagey charm enhances Bonniers' new Portuguese earthenware, which has a lighthearted pattern of blue and pink on a grayish ground. The cup in this service is not especially pleasing, but the old-fashioned lighthouse-shaped coffeepot ($6.50) and the ten-inch dinner plate ($1.50) are captivating.

GEORG JENSEN is showing an earthenware service from Denmark that is of such fine texture and has such



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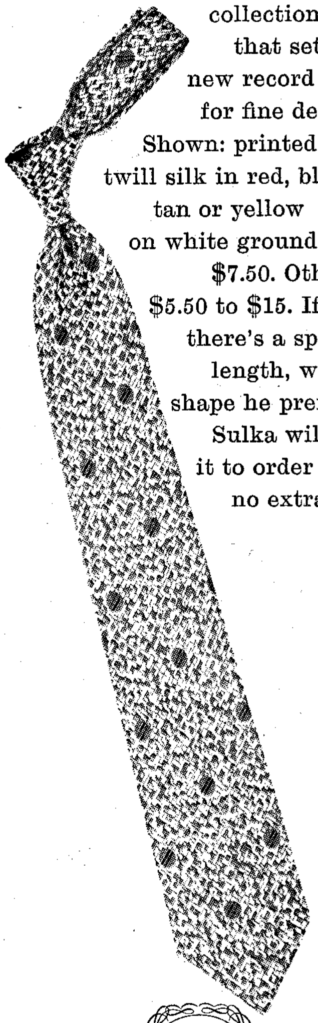

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Write us, mail orders carefully filled.

a hard surface that it could easily be mistaken for porcelain. Moreover, the design—a basketweave border of dull orange rimmed in gold on a gray body—is of an elegance that makes it suitable for even the most formal dining. The dinner plate is $2.50. Jensen is also showing a set of well-made German porcelain, decorated by Alexander Girard, in a jumble of unmatched colors, which are said to lend gaiety to the table.

SOME hand-thrown stoneware with a genuinely modern look, made by the Dutch potter Meindert Zaalberg, has recently been imported by the International Designers Group, at Madison Avenue and Eighty-third Street. The lines of this semi-matte ware are vigorous and strong, and the buff-white glaze stops just short of the edge to expose a narrow band of the natural clay, making a highly effective design of almost stark simplicity. It's not the sort of thing to put on a Chippendale table, of course, but in a modern setting, or outdoors in the country, it would have considerable authority and dignity. A setting consisting of dinner and salad plates, a soup bowl, and a cup and saucer costs $12.50.

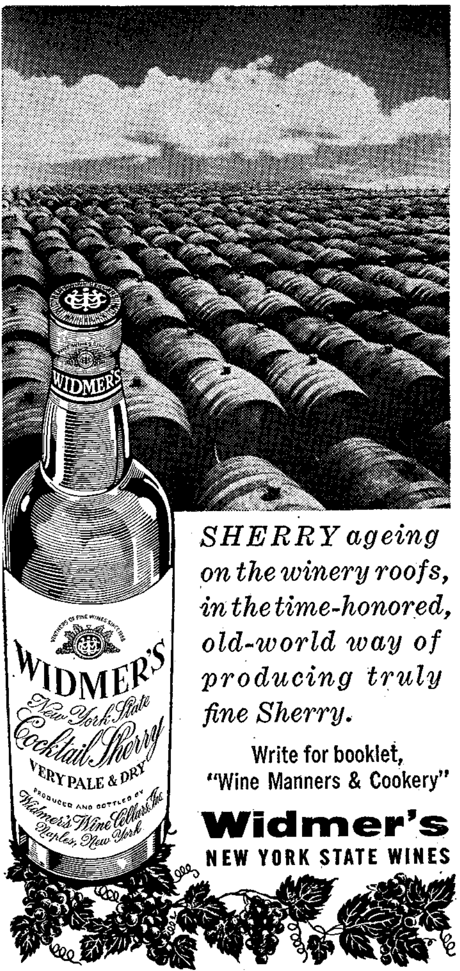
BEFORE bringing this report to a close, I should mention some porcelains at Bonwit Teller's Gift Shop, among which are two patterns of the finest modern Nymphenburg I have seen in this country. Both are copied from the factory's early-nineteenth-century wares, and have a prim grace that is enchanting. A dinner plate costs $5 in one design and $8.50 in the other. The shop has also imported, from France, some extremely handsome modern dinner plates with no identifying factory mark. There are five patterns to choose from, and the prices come as something of a jolt, since they range from $19 to $23.50 per plate.

—S. H.

•

EDITOR: This is to notify you of a correction in a press release for week of Jan. 2 titled "Leukosis In Hens Can't Be Cured." On the second page, last sentence in the third paragraph *should* read "Where there are both pullets and laying hens on the same farm, it's important to always feed and water the younger birds first each day." The article as is says "feed and water the older birds first." That is incorrect and should be changed. We hope this hasn't caused you any inconvenience.—*Notice from the University of Wisconsin.*

Not at all. But those older birds are impossible to live with.


WIDMER'S
WIDMER'S New York State Cocktail Sherry VERY PALE & DRY
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY Widmer's Wine Cellars Inc. Naples, New York

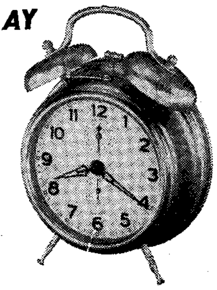
SHERRY ageing on the winery roofs, in the time-honored, old-world way of producing truly fine Sherry.

Write for booklet, "Wine Manners & Cookery"

Widmer's
NEW YORK STATE WINES

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N.Y.

FOR FATHER'S DAY GIFT WITH GET UP AND GO



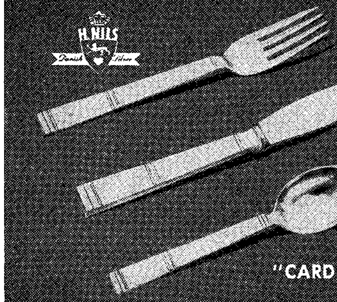
Precision made in Germany. Resounding double-bell alarm. Big open face casts radium glow for nite-clockwatchers. Ticks in low key. Nickel plated finish will not tarnish. Ideal for the problem "getter-upper" in your life!

Size 5x6¾ $6.50 postpaid. No C.O.D.'s.

Greenhill & Rogers
670 Lexington Ave. • New York 22, N. Y.
Clock and Watchmakers Since 1848

From Denmark . . . H. Nils' famous selection of Sterling Table Silver

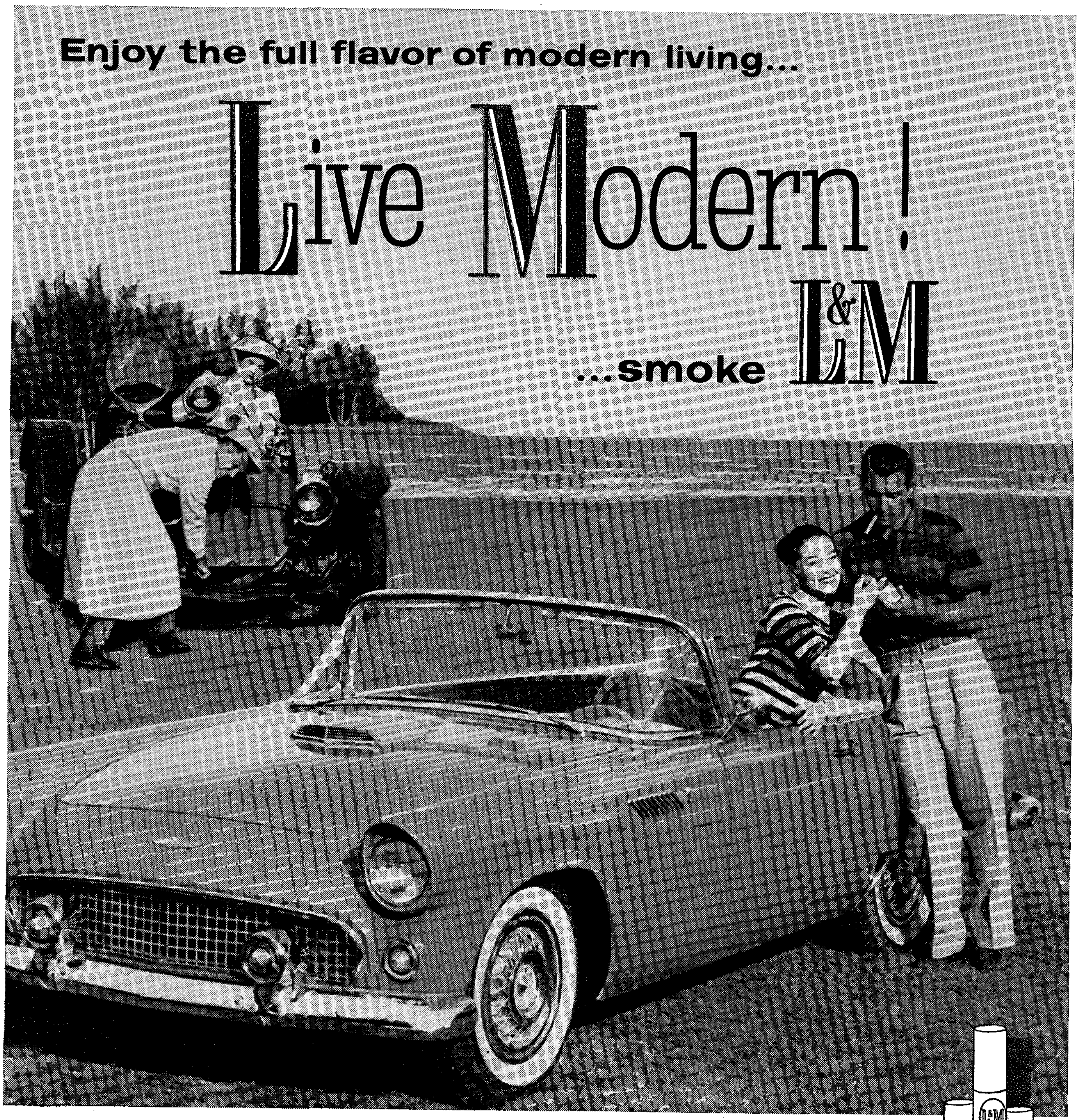
H.NILS



"CARDINAL"

One of twelve designs, now priced from $25 to $30 for a six-piece dinner place-setting. Shipping and insurance included. Duty—about 20%—extra.

H. Nils Danish Silver
Represented in the United States by H. NILS
Now at 573 Madison Ave. (57 St.), New York 22, N. Y.


Enjoy the full flavor of modern living...
Live Modern!
...smoke L&M

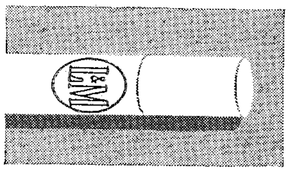
Only L&M gives you the full, exciting flavor of today's finest tobaccos through the modern miracle of the Miracle Tip!

EFFECTIVE FILTRATION
L&M
FILTERS
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

©Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

AT LAST YOU CAN GET ALL THE FLAVOR YOU WANT..

No other cigarette...plain or filter...gives you all the exciting, satisfying flavor that you get through the pure-white L & M Miracle Tip.



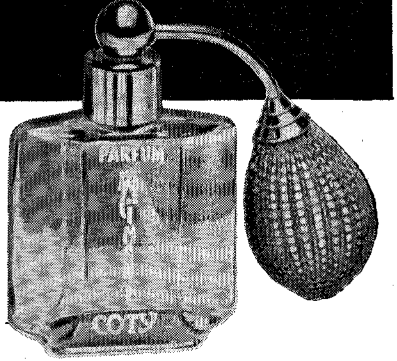
L&M tastes RICHER...smokes CLEANER...draws EASIER

Hats by Lilly Daché

Which girl is more beautiful?

To look at, they're alike as twins. But when you meet, you'll find that the girl who wears L'Aimant looks more beautiful to you.

L'AIMANT by COTY



Purser 2.00—1 oz. with atomizer 12.50
Other sizes up to 60.00 *plus tax*

Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.

THE RACE TRACK

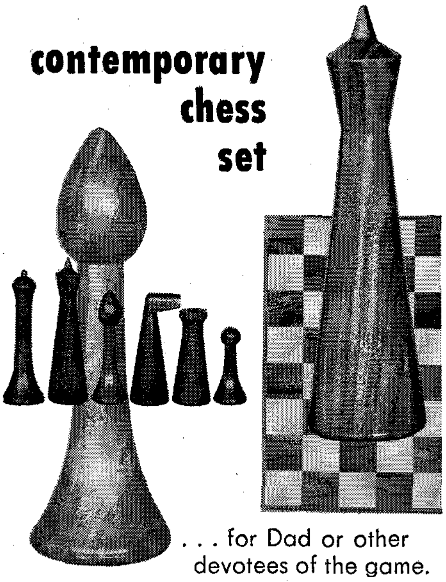
Vanderbilt Sale

THIS week, we can just forget about the weather and the number of favorites beaten at Belmont Park, because Alfred G. Vanderbilt sold most of his horses in training the other day, and everybody is talking about it. While the prices didn't reach fantastic figures, the thirty-three animals sold for $563,700, which is rather more than the stable won in purses all last season. The sale was a good show. The Fasig-Tipton Company, which conducted it, put up a big green tent near the Vanderbilt barn at Belmont and filled it with camp chairs, and the place was crowded with the V.I.P.s of racing long before 10 A.M., when the first horse was led into the ring. I'll lay 8–5 that some of the spectators hadn't been up so early since they went to see the morning workouts and have one of those celebrated stable breakfasts at Saratoga last August.

As no doubt you've heard by now, Sometime Thing, a crackerjack four-year-old filly, brought the top price of the sale—$100,000. To get her, Whitney Stone, who is a member of the Jockey Club and the head of Stone & Webster, a construction firm, outbid the Maine Chance Farm, the Elmendorf Farm, and the syndicate that owns Nashua. Mr. Stone also paid $42,500 for Sea Change, a two-year-old half sister of Next Move. (Remember her?) Almond Eyes, a gray two-year-old sister of Native Dancer, brought $40,000, which was a much lower price than had been predicted. The buyer was a newcomer to racing—Mrs. Lloyd P. Tate, of Blowing Rock, North Carolina. Since Almond Eyes is small, and hasn't the strongest ankles you've ever seen, I venture to guess that she won't do much racing. Later on, perhaps, she may become a mother of champions, but that's only a guess, too.

SPEAKING of the kinfolk of famous horses, Tudorka, a three-year-old half brother of Tulyar, made his very first appearance the other afternoon, at Belmont, and finished second. He's a dark bay, has plenty of size and quality, and looks more than a little like Tulyar, who, they'll tell you in Ireland and England, was an amalgam-

contemporary chess set



. . . for Dad or other devotees of the game. Felt-bottomed, weighted walnut and birch men in excellent contemporary design. $30.00. Matching inlaid birch on walnut board. $15.00. Add $1.00 for shipping. 27 x 21½" walnut chess table with birch inlay—19½" high. $55.00. Add $2.00 for shipping.

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.

TWO WORLD FAMED HOTELS IN Mexico

HOTEL DEL PRADO
MEXICO CITY

and in ACAPULCO
HOTEL PRADO-AMERICAS

ROMAN STRIPES

$25

DESIGNED AND MADE BY
Alexander Shields
484 PARK AVENUE—NEW YORK CITY 22
PLaza 5-2588

ation of Man o' War and Citation, with the best features of each.

A Fellow-Horseplayer has reported to Colonel Martingale on a day's racing he had in Vienna last week, and the Colonel has passed it along. It seems that our traveller got tips on three horses from a man he met on the plane between Istanbul and Vienna, and the next day—a Sunday—he motored out to Freudenau, which he says is one of the most delightful racecourses on the Continent. The horses were quite nice-looking, well-behaved animals, there were only six races, and, to get right down to it, all three tips won. What interested our tourist most, however, was the betting arrangements. There were both mutuel machines and bookmakers—eight of them, in an enclosure of their own. With gay abandon, our man backed his first tip to place, and got 1–10 in the mutuels, at which point he discovered that the mutuel take was thirty per cent, or twice as much as it is here. He decided to place the next bet with the bookmakers, and paid a fifteen-schilling tax to get into their enclosure. They were a real joy, he said, and worth the price of admission. One of their little oddities was that they frequently quoted prices only on the favorite and the second choice in a race, even when there were more than half a dozen runners, and when they did let the public have a look at a complete line, the prices were reminiscent of those mantraps the boys used to offer at the Hambletonian or the old United Hunts. Anyway, our friend put down two hundred schillings to win on his second tip, at 1–2, and as he was walking away, the bookmaker called after him, "How about the twenty schillings?" It turned out that there was a ten-per-cent tax on the bet, and that prompted the visitor to ask the bookmaker if he didn't think the percentages against the bettor were pretty high. Whereupon the bookmaker produced what he said was his record for the previous race, showing that he had taken in about three thousand schillings and paid out more than five thousand. Our tourist is wondering if every Austrian bookie has such a record near at hand, for use when he would rather be pitied than censured.

—Audax Minor

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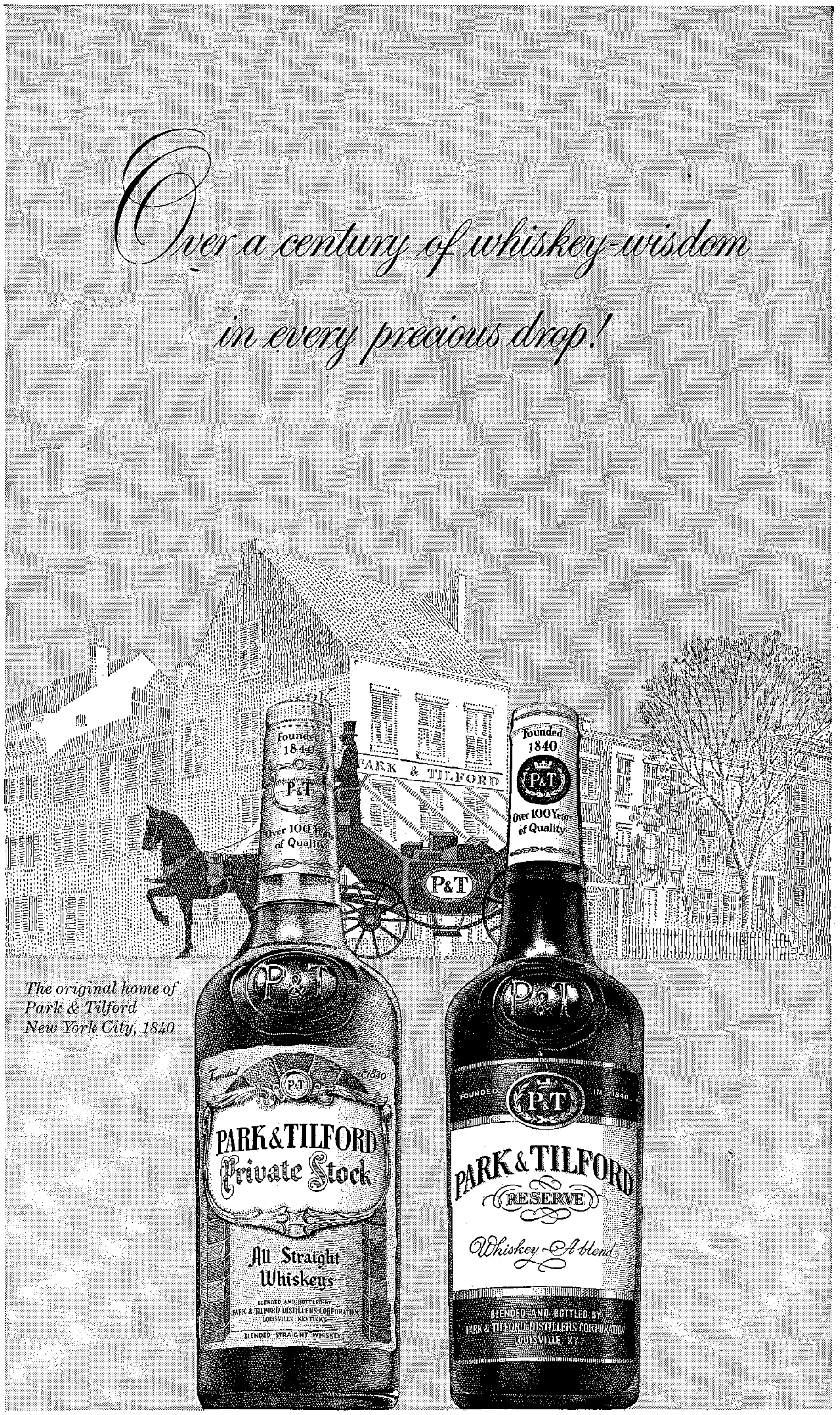
At Romanoff's, Pat and Peter Lawford entertained motor magnate Henry Ford, who is in Switzerland.—*The Journal-American.*

Funny telegrams?


Over a century of whiskey-wisdom
in every precious drop!
PARK & TILFORD
P&T
Founded 1840
P&T
Over 100 Years of Quality
P&T
Founded 1840
PARK&TILFORD
Private Stock
All Straight Whiskeys
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORPORATION LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKEYS
Founded 1840
P&T
Over 100 Years of Quality
P&T
FOUNDED P.T IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
Whiskey-A Blend
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORPORATION LOUISVILLE, KY.

The original home of Park & Tilford New York City, 1840

Only time and continuing quality can make a reputation. And for 116 years the superiority of Park & Tilford has been daily put to the test. *Park & Tilford Reserve*...famous American "Blend of Experience". *Park & Tilford Private Stock*...America's custom-made luxury whiskey.

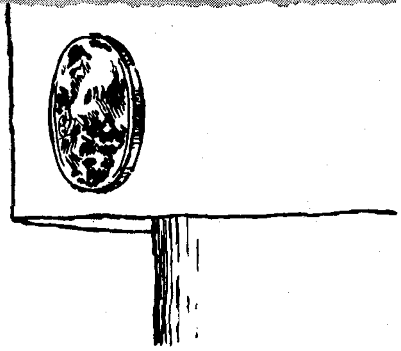
PARK & TILFORD

Fine Whiskies since 1840

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF • PRIVATE STOCK, A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 86 PROOF • PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK

*Uranium Ore—
as symbolic of
Colorado as the
Garden of the Gods—
cut and polished to
jewel-perfection and
exquisitely set in
gold-filled cuff links
by Destino.
A distinguished gift—
a treasured keepsake.
Mail orders filled
promptly while
limited quantities last.
$35.00 plus tax*

Neusteters
man's store
DENVER
COLORADO



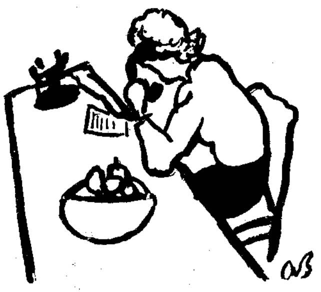
HOW TO GET NONPLUSSED

If anyone wants to know how I am, I am nonplussed. Ever since a knowledgeable friend told me, early this year, that he was slipping out of common stocks into Thruway bonds, because he felt that the equity-capital market was overpriced ("Even though the bull market is probably not over yet, it seems ripe enough for further opportunities on the up side to be quite limited as compared to what they have been" were his exact words), I've been trying to read the financial news, hoping for kicks. This has proved tough going after a diet of Proust, Joyce, and Herman Wouk, and my eyes generally wander to the advertisements. That is what got me nonplussed, a couple of weeks ago. On the same morning, I found in the *Times* a Sutro Bros. & Co. ad, entitled "Confidence," featuring a reproduction of a Grant Wood painting and in the *Herald Tribune* a Fiduciary Trust Company of New York come-on—one that has since turned up in this magazine, too—entitled "The Greeks Had a God for It," featuring a picture of Hermes.

Let us consider the two respectively. The Grant Wood, which Sutro Bros. says is "courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago" but doesn't have the courtesy to attribute to its painter (who is dead, and cannot speak for himself), shows a tieless, collarless man, flanked by his wife, his right hand clenching a pitchfork. Both man and wife appear gaunt and defeated, which I mention only because it seems relevant. A caption under them, set typographically to look like what I believe is called a prose poem, reads:

> Our nation, though relatively young,
> already has a rich heritage. The enduring
> values that have made it great flow in
> large part from our fundamental
> confidence in the American family.
>
> Sutro Bros. & Co. like to believe that
> our activities over the past sixty years
> have helped to foster the financial security
> of America and have earned for us the
> confidence of the investing public.

Sutro Bros. is a well-known firm, with two or three distaff-descended Sutros still in it, but what have Grant Wood's emaciated characters to do with it, or, for that matter, with the investing public? Any extra dough they make gets plowed back into the silo, not into stocks and bonds. If that man showed up in the Sutro board room, at 120 Broadway, with his pitchfork and his naked collar button, what kind of reception would he get? Would Walter D. Floersheimer, a senior Sutro partner, take him upstairs to the Bankers Club for lunch and a chat about arbitrage, one of Sutro Bros.' specialties? That is a worldly subject for a country boy. Moreover, I once had lunch at the Bankers Club with Grover Whalen, and everyone had a tie on. Whalen's was blue. He did have a pitchfork with him—"Just in case I run into Dick Patterson," he said—but he checked it at the door. Shades of Adolph Sutro, the noblest Sutro of them all, a cousin of the Bros., and a nineteenth-century San Francisco nabob whose collections of incunabula, hanging gardens, statues, and fountains were once the talk of that sophisticated city! New Haven recollections of Victor Henderson Sutro, a college classmate of mine, whose father was so greatly instrumental in giving Zeta Psi its new clubhouse in the twenties! Such gestures are in the Sutro tradition; toiling in the soil is not. (Adolph Sutro may have done a little Sunday weeding, but I doubt it.) If I had been brain-trusting that ad, it would have shown a portly man with a Tremlett tie (you can get them at Cavanagh's here) confidently entering "21." "No rented cravat for me," the caption would have read. "I'm a Sutro Bros. customer with a bulging portfolio."



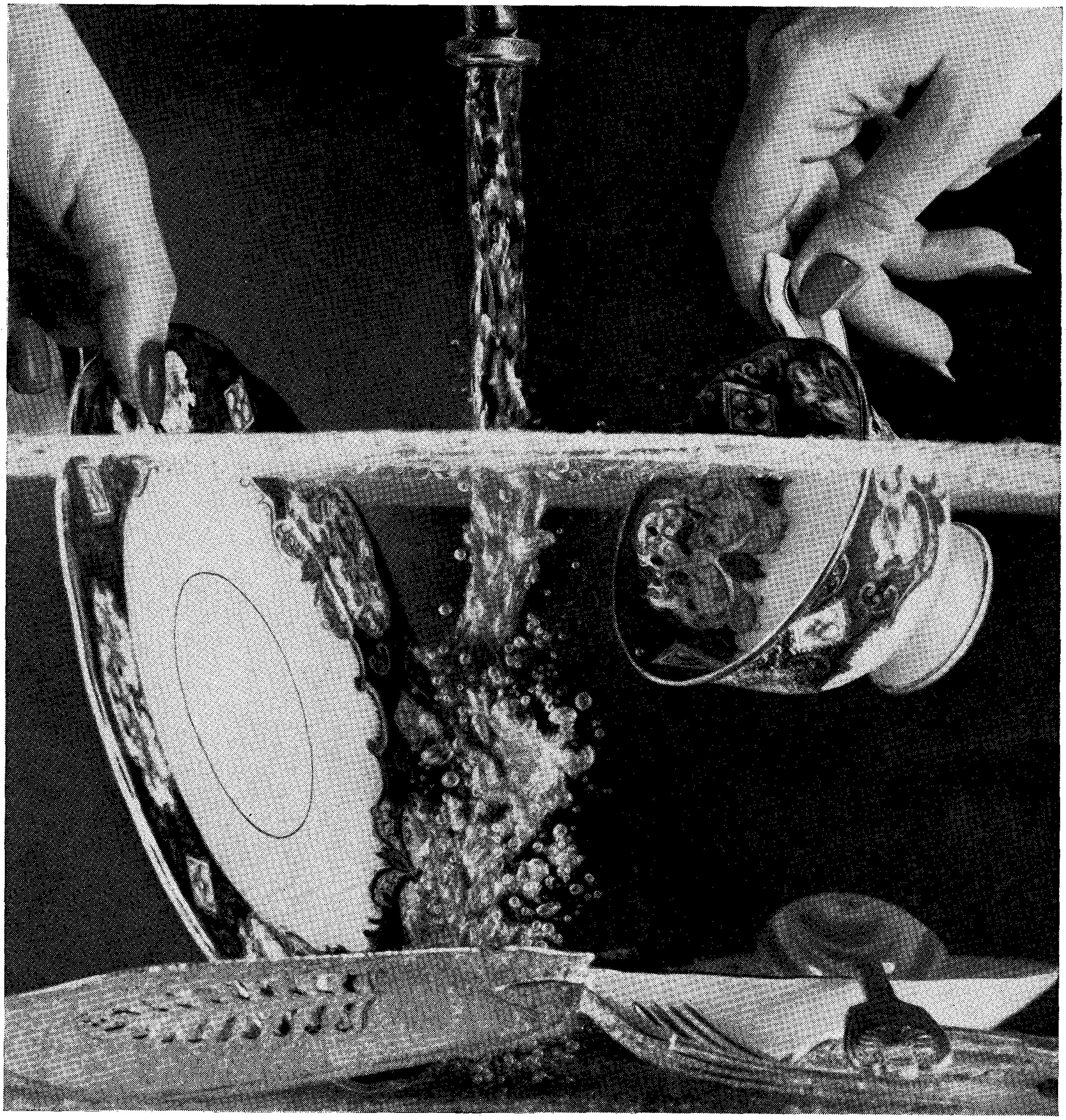
Now for the Fiduciary Trust's Hermes. He is sitting at a desk, helmeted but otherwise practically nude, smoking a pipe, writing what seems to be a memorandum. A steel cabinet is at his right and a telephone at his left, and the window behind him looks out on the Acropolis. The caption under him reads:

> Hermes, the ancient Greek god of commerce and trade, was endowed with supernatural powers to look after the property of his fellow deities on Mount Olympus.
>
> But today, to the best of our knowledge, no one has supernatural powers. Nor are we living on Olympus.
>
> However this Trust Company can provide you with an alert and resourceful organization for the care and management of your invested funds....

I am sitting at my desk, wearing a Bell tropical worsted, smoking a pipe,

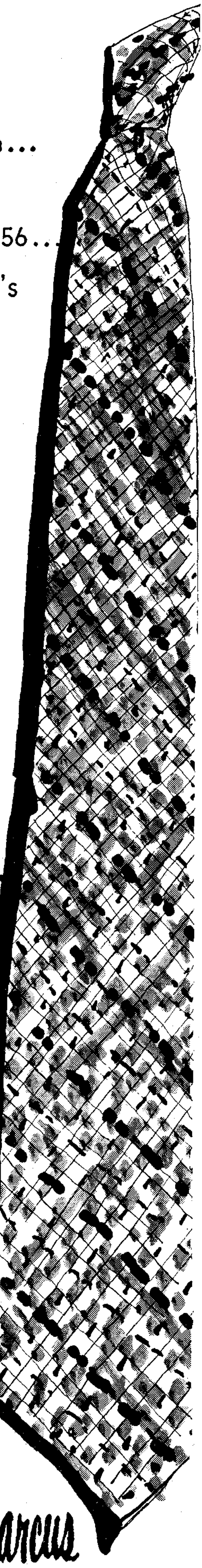
ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

How oil helps make your dishwashing easier



In ten short years, a revolution has occurred in ways to clean dishes. No more scrubbing or dull film! Now dishes really sparkle – and so do the eyes of happy housewives. Detergents make the difference, and an essential ingredient of most of them is made from oil. By making your everyday living our everyday job, **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil!*

Esso



the tweed touch...
new look for
Father's Day 1956...
Ann Fleischer's
famous
hand-loomed
ribbon tie,
threaded
with tweedy
boucle yarn.
Ours alone in
grey/black,
navy/light blue,
brown/beige,
maroon/grey
tweed,
15.00

Add .35 postage.
Make it special
in N-M's
Father's Day
gift wrap .50,
shown on
page 21.
Mail orders
to Dallas

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS
HOUSTON

looking out on the Manufacturers Trust Company, writing a memorandum from "A Smaller Classical Dictionary":

> Hermes, called Mercurius by the Romans.... A few hours after his birth he displayed his natural propensities: escaping from his cradle, he went to Pieria, and carried off some of the oxen of Apollo, which he drove to Pylos. He then returned to Cyllene, and finding a tortoise at the entrance of his native cave, he placed strings across its shell, and thus invented the lyre, on which he immediately played. Apollo, by his prophetic power, had meantime discovered the thief, and went to Cyllene to charge Hermes with the crime. His mother, Maia, showed to the god the child in its cradle; but Apollo carried the boy before Zeus, who compelled him to restore the oxen. But when Apollo heard the sounds of the lyre, he was so charmed that he allowed Hermes to keep the animals.... Zeus made Hermes his herald.... He is the god of eloquence.... He was also the god of prudence and cunning... and... of fraud, perjury, and theft.... He was also the god of commerce and good luck, and as such presided over the game of dice.

Come, now, Fiduciary directors, among whom are Ward Cheney, Elihu Root, Jr., Thomas Lee Higginson, and C. Russell Auchincloss, is the god of fraud, perjury, theft, and good luck—the chairman of crap games, alert and resourceful though he may be—the best deity for you to invoke in an appeal for clients? Hermes probably shoplifted that pipe from Dunhill's; the memorandum he is penning is a forgery. Twang your lyre in another alley, or the S.E.C. will get after you. And come, now, Sutro Bros., look to the Metropolitan for your next painting; a Holbein or a Van Dyck will do.

"STOCKS TUMBLE IN CLOSING HOUR," said a headline in the *Times* the day I first saw these ads, and no wonder. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

MR. GORE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that I may have sufficient time to make a 4½-page statement.

MR. KNOWLAND. Mr. President, reserving the right to object, I would have no objection to the request of the Senator from Tennessee, provided that an equal amount of time be available if desired by those Senators who may wish to speak on the same matter.

MR. GORE. Mr. President, I would have no objection to that.

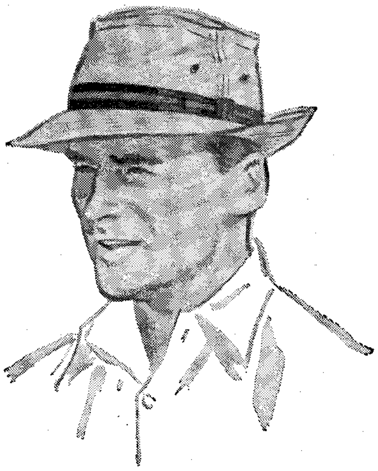
MR. KNOWLAND. The Senator might specify the time he needs.

MR. GORE. I have a statement of 4½ pages. I think it will take me approximately 20 minutes.

MR. KNOWLAND. If an equal amount of time may be available to this side of the aisle, I would have no objection.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection?

MR. ELLENDER. Reserving the right to

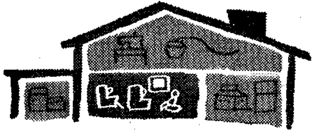


The GOLFER'S *Hat*
LIGHTWEIGHT
WATER REPELLANT POPLIN

This hat is a favorite of international sportsmen
Natural tan, medium grey, yellow, navy, $6

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing • Hats • Haberdashery
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET • NEW YORK

In pursuit of cleanliness
VELVET FOAM
a new face wash by
Charles of the Ritz
$1.50 plus tax



automation cleans up!

McCall's was first to reveal how Automation is revolutionizing homemaking and family life. Now, in June *McCall's, Automation Cleans Up* shows women and their families how this homemaking miracle saves time, health and money.

McCall's
The magazine of Togetherness
in more than 4,600,000 homes

object, do I correctly understand that not more than 20 minutes on each side will be allotted?

The Presiding Officer. That is according to the request.

Mr. O'Mahoney. Mr. President, knowing the nature of the subject which is to be discussed, I think the Senator from Tennessee is a little overoptimistic if he thinks 20 minutes will enable him to cover this question. Undoubtedly there will be questions, and I think the Senator should ask for not less than 30 minutes.

Mr. Knowland. Mr. President, I would have no objection, if it is understood that the same amount of time will be available on this side of the aisle.

Mr. O'Mahoney. Mr. President, it is not for me to advise the Senator from Tennessee, but I would suggest to him that since the Senator from California has been good enough to say that he has no objection to having the time limited by whatever time the Senator from Tennessee takes, that would be a very good settlement.

Mr. Knowland. I did not say quite that. The Senator from Tennessee stated that he had 4½ pages, and I asked him what amount of time would be consumed, and he indicated 20 minutes. Then, in response to the suggestion of the Senator from Wyoming, I said I would not object to having the time extended to 30 minutes.

Mr. Gore. Mr. President, I think I shall be able to complete my statement in 20 minutes. If some other Senator wishes to extend the time limitation, he himself can ask for such extension of time. I ask now for only 20 minutes.

Mr. Knowland. Mr. President, I ask for an equal amount of time on this side of the aisle.

The Presiding Officer. Is there objection to the two requests?

Mr. Thye. Mr. President, reserving the right to object, I do not know what questions will be asked, but I can foresee that if they involve matters concerning the special committee we who might be confronted with questions propounded to us would desire to answer them. For that reason, unless I could be assured that sufficient time would be allowed in which to reply or to discuss the matter, I should have to object to the unanimous-consent request. I would want at least 15 minutes for myself, if necessary, if I correctly anticipate what may be coming.

The Presiding Officer. The Chair hears objection to the request.

Mr. Johnson of Texas. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that any member of the so-called special committee may have not to exceed 20 minutes, if he desires that amount of time.

The Presiding Officer. Is there objection to the request of the Senator from Texas?

Mr. Aiken. Mr. President, reserving the right to object, I point out that every day's delay in enacting farm legislation will cost the farmers of America a good many million dollars.—*The Congressional Record.*

They must have lost a small fortune in the last five minutes.

"No matter where you are—after dinner there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie"

The cordial with the Scotch Whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet. Enjoy Drambuie "on the rocks"—with twist of lemon peel if desired—or in the traditional cordial glass.

after dinner a DRAM of

DRAMBUIE

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

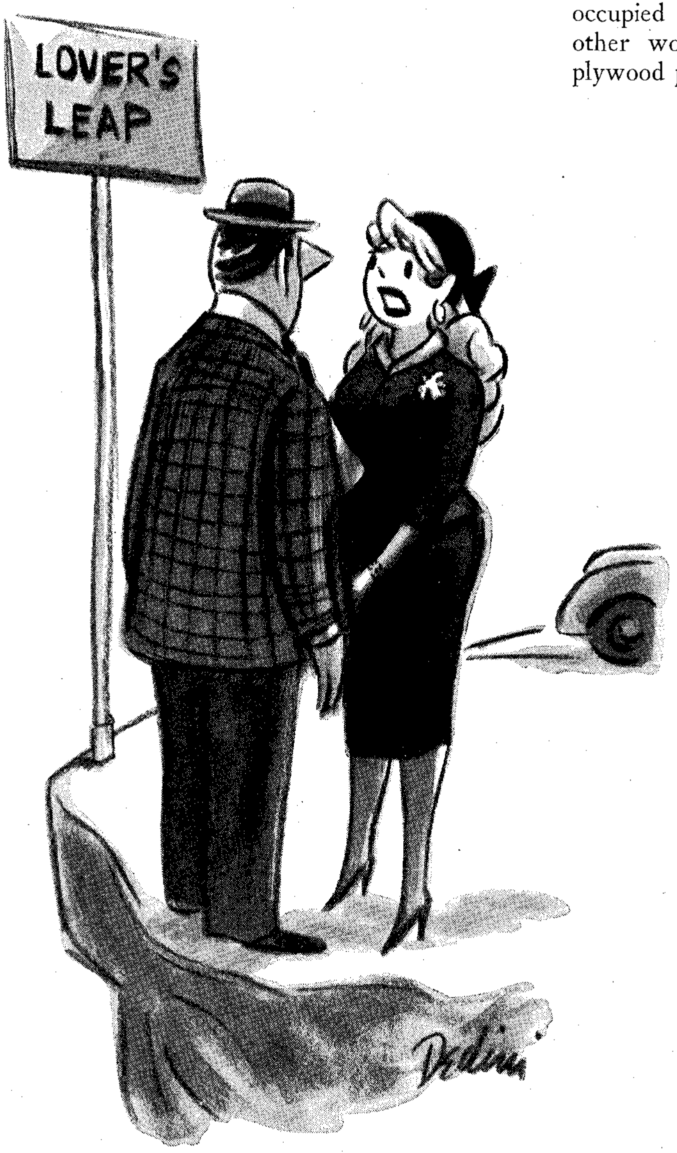
THE LANDLORD, THE TENANT, AND MRS. DOTTS

MONDAY is the busiest day of the week at the Lower Manhattan rent-control office, a local branch of the Temporary State Housing Rent Commission, which has been given the job, during the present critical housing shortage, of regulating not only rents but also evictions, services, privileges, and almost every other mentionable aspect of the landlord-tenant relationship—a job that is touchy, complicated, and, some think, about as difficult as trying to set up rules for the conduct of guerrilla warfare. "People with housing grievances tend to put in the weekend brooding," a rent-control official told me when I visited the Lower Manhattan office not long ago. "Soon as we open up on Monday, they come rushing in, wanting us to do something about their troubles right then and there." The office's busiest seasons are late April, when people, imbued with spring enthusiasms, suddenly feel an urge to have the places they live in repaired, improved, repainted, renovated—in short, transformed—and November, when, with Christmas approaching like doom, they look about their dwellings, wonder how they can face the holidays in such squalor, and grimly resolve that they will wait no longer for their landlords to keep the promises made in the spring. On an April or November Monday, well over a thousand complaints, applications, and inquiries may come in to the Lower Manhattan office.

There are fourteen branch offices of the State Housing Rent Commission, supervising some 2,227,000 rental dwelling units. ("Dwelling unit" is the bureaucratic term for any kind of living quarters.) Eight of the branches are scattered through the state, and there is one in each of the city's boroughs except Manhattan, which has two, because it is here that renting problems are most densely concentrated and most acute. Throughout the rest of the nation, solid home-owners are in the ascendancy, with considerably more than half the country's population living in detached single-family homes (the wealthier the family, the more detached the home). In Manhattan, few people can afford to be detached. Among 635,944 dwelling units in the borough, there are only 1,861 such single-family homes. According to the 1950 census, there are also 8,774 attached single-family homes, 524 semi-detached, 5,224 detached two-family homes, and (perhaps no longer with us) 139 trailers, which the Census Bureau lists under the heading of "Non-Resident Dwelling Units." All the rest of Manhattan's living accommodations, occupied by close to two million people, are in apartment houses, hotels, tenements, and rooming houses, with ninety-eight per cent of the whole 635,944 being rental units. Tenancy is the human condition in Manhattan. Practically everybody is in the same boat, though some, it is true, are travelling first-class, a good many are in second-class, and great masses are jammed into the steerage.

BY rent-control-office standards, the day I spent there—a random off-season Wednesday—was a quiet one. The Lower Manhattan office, whose jurisdiction actually covers about two-thirds of the borough, from 110th Street south to the tip, is on the twelfth floor of the Court Square Building, at 2 Lafayette Street. I arrived there a few minutes after nine. In the small, drab waiting room, a receptionist was sitting at a desk with her hands folded, and staring with unfocussed gaze at the blank wall opposite, along which were ranged two bare tables, with an unoccupied bench before them. Three other women were seated behind a plywood partition at the far end of the room, each at a counter something like a box-office window, with a sign above it reading, "FORMS AND INFORMATION." They, too, were doing nothing, in a quite striking way; both they and the receptionist seemed not merely to be relaxing but to be concentrating on relaxing, like athletes before a race or actors before a performance.

Since I had an appointment, the receptionist gave me a pass, and I went down a hall past numerous doors. Entering the one she had directed me to, I found myself in a huge room, perhaps fifty feet by two hundred, that was lined at the far end and along one side by windows, and had three rows of desks running its length. Most of the desks were occupied, and other employees were walking about, carrying papers and folders. Though there were perhaps seventy or eighty people in the room, there was very little bustle. I could hear phones ringing, but so far away that they sounded subdued and undemanding. The whole effect was unexpectedly peace-



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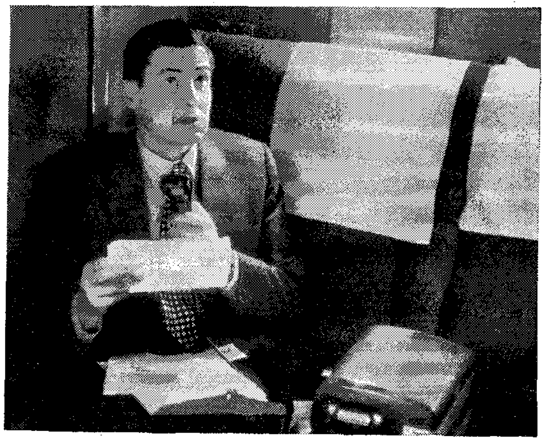

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ful. As I walked into the room, I was met by a neat, middle-aged, medium-sized, gray-haired man with a broad forehead, who introduced himself as Joseph Goldberg, the Local Rent Administrator for Lower Manhattan. Like the room, his personality impressed me as orderly and spacious. We shook hands, and I asked if the agency's day had begun yet.

"Oh, yes," Goldberg said. "We start at nine. It seems rather quiet to you, perhaps? Good—I hope it stays that way." We walked slowly down one of the aisles. "Some of the staff members you see are getting ready for the hearings scheduled today for landlords and tenants," Goldberg said. "Forms are being processed and new cases assigned, and the mail is being distributed, bringing a fresh load of complaints and applications to be considered. We have just about a hundred employees, most of them competent, some of them dedicated and excellent, and all of them underpaid. Our office disposes of over a hundred thousand cases a year. Don't ask me how a staff of only a hundred is able to handle that many cases; I've never quite figured it out. Fortunately, in about sixty per cent of the cases the landlord and the tenants are in accord and have reached agreements that seem to be in harmony with the rent-control laws. Those are pretty routine and essentially a matter of paperwork. But in the rest of the cases—something like forty thousand a year—there is no accord." He smiled briefly. "Far from it. These call for a certain amount of adjudication. Hearings may be necessary to get at the true facts. For instance, we make it a rule to hold a hearing, with both sides present, on every eviction application, because so much is at stake. Or the case may be one that calls for an on-the-spot inspection. A tenant complains that he wants a new paint job—we get more complaints about painting, incidentally, than about anything else—and the landlord says, 'What's he talking about? I just painted his apartment.' The tenant says, 'Call that slop job a paint job? My so-and-so landlord slopped up my apartment deliberately, out of pure spite.' Obviously, talking further to these people, or even putting them under oath, won't clarify *that* situation. So we order an inspection and determine for ourselves who's right." He indicated a long table that interrupted one of the rows of desks. A number of men were sitting at it, writing busily. "Those are our inspectors; we have eleven of them. By ten o'clock they'll be finished making reports on what they saw yesterday and

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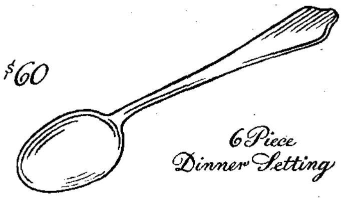

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be starting out on today's inspections.

"And here," said Goldberg as we came to the end of the room, where four women, all talking into telephones, were sitting at another row of desks, under the windows, "is the consultation and information section. Their phones go all day long. Would you like to listen in for a while? I recommend it as the quickest way to get an idea of what the city's housing problems are and what rent control is about. I spend some time here myself every now and then, whenever I feel I'm getting out of touch with reality." With that, he introduced me to the head of the section, a tall, Titian-haired woman in a red suit named Mrs. Izetta Dotts, told her he had recommended that I try the phones for a while, and then left me with her.

Mrs. Dotts gave me a seat at an empty desk, with a telephone, across from hers. The moment I sat down, her phone rang. "If you'd like to listen in, just pick up your phone," she said. "It's plugged in on my extension." Rather uncertainly, not knowing what to expect, I picked up my phone. I heard Mrs. Dotts saying "Hello, may I help you?"—and then tranquillity fled.

"I live on Charles Street," a man's voice, boiling with urgency, anger, and desperation, shouted right in my ear. "My bathroom ceiling is falling. There's a leak in the pipes. My bathroom is flooded. My apartment's like a lake. I'm up day and night mopping. The superintendent won't do a thing—won't even come up and look at it." He blurted out these words as if he had only seconds to spare. I envisioned the water rising even now, lapping around his ankles as he telephoned, climbing toward his knees. Mrs. Dotts told the man that if he would give her his name and address, she would mail him copies of Form 34(2). The man groaned. "Do me a favor, please—don't send me any forms!" he said. "You don't seem to understand—this place is like a lake!" Mrs. Dotts, speaking gently and with careful articulation, like a nursery-school teacher, explained that the form was an application for a rent reduction on the ground that the tenant was not receiving essential services. She assured him that landlords usually respond quickly when they find that their rents are about to be cut. "So all right, send them!" the man said abruptly, and gave his name and address. "I can't talk any more now," he muttered, and hung up—or perhaps the waters closed over his head.

Mrs. Dotts, who had already addressed an envelope and was stuffing

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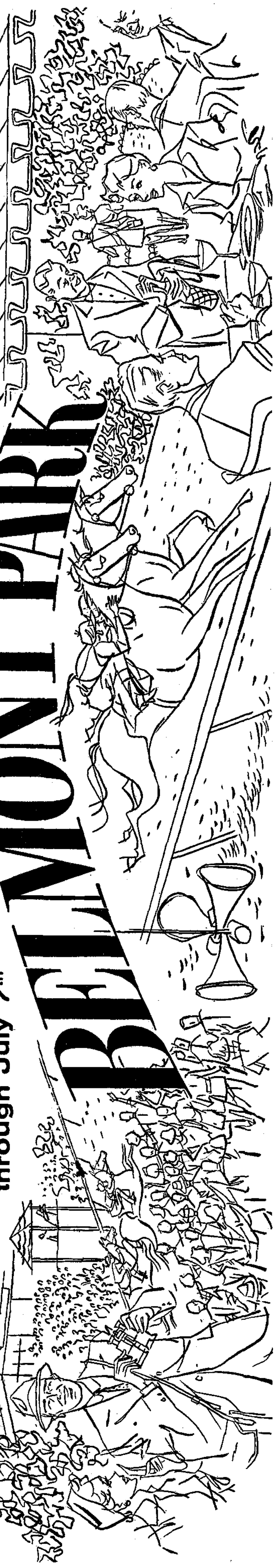

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copies of the form into it, remarked across the desk to me, "It goes on like that all day long." The phone rang. "Here we go again," she said. This call was from a landlord whose rents had been reduced three dollars a month per apartment by the rent-control office because he had removed the washing machines and dryers from the basement of his building. He said that he had now replaced them and, in return, would like his rents restored as soon as possible. He did not seem perturbed when Mrs. Dotts told him that it might take two or three months before this request could be processed, and he thanked her warmly for her courtesy. "You just never can tell how people are going to react," she commented after she had hung up.

I was a little late getting in on the next call. ". . . and it's the second time this refrigerator caught fire," a woman's voice was saying when I put the receiver to my ear. "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday it's been since it happened, and still the landlady don't do nothing. Now the doctor tells me the medicines for my sick baby gonna spoil, probably spoiled already. Those drugs don't keep more than twenty-four hours without refrigeration, he says." This gloomy message was delivered not lugubriously, as one might suppose, but in a chatty, sanguine voice.

"We'll send you the necessary forms immediately," Mrs. Dotts said. "Put 'Emergency' at the top when you return them to us, and we'll process them right away."

"Thanks, dear," the woman said. "I'll do that. Oh, and another thing—just yesterday my little boy, not the one who's sick, looked out the window and saw a couple animals on the fire escape. He wanted I should feed them peanuts—he thought they was squirrels. Lady, on Second Avenue them wasn't squirrels."

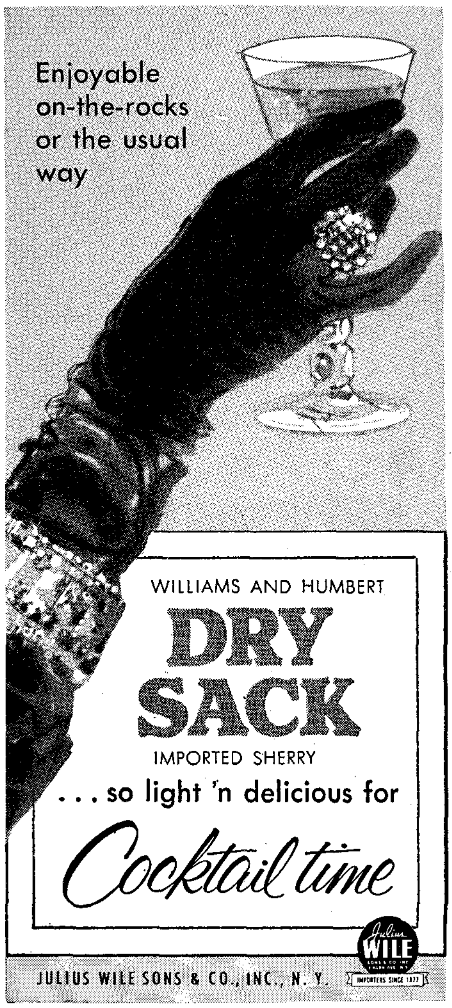
"Yes?"

"Well, can I put them rats on these forms, too?"

"Certainly, Madam, you may list that complaint as well."

"Thanks, dearie, thanks a lot," the woman said cheerfully. "And I'll write 'Emergency' on top, just like you said. Goodbye now."

There were four buttons at the base of my telephone, permitting me to listen in on calls being received by the other members of Mrs. Dotts' information section. For the next half hour, seated at the console of my telephone, I tuned in on one after another. Pushing the first button, I heard an inquiry from a man whose secretary had placed the



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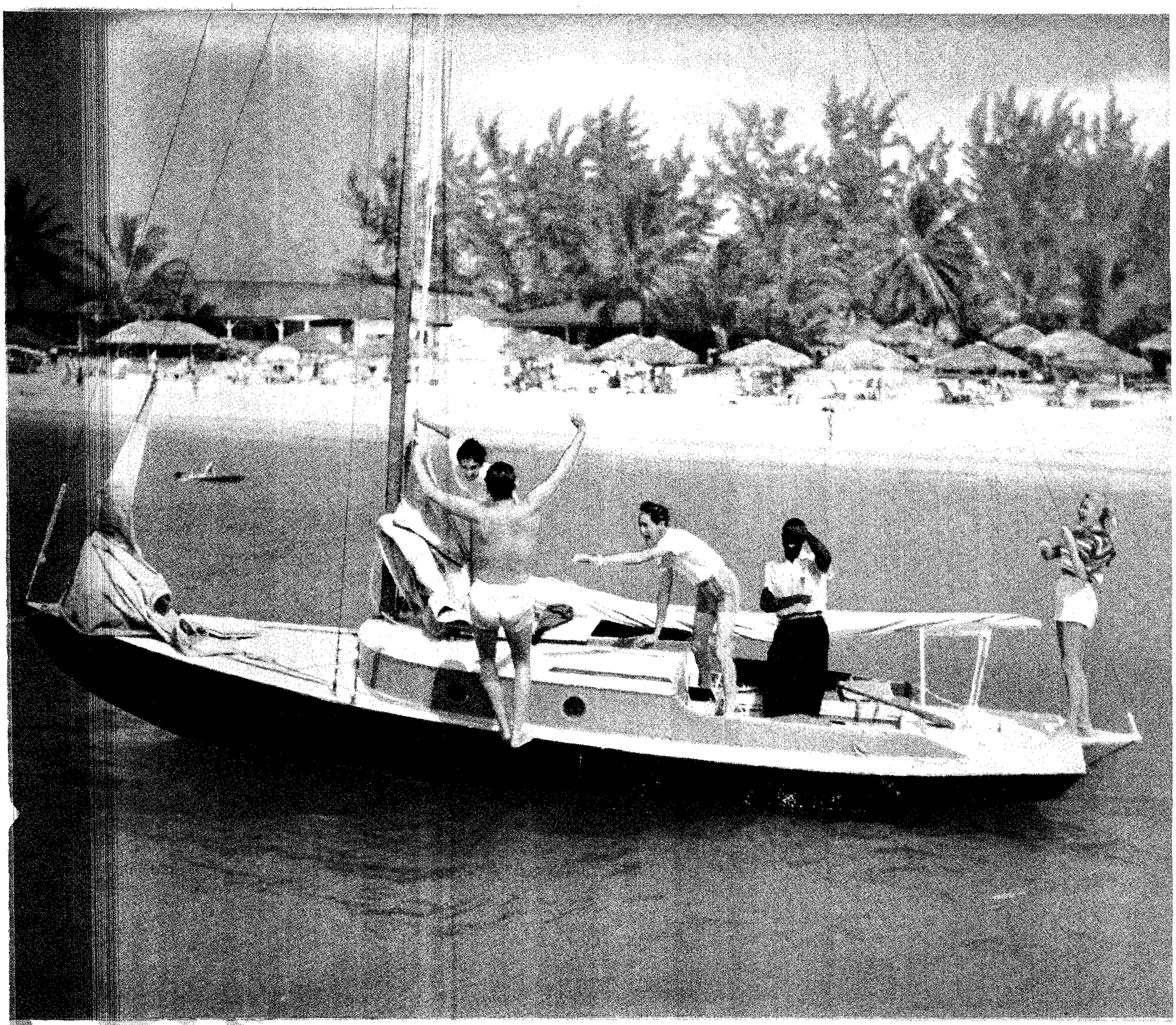

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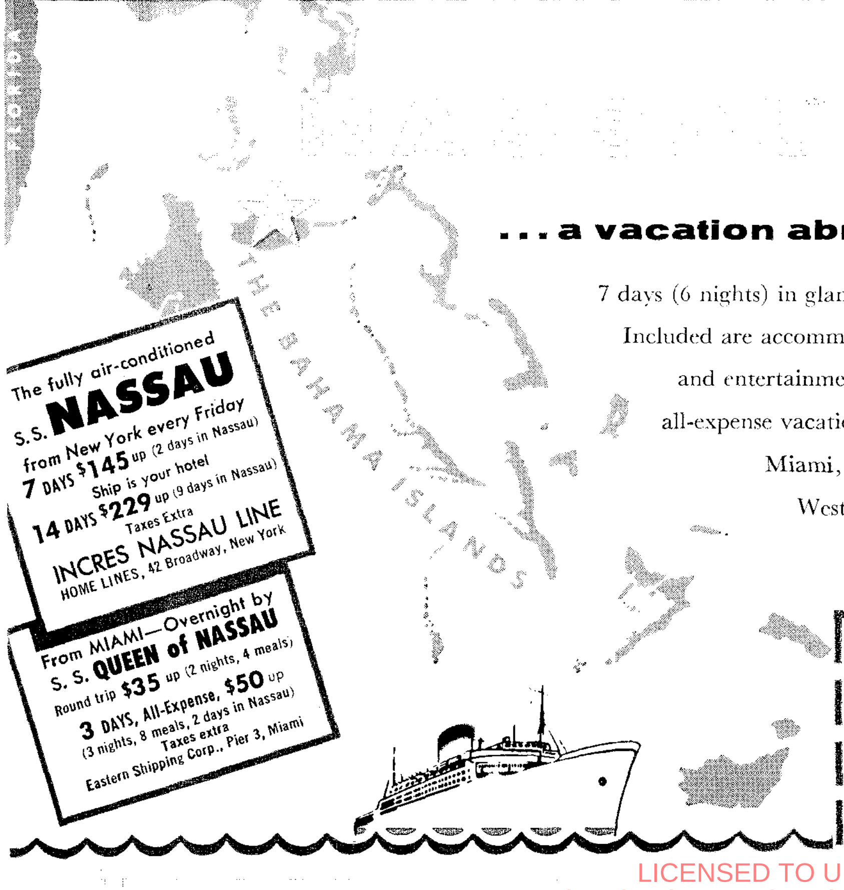

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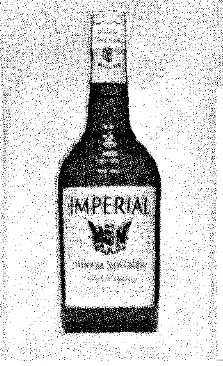
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call for him; there was a slight pause before his agreeable, well-modulated voice came on the line. He said that a few months ago he had purchased a town house on East End Avenue (and, I deduced, had paid plenty for it; he spoke affluent English). The house contained two apartments; he was occupying the lower one and a family who had been the tenants for some years at the time he bought the house were in the upper. He intended, he said, to trade apartments, since the upper one was larger and airier, had a view of the river, and was in every way the more suitable of the two apartments, but the family upstairs had rejected his invitation to exchange, so now he was inquiring what procedure he had to go through in order to force them to do so. "I suppose there'll be some red tape," he said tolerantly. "There always is when the government is involved. Still, I *hope it won't take too* long." His manner throughout had been confident, pleasant, and reasonable, but it changed drastically when the information clerk to whom he was speaking told him that there was no procedure at all for what he was proposing, and that under the rent-control laws he could not force an exchange of apartments merely because he wished to but only if he could prove immediate and compelling necessity. He seemed flabbergasted at first. Then he became outraged. He kept saying, "But it's *my* house!" Evidently, he had been dealt a staggering blow, right in his sense of property. His indignation reminded me of the old Western couplet:

Things have come to a pretty pass
When a man can't wallop his own jackass.

It was a sentiment that, in one form or another, I was to hear from a number of landlords and their representatives during the day.

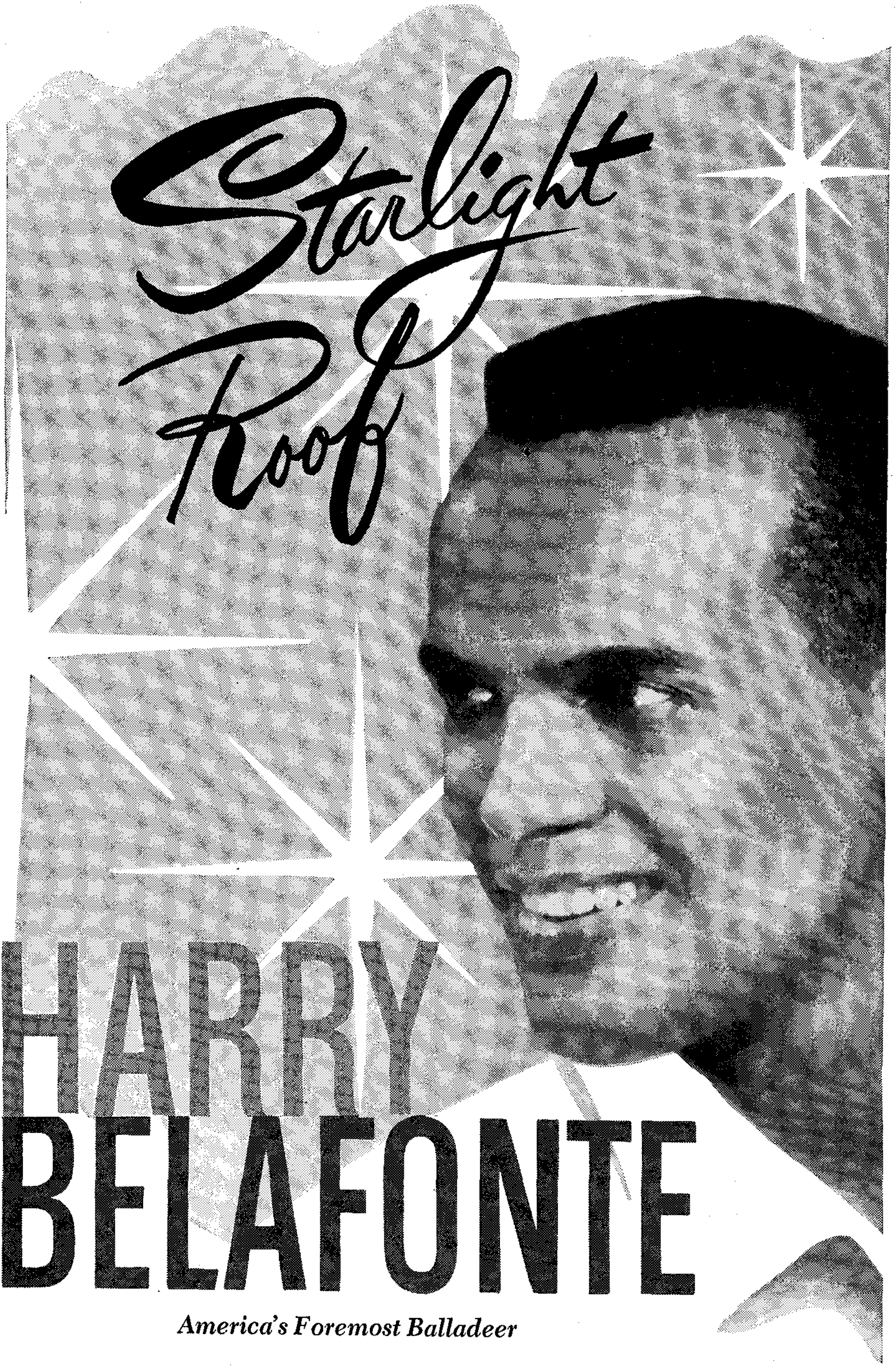
I went on pushing the buttons in order, and next cut in on a man who said that he had complained to his landlord that there were rats in the building, and that the landlord's response to this had been to give him a cat. "I told him what kind of solution to the problem was this—a scrawny, mangy cat for a rat-infested building!"

"So what did your landlord say?" the information clerk asked.

"He said I was right, no two ways about it. So he took that cat back and brought me a bigger one."

The clerk said, "Do you wish to file a complaint? What would you like the rent-control office to do about the matter?"

"Nothing," the tenant answered. "I



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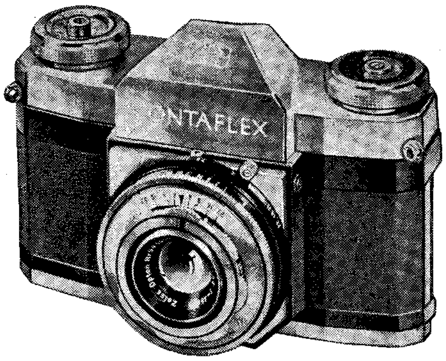

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just wanted to tell you about it. This big cat's working out just fine."

It seemed to me that people were being remarkably breezy about their rats that day. When I pushed the next button, I found myself listening to voices speaking Spanish, rapid and melodious, no doubt discussing broken drains or other such miseries but sounding to my uncomprehending ears as charming as an operetta in a foreign tongue. Mrs. Dotts told me, when I asked, that I had tuned in on Miss Delgado. "She's the pretty girl at the far desk. The calls from Puerto Ricans go to her. I call her the Voice with the Smile." I listened again, finding the description apt.

After that, I heard, in sequence, a timid-voiced woman saying that her landlord had refused to renew her lease unless she granted him a voluntary fifteen-per-cent increase and asking if she had to ("No, Madam, voluntary increases are purely voluntary, or at least they're supposed to be"); a man who said he was calling on behalf of a friend whose landlady was threatening to padlock him out of his room in vengeance because she had been required to refund him seventy-six dollars after he had gone to the rent-control office and found out he was being overcharged ("Tell your friend to be sure to keep paying his rent on time, and the landlady can't legally evict him or lock him out"); a man who never did make clear what he was trying to find out but kept storming that he couldn't get a simple, sensible answer out of anybody; a soothing interlude of Miss Delgado; a woman with a Slavic accent who gave a long, despondent account of how her landlord had cut the wires of her burned-out bedroom light fixture and taken it away to be repaired, and weeks had passed by and he still hadn't returned it, despite repeated pleas, and so now she had just one question she wanted to ask, and that was "Have I been patient enough?" ("Yes, Madam"); and a woman who lived in an apartment hotel on West Twenty-third Street that had furnished no heat, even in cold weather, so during a freezing spell she had complained to the Board of Health, which had forced the owner to supply heat, but now, as a result, the owner was raising her rent and what could she do about it? ("How long have you lived in this hotel?" "Four years." "Sorry, there's nothing you can do about it.") The employee who had handled this last case, a plump, black-haired woman at the desk behind mine, leaned over to me and explained, "December 2, 1949, is the date on

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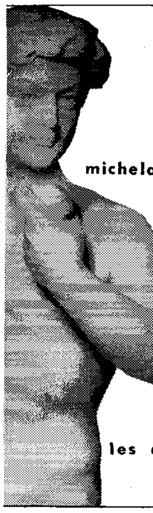

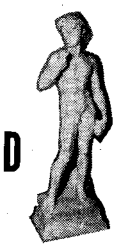

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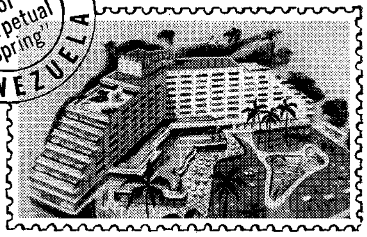

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that. Rent control protects people in hotels only if they've lived in the same one since before that time. The others have no protection. They—" Her phone rang. It was the angry man again, the one who couldn't get a sensible answer out of anybody. I listened to his incomprehensible fury as long as I could stand it, then hung up, glad that it wasn't my job to have to deal politely with him.

To Mrs. Dotts, across the desk, I remarked that her staff members seemed to me to be wonderfully patient. "We try to be," she said. "We try to bear with everyone who calls, even the abusive ones. Those people are all worked up over their troubles. They're only human." She paused reflectively. "Boy," she added, with a note of awe creeping into her voice, "are they human!"

I DISENGAGED myself from the telephones, feeling the need at this point of some perspective on the situation, and went in search of Goldberg. He was in his office, at the other end of the room; the door was open, and he motioned to me to enter. He was talking on the telephone—to some very human being, no doubt. "I'm sorry," he was saying, "but it would not be a wise policy to discuss over the phone cases now in process. We're close to a decision on your case. You'll hear from us very shortly. By 'very shortly' I mean in about ten days."

His desk was in the middle of his office, placed so that he could ignore a view of the East River from his window and face, instead, the sweeping prospect of desks and filing cabinets and busy staff members in the loftlike outer room. On the office's pale-green walls, from which the paint was flaking, were hung a flesh-tinted portrait of George Washington, a large, sombre still-life of autumnal foliage, and the agency's table of organization.

When Goldberg had hung up, he looked at his watch and said to me, "There'll be a hearing in about half an hour that might interest you. It's on what we call an AO, a code symbol that means a landlord's application for an increase in rents throughout his whole building because of hardship; that is, because his net income, he claims, is less than the six per cent the law says he is entitled to earn on his investment. Sometimes there are fireworks at these AO hearings, when the tenants show up en masse and raise all sorts of objections. We've worked out procedures for keeping the hearings orderly and the various expressions of

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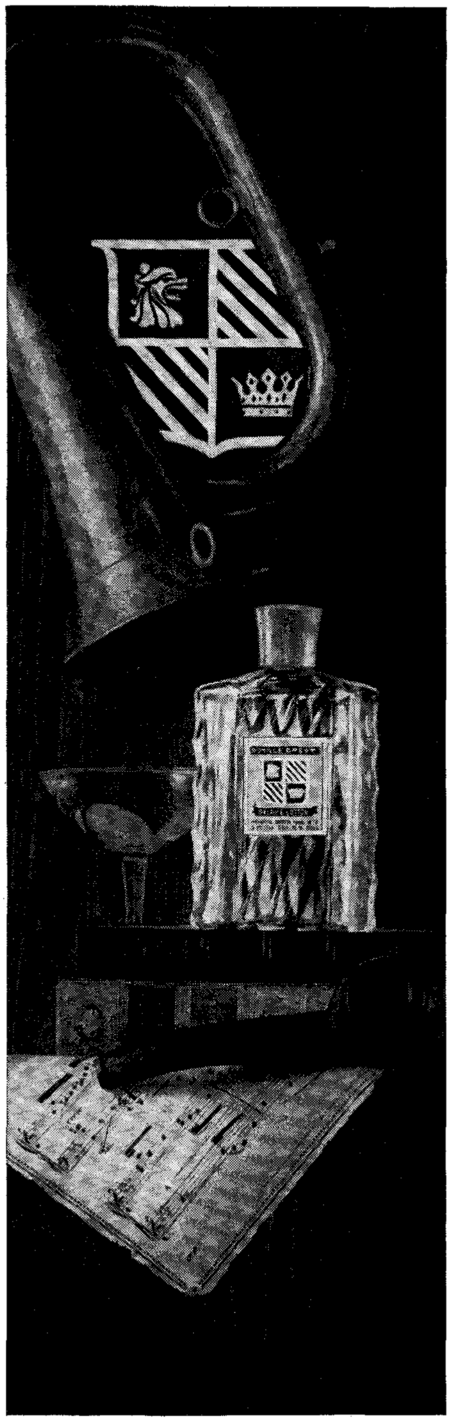
grievances within proper bounds, but we can't take the emotion out of the matter entirely." He smiled gravely, acknowledging the limits of his competence. "Even under the best of circumstances, landlord-tenant relationships can be pretty difficult; under the worst of circumstances—which is what we have at present in New York—tensions become really exacerbated. The two parties get to feeling stuck with each other, like in an unhappy marriage—the tenant unable to move because of the acute housing shortage, the landlord unable to evict because, unless he has sufficient cause, the rent-control laws won't allow him to. At one hearing, a tenant took out a knife and stabbed his landlord—that was in the Bronx rent-control office. Once, in *our* office, a landlord got all worked up about his tenant and dropped dead of a heart attack."

Goldberg's secretary came into the room carrying a folder. He conferred briefly with her at his desk, leaving me to muse about the different ways people express themselves in the Bronx and in Manhattan. When she had gone out again, Goldberg turned back to me and said, "Actually, considering all the pressures and difficulties, rent control works pretty well. Of course, it would be better if we didn't have to have it at all. It's certainly annoying and inconvenient sometimes to have to fill out forms and be answerable to the state for all the details of one's housing arrangements. Still, people are aware that under current conditions it would be more than merely annoying and inconvenient if we did *not* have rent control—it would be chaos."

New York has had rent control in one form or another for the past thirteen years. The present law, which gave the state the power to control rents, was passed in 1950. Goldberg took a copy of the law—a small printed booklet—from his desk drawer and passed it to me, pointing out a section of the preamble that dealt with the need for legislation "to prevent exactions of unjust, unreasonable and oppressive rents and rental agreements and to forestall profiteering, speculation and other disruptive practices," and stated that "a serious public emergency exists in the housing of a considerable number of persons in the State of New York."

"Since that was written," Goldberg said when I returned the booklet, "some luxury apartment houses have been built and there are vacancies in them—for people who can pay two or three hundred dollars a month, or more. But for most of the population the housing emergency still exists. In some sections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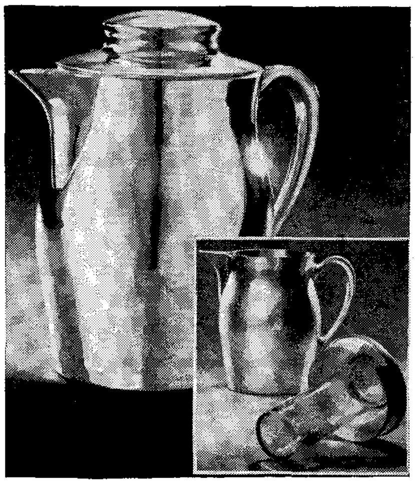
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of New York, particularly in parts of Manhattan, it's worse than ever."

On the dominant theme of the critical housing shortage I took down a number of Goldberg variations. The city's population has increased by an estimated seven hundred thousand in the past fifteen years, he said, most of the new residents being Puerto Ricans and Negroes, who, because of low incomes and racial discrimination, have a harder time finding decent housing than the rest of the populace does. Residential construction was at a standstill throughout the war, of course, and during the postwar years it has simply not kept pace with the population growth. Practically every nook and cranny in the city that can hold a bed and a kerosene heater (and a TV set) is now being rented out as living quarters. It is estimated that if the city were to attempt strict enforcement of the new municipal housing code, passed last December, it would have to evict some two hundred and sixty-seven thousand families, who are living in basements, in windowless rooms, in quarters without sanitary facilities, in overcrowded tenements, or in other illegal dwelling places. Charles Abrams, a former State Rent Administrator who is now an adviser to the United Nations on the housing problems of many of the backward, poverty-stricken countries of the world, declared recently that, with the possible exception of Hong Kong, New York City now has the worst slum conditions in the world.

A five-per-cent vacancy rate is generally considered fair and normal by housing experts. When this percentage of available accommodations in any rental category is vacant, supply and demand function most equitably for both tenant and landlord; indeed, the law requires the rent commission to remove its controls forthwith from any rental category that reaches that figure. The vacancy rate was six and a half per cent for the whole of New York City in 1940. According to the last census, it was down to one and one-tenth per cent. In Manhattan, to judge by a sample survey conducted by the Real Estate Board last year, the vacancy rate has dwindled almost to the disappearing point—one-tenth of one per cent in tenements and four-tenths of one per cent in apartment houses.

The average New Yorker, seeing a lot of construction going on around him all the time and reading in the papers about the country's housing boom, lives with the vague, comforting hope that the crucial shortage will be taken care of before very long. Actually, at the

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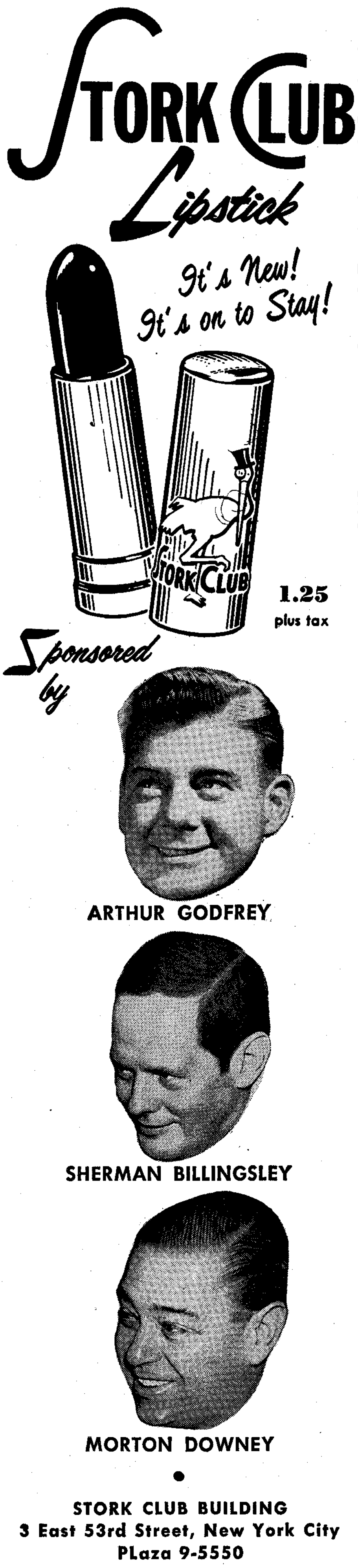

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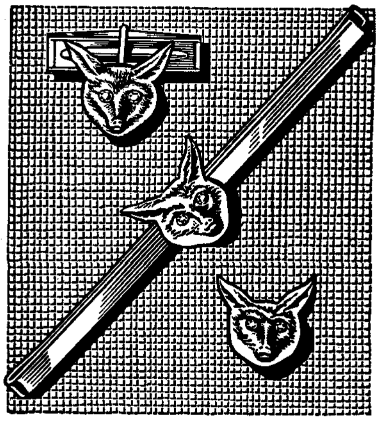
present rate of construction—thirty thousand dwelling units a year—the city is falling farther and farther behind its population's needs. Last year, Mayor Wagner, in an official report, declared that the city was short about four hundred thousand units, and the Citizens' Housing and Planning Council estimates that if the current inadequate rate of construction continues and the population is still on the increase, the city may be as much as six hundred thousand units in the hole by 1965. During and after the First World War, there was a similar period of housing shortage and rent control in the city, but the shortage ended quickly, and rent control was abolished when dwellings started going up in New York City at the rate of a hundred and seven thousand units a year, or more than three times the present rate.

There *is* a housing boom elsewhere in the country, but it has bypassed this city, partly because local building costs are so high, and partly because the government and the finance corporations encourage home ownership but are extremely cautious about backing rental housing, the kind most feasible in the city. It is office buildings that are being constructed in quantity here, not homes or apartment houses. Fourteen million square feet of office space have been added to Manhattan since the end of the war, and in the same period thousands of dwelling units have been destroyed to make way for various improvements—bridge and tunnel approaches, viaducts, slum-clearance projects, and so on. In 1953 and 1954, in fact, it was found that when the number of dwellings destroyed or converted to other uses was subtracted from the number of new ones constructed, Manhattan had ended up with a net loss for the two years of some three thousand units. Well over a hundred thousand people face the unhappy prospect of being evicted during the next three years when their apartments are torn down to make way for projects already scheduled.

"Rent control does nothing to improve this bad situation; only the construction of new housing can do that," Goldberg said. "All that rent control does is help us make the best of it—or, at any rate, protect us from suffering the worst of it. Basically, rent control keeps rents fixed at the 1943 level—the level that wartime rents were frozen at—plus certain increases, voluntary and involuntary, that have since been permitted under the law. In New York City, on the average, the rent level has been allowed to rise about



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twenty-five per cent. Landlords complain, with justification, that labor and other costs have risen far more than that. On the other hand—and this you seldom hear them mention—some of their basic costs, like mortgage payments, have not gone up at all. The landlords, naturally, don't like rent control, but even they recognize that the situation is abnormal, and while their major spokesmen here in Manhattan would very much like to have rent control liberalized, they're not asking to have it abolished."

Once you take on the job of stabilizing rents, Goldberg explained, you inevitably have to assume the burden of appraising services and privileges as well, since any increase in services should in all fairness bring the landlord higher rents, and, conversely, any diminution in them should bring the tenant a lower rent, because he is getting less for his money than was stipulated. "For instance, a woman living in one of those Park Avenue apartment houses called me up on a sweltering day last July to demand an immediate reduction in her rent because of decreased services," Goldberg said. "It seems that her doorman had shucked his gold-braided uniform jacket to cool off. Well, that decision didn't require any Solomon, but in many cases a most delicate balance is involved." It is in this general area—in the effort to maintain a fair balance—that bureaucratic difficulties multiply, as tenant and landlord, struggling for advantage, ingeniously discover one device after another for getting around the provisions of the law, while the government adds regulation after regulation to circumvent the circumventions.

IT was time for the AO hearing that Goldberg had mentioned earlier, and we walked down the hall to a sizable room, bare except for a number of folding metal chairs and a large table, where it was to be held. The hearing concerned a building in the East Sixties, near Madison, containing eighty apartments, whose rents ranged from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars a month. There were no fireworks, no stabbings, no heart attacks. The apartment-house owner did not attend but was represented by the manager of his building and by two attorneys. Only four of the eighty tenants were present to protest the rent increases, though all had been notified of the hearing, and the four who were there did not protest very hard.

Goldberg sat off to one side. The meeting was conducted by a staff mem-

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ber named Miss Esta Moseson, an earnest-looking brunette wearing a brown dress that was cinched in at the waist by a wide belt. She moved the hearing along in a businesslike way, frowning in concentration as she read aloud from vouchers and financial statements in a huge docket of papers, which she had been hugging to her as she entered the room. After she had gone over the costs and revenue figures, she itemized the rent increases that would have to be made to bring the owner's net income up to the minimal six per cent. Only one of the tenants raised a serious objection. This was a tall, suave, blond man in a blue suit, who challenged the law's definition of net income. Obviously accustomed to dealing with financial statements, he demonstrated at some length—and rather persuasively, I thought—that since few landlords pay all cash for a building, their net-income percentage should be figured not on the building's total valuation but on the actual cash that was required to buy the building. The tenant estimated that on the basis of the latter figure the owner was already enjoying a net return of something like twelve per cent on his investment, and therefore no rent increases should be allowed. Be that as it may, Miss Moseson said, the law is explicit: net return is to be computed on the basis of total valuation. The man in the blue suit nodded understandingly, apparently undismayed by his defeat.

The tenant sitting beside him, a shaggy-haired man in a light-gray suit, said he wanted to know whether rent-control auditors, in evaluating a landlord's net return, "take into account the fact that when a landlord lives in an apartment in his own building, he gets service disproportionate to what the other tenants get." Miss Moseson looked puzzled, and the tenant went on, in a dry voice, his face wearing a patient, rather put-upon expression, "I'm talking about the ten-minute wait for the elevator while the operator, standing in his car with the door open at the owner's floor, waiting for him to emerge from his apartment, ignores our rings. I'm talking about the extra cleaning his apartment gets—the special consideration he receives all around, which the tenants are, in effect, being asked to subsidize. The other day, when the gas was shut off, all the employees were running around in circles to see that *his* gas was turned back on, but nobody gave a thought to the rest of us peasants."

The trio of owner's representatives seemed astounded by this complaint. The building manager sputtered that

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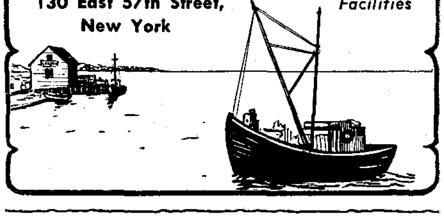

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the true situation was just the opposite—that the building's employees, all of them union members and irascible about the slightest infringement on their independence, seemed to take special pains to thwart the owner's wishes. "A couple of months ago," the manager said, "he asked one of the janitors to clean his bathroom for him ahead of the usual time, and they called a special union meeting on it. They were furious. They were going on strike. There was practically a riot."

"Oh, it's not a grievous matter," the tenant said airily, with a wave of his hand. "I was just wondering whether the rent-control office figures as a hidden cost the extra solicitude lavished on a live-in owner."

Goldberg, who had been listening to this with a broad smile, said, "No, we don't. How would we figure the cost differential, spread over eighty apartments, involved in the fact that the man at the door rushes to open it when the owner approaches but merely walks over to open it for the ordinary tenant, plus the complication that this same doorman probably also rushes to open it for *some* of the tenants—those, at any rate, who tipped him handsomely at Christmas? I fear this would get us into portions too minuscule to reckon."

Miss Moseson asked the tenants if any of them had complaints about the equipment in their apartments or the services they received. Since they were to have their rent raised, she said, it seemed only fair to straighten out at this time any grievances they might have.

When it became evident that none of the other tenants were going to speak up, the shaggy-haired man remarked, "I think it should be said that this is a good apartment building. Not idyllic in all respects, yet what squawk I have to make is not a loud one—a faint squawk, conveying that my stove is almost useless, my refrigerator archaic, and the night man a menace. But what concern is this of the government? My question is directed at the nature of rent control. Why can't the building manager and I work these things out ourselves? We're both adult."

Laughing, Goldberg said, "We would be very happy if you *would* work those problems out yourselves. Nothing is easier than to accommodate people who agree. But you did not agree. You came to us protesting the rent increase; otherwise we wouldn't be holding this hearing."

"Is the night man really that bad?" the manager asked.

"He's going to murder us all in our

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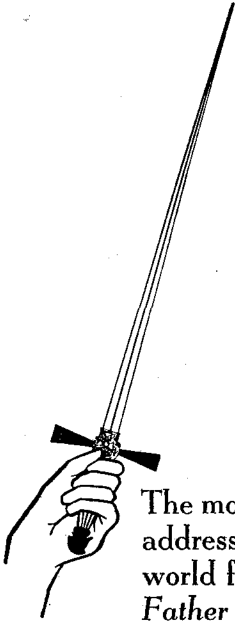

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beds," the tenant replied unhesitatingly.

The manager took an impromptu poll. None of the three other tenants seemed alarmed. "I still say he's a menace," the shaggy-haired man said, "and I repeat that my rent, my alarm about the night man, and my troubles with my utterly exasperating stove should be no concern of the State of New York."

Shortly after this, the hearing concluded and the tenants left. Miss Moseson began putting her papers back into the folder. "What did you think of the hearing?" she asked me.

I said that I had anticipated a good deal more controversy.

"Oh, this one wasn't at all typical," she said. "Sometimes on these AOs we get thirty or forty irate tenants and their attorneys *and* the landlord's attorneys and agents, all trying to talk at once."

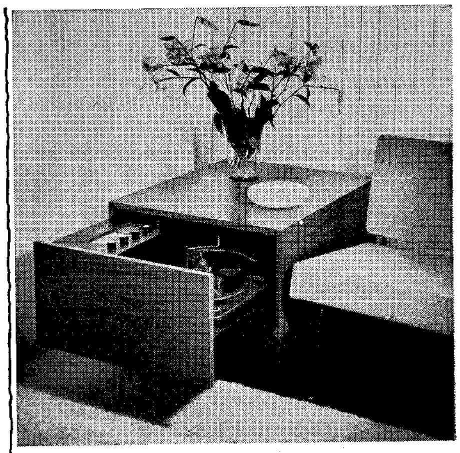
Goldberg, who had been chatting with the landlord's representatives at the door, came over to us. "Wasn't this a whimsical one!" he said.

"I was just saying it had been unusually calm," Miss Moseson told him.

"These tenants obviously have a good relationship with the management," Goldberg commented, turning to me. "There was none of that poison in the air we sometimes find at these hearings." Both Goldberg and Miss Moseson seemed gratified that the hearing had gone off smoothly, and yet, I thought, slightly apologetic toward me, like the guides on a sightseeing tour at the end of the one night in months when it's been all quiet along the Bowery.

GOLDBERG said he was due in a few minutes at a meeting in the office of Robert Weaver, the State Rent Administrator, and excused himself, telling me to feel free to look around as I pleased during his absence and to sit in on any hearings I came across. Miss Moseson left, carrying her assembled folder before her, and I wandered out to the waiting room to find out whether the women I'd seen there when I arrived had come out of their trance. The room was bedlam—crowded, noisy, and chock-full of tension. There was a queue at each of the information windows, and the bench along the wall was lined with people bending over the tables and filling out forms with angry pen strokes. I could understand now why the women in charge had been relaxing so determinedly while they had the chance.

The loudest, angriest voice was that of a large, swarthy, youngish man with a mustache, who was wearing a brash sports jacket. As I came in, he was



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standing over the receptionist's desk, all but shouting, "If my wife wasn't getting a baby, I'd risk a jail sentence for the pleasure of punching that landlord in the nose."

"Please! Please!" exhorted a bald, sharp-featured man in shirtsleeves, who had followed me in through the door.

"He says his landlord has just cut off the water in his apartment out of malice," the receptionist explained to the shirtsleeved man, apparently a rent-control official who had been hastily summoned to the scene.

"I come back from working all night—I blow in a band—and find my wife all nervous and upset on account of that landlord of ours. That makes me mad, because she's getting a baby soon and shouldn't be upset. I'm going to punch that guy in the nose yet!"

"Now, just calm down, please!" the official said.

"Well, can you do anything for me or can't you? Or am I just wasting my time here?"

"You calm down and come with me, and we'll see what can be done about getting your water turned back on for you. Really, you shouldn't be so impulsive."

"I'm not impulsive," the man replied as he and the official started out of the waiting room. "I'm impatient." Though I was not much in sympathy with the noisy man, I could not help admiring his feeling for nuance at such a moment.

"Well, there we are," a sardonic voice said. "Another tenant going to be coddled and spoon-fed—another poor landlord going to be tromped on by the state."

I looked around and saw that the speaker was a short, trim, elderly man standing behind me. "Are you a landlord?" I asked.

"A small one," he answered. "Now, that loud fellow there has probably been making so much trouble for years he's driven his poor landlord to distraction. Everything is set up in favor of the tenants," he went on bitterly. "If a tenant took an axe and started chopping up his walls, I'll bet his landlord couldn't get him evicted—unless maybe the other tenants complained of the noise."

We conversed for a few moments, he lamenting the money he was losing on his property as a consequence of the ridiculously low level of rents, and I asking why he didn't make a hardship application—"You know, one of those AOs," I said knowledgeably—so that he could be assured of at least a six-per-cent return.

"Life's too short," he said. "I've

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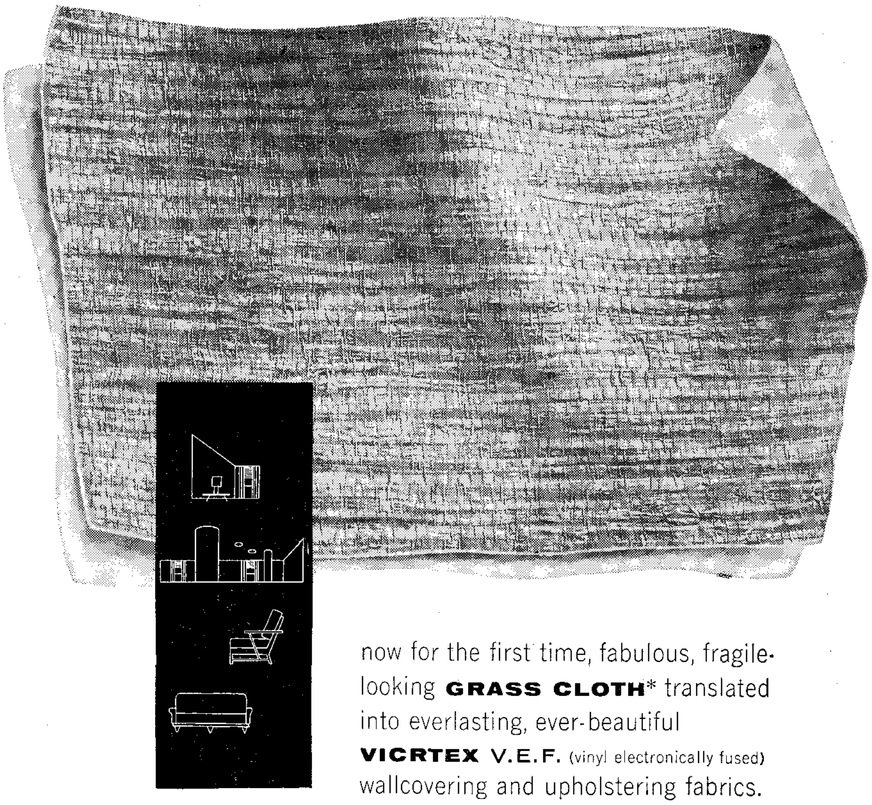

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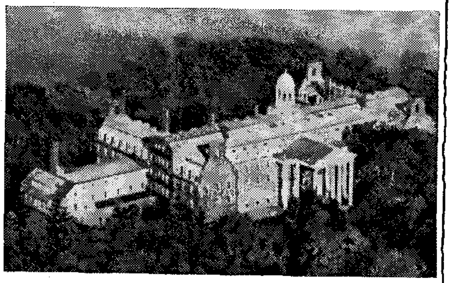
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done that once. Never again! The paperwork it takes, the time, the expense of hiring lawyers and accountants, the humiliation of coming up here and having to argue about the pettiest things, with the tenants sitting around shouting 'Liar!'—no, never again. Life's too short." Before I had a chance to ask why he was here today, then, the receptionist called his name and he hurried off down the hall, pass in hand.

I went around behind the plywood partition and listened to some of the questions being put to the clerks at the information windows. A middle-aged woman in black who said she owned a rooming house wanted to know if she could evict one of her tenants so that she could give his room to her grown son.

"That might be possible, if you can establish immediate and compelling necessity," the clerk said. "Why can't your son keep on living wherever he is at present?"

"He's in Dannemora," the woman said. "He gets out soon."

When the woman had departed with some forms she had been given to fill out, I remarked to the clerk that there should be no doubt about the "immediate and compelling necessity" of that case.

"If the woman's telling the truth," the clerk said. "These days, people will say absolutely anything if there's a room or an apartment at stake." She turned back to the window. "Next, please—may I help you?"

I WENT back to the main room—as tranquil-seeming as a wide lagoon in contrast to the frenzy I had just left. In Goldberg's office I found his deputy, Samuel Estis, and an attorney. They were deep in an involved case concerning a rooming house in the West Nineties that had once been a fashionable apartment house but had been going downhill for the past twenty years. It seemed that a couple of years back the owner of the building had made some improvements and alterations—eliminating the community kitchens, for one thing, and installing cooking facilities in each room. On the strength of these, he had applied for rent increases and been granted an increase of fifty-five cents a week per room; he had appealed to the State Commission headquarters, asking for more, and his appeal had been sustained. Then the State Commission had bucked the case back to the Lower Manhattan office for reconsideration, and this reconsideration was what was going on now. In front of Estis, who was sitting

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at Goldberg's desk, was the docket of the case—a manila folder as big as the phone book, bulging with forms, applications, vouchers, affidavits, certified true copies, transcripts, comments, rulings, and work sheets. Estis, a lean, intense man in his late thirties, was doing nearly all the talking. It was the most tedious kind of case imaginable, yet he seemed not merely concerned but positively passionate about every detail of it. The landlord's attorney was a chubby, slick-haired man with a puffy face. He sat leaning back in a chair facing Estis, the coat of his wrinkled checked suit open, a hand thrust inside his suspenders, his head on one side, from which position he managed from time to time to get a word in edgewise. Mostly, he argued his case by means of snorts, grunts, or sarcasms uttered half to himself.

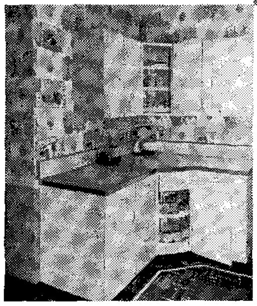
In determining how much to allow the owner for converting the building from direct to alternating current, Estis took the costs of the conversion, divided by three hundred and sixty-four (the number of weeks in a seven-year amortization period), divided the result by sixty-two (the number of rooms being rented in the building), and came up with "For that we can allow you three cents a week."

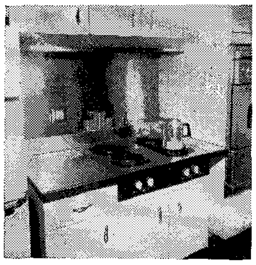
The attorney snorted, and then muttered, "I'm going to get a big fee out of this."

"All right, all right, that's just *one* item," Estis said sharply. "Now let's take up sinks. Sinks—we're not going to allow you anything on sinks."

The attorney groaned.

Reproachfully, Estis said, "The sinks in this case are like marijuana. Once the owner decided to tear out the community kitchens, he got in so far that he had to keep going, like someone on a jag. Sinks don't represent an increase in service to the tenants, because the tenants already had washbasins in their rooms. Nothing for sinks. But the gas burners and second-hand refrigerators—they're something else again. Though how much additional rent they're worth depends, of course, on how much you figure it's worth to a man to be able to boil an egg without having to wait in line behind six or seven other people. So let's take up gas burners and refrigerators together. But mind you"—he shook his finger at the attorney, who merely blinked—"mind you, it must not be forgotten that as long as they had community kitchens, the tenants could always cook. Thus, we are not seeking to set a value on the factor of a new opportunity to cook but, rather, on the factor of a new opportu-





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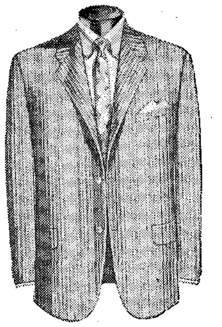

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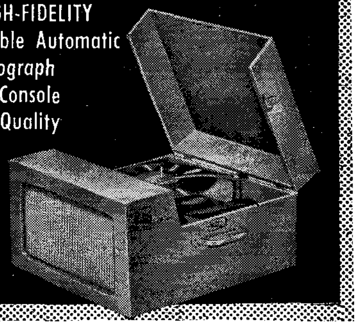

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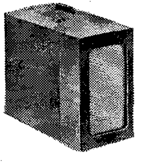

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nity for privacy and celerity while cooking."

I hadn't the slightest idea how to go about translating privacy and celerity while cooking into dollars and cents, but the state, in the person of Mr. Estis, showed no such uncertainty. Without hesitation, he plunged into the most intricate and extended calculations, occasionally riffling through the docket to refer to some voucher or affidavit, and now and then quoting pertinent sections of the regulations from memory. The quarter hour devoted to this was as baffling an interlude as I have experienced in a long time. My consolation was that the attorney, slumping ever deeper in his chair, looked equally lost. Emerging at length into the open with an answer (seventy cents a week), Estis said, in a modest tone that the look of triumphant excitement on his face rather belied, "This case is not so difficult."

"No, there's nothing to it. That's why it's only taken fourteen months so far," the attorney said dryly.

Estis ignored this remark. "You've got to have a feel for this sort of thing," he said. He seemed momentarily suffused with a kind of exaltation, like a skier who has just completed a daring run.

When the session broke up, a little after noon, it had been decided, subject to Mr. Goldberg's approval, that a total increase of a dollar and nine cents a week per room would be permitted—fifty-four cents more than had been granted when the owner first applied. As the attorney was putting his papers in his briefcase, he said in an offhand way, "You'll make that increase retroactive, won't you?"

"No," said Estis flatly.

The attorney shrugged and stood up to go. Somewhat puzzled, I asked what the point of this request might be.

"His fee is the point," Estis said emphatically.

The attorney laughed.

"We can't make increases retroactive in a case of this sort, and he knows it full well," Estis went on, the attorney listening and from time to time nodding blandly. "Most of the people in rooming houses are transient. Each of the rooms in this case has seen maybe half a dozen tenants come and go in the last year. Is the landlord going to try to track these people down to collect a few dollars in back rent from them? Of course not. Then why does he want us to make the increase retroactive? I'll make a guess—to legalize an illegal situation. I'll bet you ten to one he's been overcharging his tenants all along; now he's trying to protect himself in

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case one of them starts looking into it. Protection like that might rate quite a nice fee."

The attorney laughed again.

"Listen, I'm suspicious about these rooming houses," Estis continued vehemently. "That's where the biggest abuses of the rent-control law take place. That's where you find some of the worst living conditions imaginable—whole families crowded into one room, paying sometimes as much as half their income in rent. God knows how many people are living in the eighty thousand rooming-house dwelling units registered in our district! They're strangers here, many of them—Puerto Ricans and other minorities—friendless, ignorant of their rights, unable to speak the language, maybe. They're the ones that are getting gouged and exploited. Really, we have to watch these rooming-house operators like hawks."

"He's right," the attorney said to me agreeably. "He's right. They're a grasping bunch. My client happens to be different." Before we even had time to smile, he asked "What's so funny about that remark?" and bounced jauntily out the door.

Estis didn't smile. He was standing in the middle of the office, still brooding about rooming houses. "The problem is that many of the owners and operators are transient, too; they buy or lease a building not as a long-term investment but as an opportunity to take advantage of the desperate housing situation and make a quick killing. So they don't have the sense of responsibility the average apartment-house owner has." He gathered up his papers and went out.

SHORTLY afterward, Goldberg returned from his meeting, and suggested lunch. As we walked down the hall, he remarked on the agency's obvious need for a new coat of paint on walls and ceiling. "I've talked to the owner of the building many times about a paint job, but it doesn't help," Goldberg said. "Office buildings don't come under the provisions of residential rent control, so we haven't the power to order him to paint. He's willing to give us a paint job if we sign a three-year lease, but we're a temporary agency, with an official life span of only two years, which the legislature keeps renewing. How can we sign a three-year lease for a two-year agency? A quandary."

It was a misty day outside; the damp air felt good. Foley Square was full of people from the courts on their way to lunch, many greeting each other with the familiarity of cronies. On our right,

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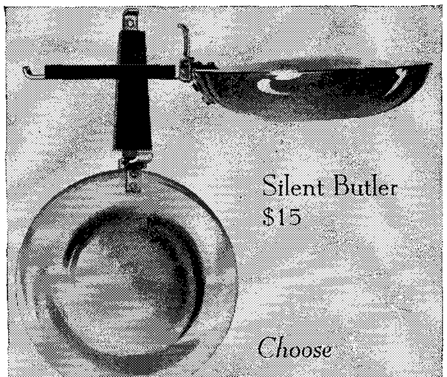

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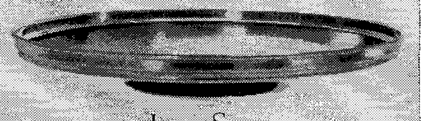

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as we walked, was the New York County Court House, with the inscription written large across its face: "THE TRUE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IS THE FIRMEST PILLAR OF GOOD GOVERNMENT." Glancing up at it, Goldberg said, "Someday I'd like to write a book about the kind of justice that my work is concerned with—administrative justice. That's the kind of justice involved in the decisions made by government officials in all their various departments—Income Tax, Immigration, Rent Control, and so on. The quality of administrative justice dispensed affects people's daily lives to a far greater extent than court justice, which most people come into contact with only under exceptional circumstances." As we continued across the damp cobblestones, the towering names inscribed on the Health Department building ahead became clear through the mist: "MOSES JENNER RAMAZZINI HIPPOCRATES PARACELSUS LIND."

A man whose path crossed ours greeted Goldberg warmly and stopped to shake his hand. "How's it going?" Goldberg asked.

"It's over now, thank God!" the man replied fervently. "I hope I never have another."

We went on our way, and Goldberg told me the man was a judge, appointed to the bench not long ago, who had just been presiding over his first murder case.

We lunched at one of the Chinese restaurants on Mott Street, whose name hung above the sidewalk in neon-tube calligraphy. During the meal, I was able to elicit from Goldberg a brief account of his career, which, he said, had fallen into three phases after his graduation from Cornell, in 1919: the first six years teaching physics and chemistry in the city high schools and taking law courses at N.Y.U. at night, the next fifteen years practicing law, and the last thirteen years as a government official. He started his government phase in 1943, with the Office of Price Administration. In 1947, he became executive director of New York's Temporary City Housing Rent Commission, and then, in 1950, when the state took over rent control, he was appointed to his present position. "Temporary agencies seem to have become my permanent career now," he said. He takes pride in his reputation as a non-political public official and in the measures he has instigated to insure that rent control will operate impartially in his district. "Every once in a while," he said, "some politician or other calls me to ask a

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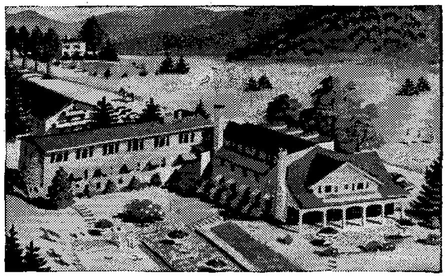

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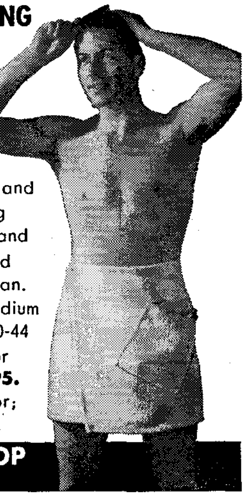

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favor—he's got a friend with a rent-control case pending and would I oblige him by giving the friend a little special consideration, expediting the case, moving it up ahead of the others? I tell him that if it's a genuine emergency, like a family finding themselves summarily locked out of their apartment by the landlord, certainly we'll give the matter immediate priority; otherwise, no. This seems to surprise the politician, because he was asking, as they say, only a harmless little favor. But to my mind there's no such thing as a harmless little favor in a government office, just as there's no such thing as a harmless little bribe. The effect is inevitably harmful. Standards grow lax, values blur, morale deteriorates, temptations arise to perform ever more substantial favors, the public becomes uneasy and suspicious. If this rent-control law is going to work at all, it simply has to be administered with absolute impartiality down to the most minute detail."

Of himself as an individual, rather than as a public servant, Goldberg spoke little. He is married, with no children, and during the past fifteen years, except for a year and a half in Washington during the war, he and his wife have lived in an apartment on West Ninety-third Street. The apartment comes under rent control, the rent is in consequence "quite reasonable," and Goldberg remains thankful that he hung on to his New York apartment when he went to Washington to work for the O.P.A.

As we were walking back across the square, I got around to mentioning, as one does, that I was going to be hunting for an apartment myself when my present sublease expired, and asked him whether he knew of anything or, as a housing expert, had any suggestions for me. He shook his head and said, laughing, "I know quite a few housing experts who are looking right now for a place to live, and they're just as baffled as anybody else about how to find one."

IT was about half past one when we returned to the agency. Goldberg went ahead to his office while I stopped off in the waiting room to see how things were going there. The room was still crowded, and tense, but, as one who has done his share of time in the purgatory of anterooms, I was somewhat gratified to note that at any rate there had been a turnover. This wasn't the same crowd as before.

The main room had the now familiar peaceful effect on me as I entered it, but I was aware by this time that the effect was more a triumph of order and

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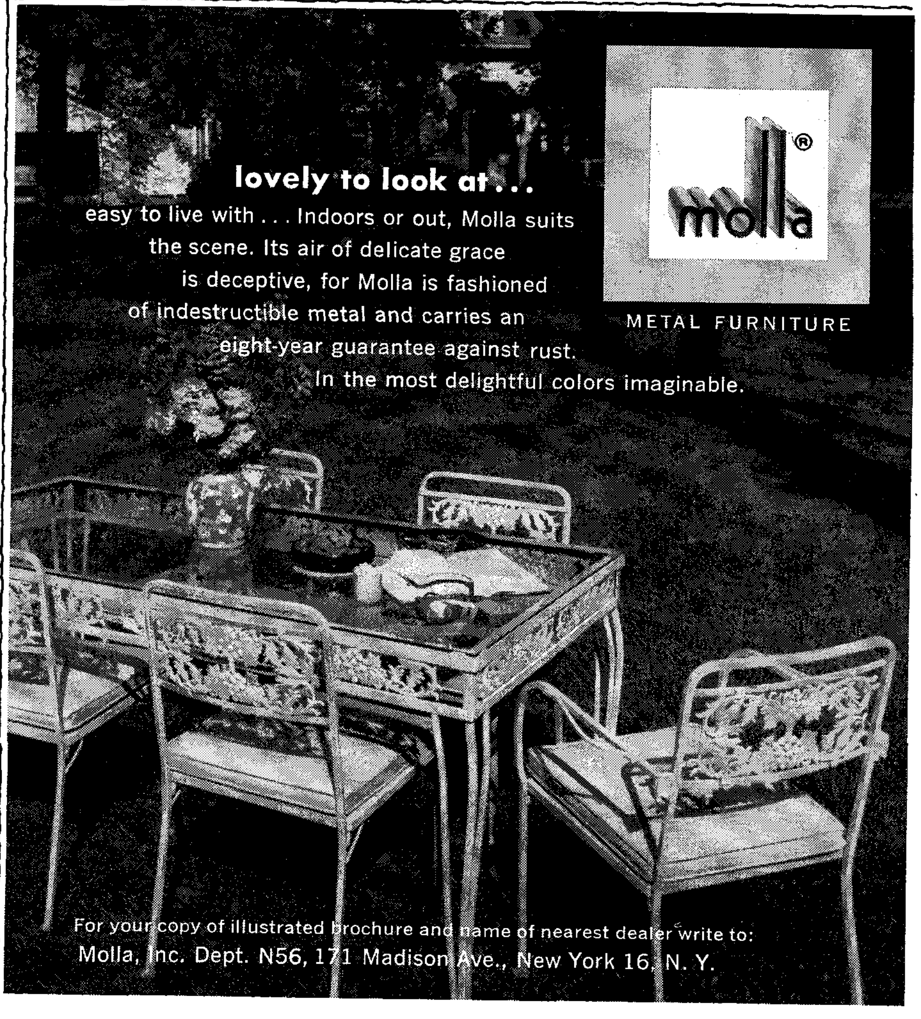
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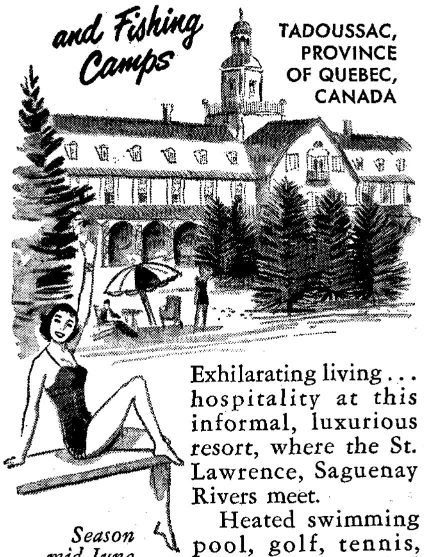

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organization, plus the happy circumstance of spaciousness and good light, than a manifestation of widespread well-being. There were undoubtedly plenty of troubles in this pleasant room at that very moment, among the knots of people I could see gathered here and there beside a desk.

Goldberg's secretary met me outside his office and told me there was a conference in progress in one of the hearing rooms that Mr. Goldberg thought might interest me. When I went in there, I found Goldberg sitting at a long table and thoughtfully studying a portfolio of sketches. On his left, also contemplating the portfolio, sat an equally thoughtful-looking Negro with a trim mustache. Across the table there sat a handsome young man with blue eyes and curly brown hair. I took an empty chair at Goldberg's right. "That design won a prize for me in Paris last year," said the handsome young man. "It was used as a poster."

"Mm-hmm," said Goldberg, and turned to the next sketch.

The young artist watched anxiously as the two men, their faces carefully expressionless—the way members of art juries always look—continued to leaf through the portfolio. Also across the table was a thin, bald man with austere features, who sat, a briefcase before him, his pale lips compressed, staring at the wall over Goldberg's head. His expression was that of a man who, finding himself in a ridiculous situation, feels that the only way to preserve his dignity is to pretend he's far away. I myself thought the whole scene very odd. The next design Goldberg turned to was a sunny yellow wash with "A Passage to India" lettered across it. The artist began talking eagerly about his prospects. Harcourt, Brace had promised to let him do a book jacket, he said, or at least had given him what amounted to a promise, and Harper's was being extremely favorable, and once he had the Harcourt, Brace jacket, Doubleday was almost sure to assign him something—"and then I'll be well launched." The purpose of this recital, and its connection with rent control or with administrative justice, escaped me.

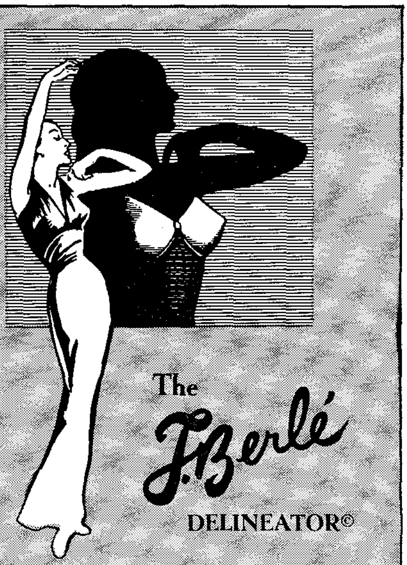
Holding a corner of the painting between thumb and forefinger, Goldberg said to the austere-looking man, "How much rent is the owner asking?"

"Sixty-five."

To the artist, Goldberg said, "You're willing to pay that?"

"Oh, yes," the artist replied.

"What's the registered rent on this apartment?" Goldberg asked the aus-



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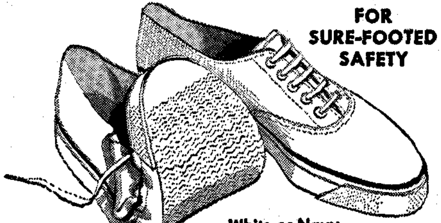

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tere man, who seemed to be an agent for the landlord in the case.

"I don't have the figures with me. Around fifty, if I'm not mistaken."

"Mm-hmm." Goldberg turned over "A Passage to India" and picked up a design in gloomy blues and grays, at the top of which was printed "The Castle," with "By Franz Kafka" down below. "Fifty, you said?" he asked as he studied it.

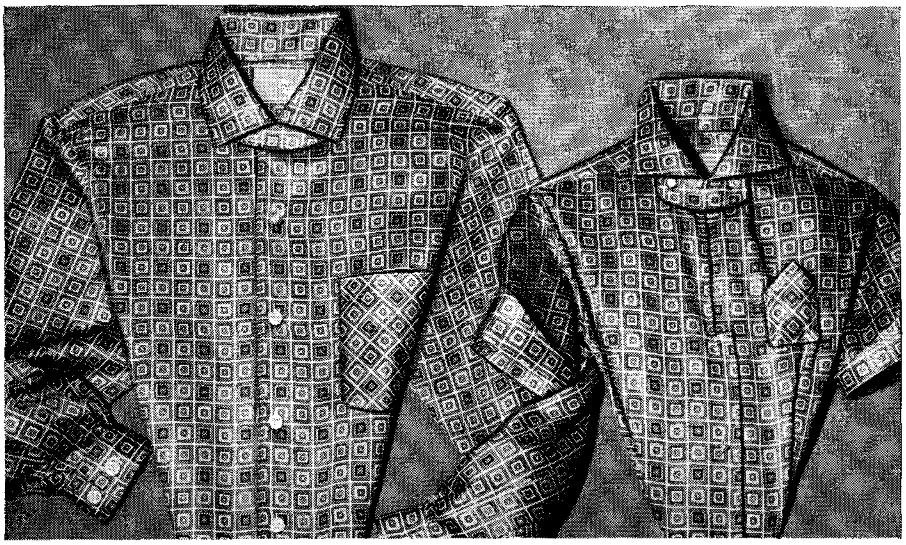
"If I'm not mistaken," the agent said.

Goldberg rose. "Well, we might as well get the M.L.R. No use conjecturing," he said to the agent. To the Negro he said, "Just carry on, Mr. Brooker; I'll be right back," and then he left the room.

I followed hastily. "I'm lost," I confessed when I caught up with him in the hall. "May I ask what's going on? Why the portfolio? And what, by the way, is an M.L.R.?"

"We're considering an application for a combined professional and residential lease—an apartment to be used for business purposes as well as for living," Goldberg said. "That's the big thing these days among landlords who want to get out from under the restrictions of rent control. Mr. Brooker, who is one of our acting examiners, handles case after case like that all day long. Before we approve this kind of lease, we require proof that the prospective tenant is a legitimate professional; that is, that he actually earns a substantial part of his living by work he does at home. That's why we asked the young man to bring in samples of his work. He's a commercial artist—or, more correctly, he aspires to be one. He had a Fulbright to study in Paris last year, after graduating from Cooper Union, but he's just starting out on his career and, so far, has earned only two hundred dollars by his work, so he doesn't quite come under our definition of a professional. It's a borderline case."

As we walked down the long hall, Goldberg told me that until last year no hearings had been required on these applications. An affidavit from landlord and tenant that the residence was to be used for professional purposes was considered sufficient; it would then be decontrolled, which meant that the landlord was thereafter free to charge whatever rent he could obtain, the average increases running to perhaps fifty per cent, with some going over a hundred per cent. Something of a scandal developed. "A lot of landlords didn't bother to get legitimate professionals. People were desperate for a place to live—what do I mean, *were*?—so they



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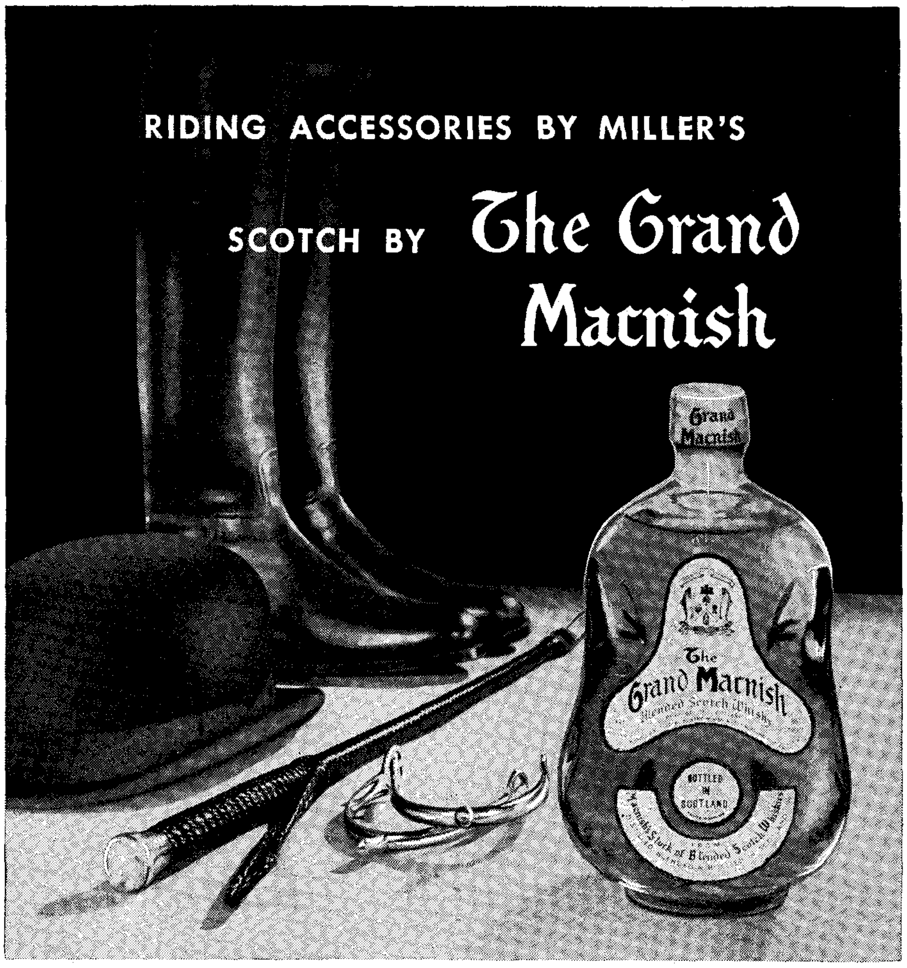

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signed whatever was pushed in front of them. One housewife signed an affidavit that she was going to run a ceramics-manufacturing business in her apartment; she didn't know a kiln from a cogwheel. A rabbi signed that he was going to use his apartment, a fourth-floor-rear walkup, as a printing plant. These were sworn affidavits." Goldberg shook his head sorrowfully. "It always amazes me, the lies people will swear to." Because these practices seemed to be making a mockery out of rent control, he went on, the agency last year amended the regulations to require a hearing on each case. About three hundred apartments are decontrolled yearly in Manhattan after such hearings; they are rented, for the most part, by physicians, psychiatrists, architects, artists, and accountants. Not all people who practice their professions in their apartments are considered eligible by the state; prostitutes are not, nor are writers.

We had entered a large, high-ceilinged room without windows, which contained row after row of filing cabinets. As we walked between the rows, Goldberg scanned the cabinets until he found one he was looking for. "Now, here's the M.L.R. on the apartment the young artist wants to rent," he said, opening a drawer and removing a card. "You asked a while back what an M.L.R. is—it stands for 'maximum legal rent.' There are about four hundred and fifty thousand cards in these files, showing the M.L.R. for every dwelling unit in the district that's under rent control." He glanced at the card and then said, "Look, our records show that the maximum legal rent for this apartment is forty-three dollars and sixty-five cents—not fifty dollars, as the agent suggested." I examined the card. It told me that the apartment in question was a fifth-floor walkup, two and a half rooms, unfurnished, at an address on West Fourth Street; that its rent in 1943, when rents were frozen, had been thirty-three dollars; that this had gone up to thirty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents in 1953, when the agency put into effect a general fifteen-per-cent increase for all rent-controlled accommodations in the state; and that it had gone up to its present figure in 1954, when the tenant then in possession voluntarily agreed to another fifteen-per-cent increase.

We returned to the conference room, Goldberg carrying the West Fourth Street M.L.R. card. Before he had a chance to say a word, the agent said, "When I said fifty for the M.L.R., I meant, of course, including the fifteen-

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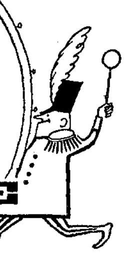

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per-cent voluntary increase we would be entitled to now."

Goldberg accepted the agent's statement without comment, conferred briefly with Brooker, and then announced, "I don't think we would be warranted in completely decontrolling this apartment under these circumstances, or in allowing an increase to sixty-five dollars—almost a fifty-per-cent increase. I suggest a compromise arrangement. We'll allow an increase to fifty-five dollars. That's"—he made quick calculations on a scratch-pad—"twenty-six per cent plus. A two-year lease at that rent should give the gentleman a chance to establish himself in his field. Meanwhile, we'll continue to keep the apartment under the protection of rent control."

I waited for the agent to utter some protest, but he made no response at all. His face had assumed its faraway expression again. For a moment, nobody said anything. Then the artist pleaded, "Can't you see any way to grant the full rent increase he's asking? It's really a splendid apartment for my purposes—just what I need. It has a large living room, plenty of work space, and good light, and it's in an excellent location. It's well worth the money he's asking."

Goldberg turned to the agent. "Will the fifty-five compromise be acceptable to you?"

"I can't say. I'll have to consult the owner."

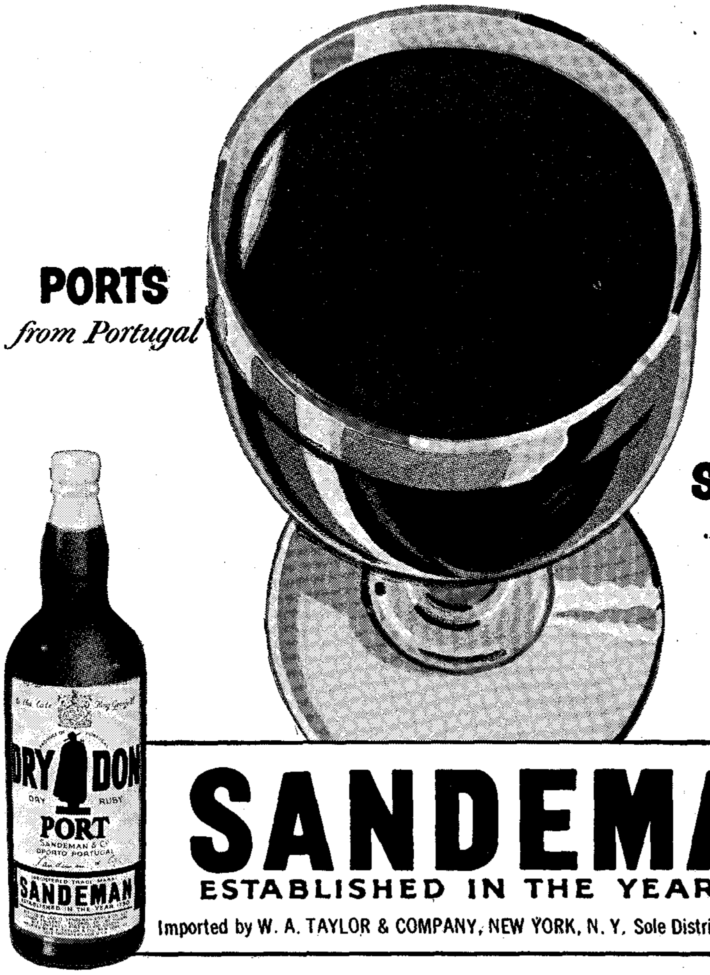
"See what you can do," Goldberg said. "Tell him this young man needs a place where he can get started on his promising career."

"I'm *never* going to get started if I don't find a place soon," the artist said ruefully. "I've been hunting high and low for six months, ever since I got back from Europe. This is the second time I've been in this office. I had an apartment all lined up a couple of months ago, but you people turned that agent down, too, and, of course, he went and rented the place to some accountant for the amount he wanted to get for it."

"I'm very sorry," Goldberg told him, "but we wouldn't be warranted in stretching the regulations any further." To the agent he said, "See if you can persuade the owner, won't you?"

"I can't make any promises," the agent said as he picked up his briefcase and left the room. The artist followed, his portfolio under his arm.

Sympathizing with the young man's predicament, I said after they were gone that I could not help wondering, like the shaggy-haired tenant at the morning AO hearing, what right the



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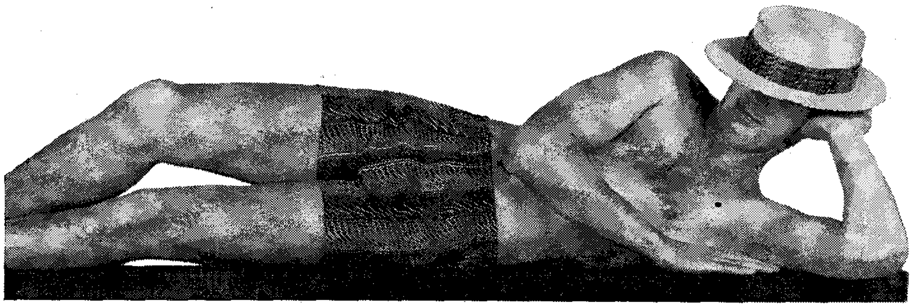

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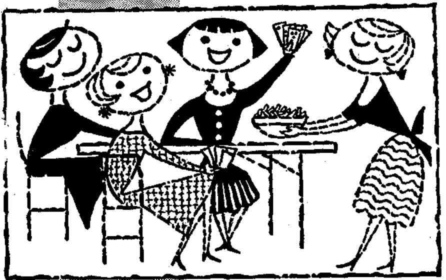

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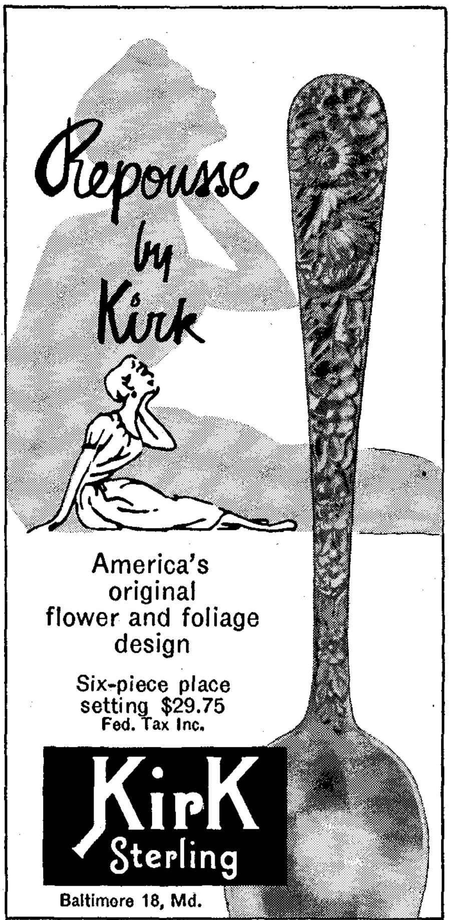
government had to prohibit an arrangement that was agreeable to both the parties involved. Goldberg replied, "In the days of meat rationing, there were people who were willing to pay two dollars for a seventy-cent steak. They and their butchers were perfectly willing to come to a private agreement, yet society disapproved. What is black-marketing, after all? Merely exercising the right to enter into a private contract at a time of crisis, when society has decided that this right must be temporarily suspended. That's the situation in New York now, with housing in critically short supply. The right to make a private contract has to yield to the larger public interest."

Brooker and Goldberg left to go back to their offices, another group of people came into the conference room and settled down around the table, and presently the next hearing began—a case that concerned a nineteen-room apartment on Fifth Avenue, renting for $892.23 a month and occupied by a childless couple. Or maybe it was only eighteen rooms. Neither the landlord—in this case, a landlady—nor the tenants were present in person, and the attorneys representing them seemed unable to agree on the exact size of the apartment. They itemized a living room, a dining room, a library, a music room, a loggia, a bar, seven bedrooms, and five servants' rooms, which made eighteen—not counting the kitchen and a half-dozen or so bathrooms—but the vaguely troubling feeling persisted that there was probably another room tucked away somewhere. Also, the tenants perhaps had a nephew living with them. This, too, seemed hard for the attorneys to pin down, and I wasn't disposed to blame them, never having myself been required to pin down a nephew in a nineteen-room (or even eighteen-room) apartment. The landlady wanted the rent-control office to permit her to evict the tenants, whose lease had expired, so that she could divide up the space into two apartments, which would bring in a total monthly rent of fifteen hundred dollars. In contesting her request, the tenant, an investment banker, submitted an affidavit saying that moving would work a great hardship on him, particularly since he had installed over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of improvements and adornments in the apartment—including murals, Georgian panelling, tapestries, crystal chandeliers and other elaborate lighting fixtures, and marble-faced fireplaces—many of which he would be unable to take with him; in fact, he



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would not have the legal right to remove them, if he was forced to leave the apartment. Chiefly, he wanted the authorities to know that the landlady was not acting in good faith but was prompted by base and vengeful motives—was seeking to punish him because, on the recent expiration of his lease, he had refused to agree to a voluntary fifteen-per-cent increase, which would have brought his rent up to about a thousand a month. His affidavit said, "The history of my occupancy of these housing accommodations is one fraught with wrangling with and threats by the Landlady, who has been ever insistent upon obtaining further rent increases. My family and I have been subjected by her to a barrage of vituperation and abuse. I have granted three rent increases, but these increases have not sated her. At present my rent is more than 163 per cent of the rent paid by me when I first occupied these accommodations, and yet peace and quiet have not displaced the harassment caused my family and me by the Landlady."

Without much hesitation, the rent-control examiner hearing the case—a large, amiable-looking, but firm man named Leo Fine—ruled in the landlady's favor. Regardless of the threats a landlord—or a landlady—may have made or the base motives he may harbor, he is entitled to subdivide an apartment that is considered "underoccupied." If it's an apartment in the high-rent bracket—that is, over two hundred dollars a month—the tenant may be evicted; if it's a less costly apartment, the regulations say that the landlord must offer the tenant one of the new accommodations, or relocate him in suitable quarters. The purpose of all this is to encourage landlords to create additional housing and, simultaneously, to protect tenants who need protection; as a further incentive to the landlords, the additional units thus created are not rent-controlled. The agency's definition of "underoccupancy" is too involved to quote here in full, but it can be said that a seven-room apartment (not counting bathrooms or kitchen) is considered underoccupied if only two people are living in it, as is an eight-room apartment with only three people living in it, and so on. In any event, by this definition there could be no doubt about the underoccupied status of this nineteen-room (or eighteen-room) Fifth Avenue apartment, with or without nephew.

After the attorneys had departed, Fine and I walked out to his desk in the main room, where Goldberg joined us and was briefed on the outcome of the

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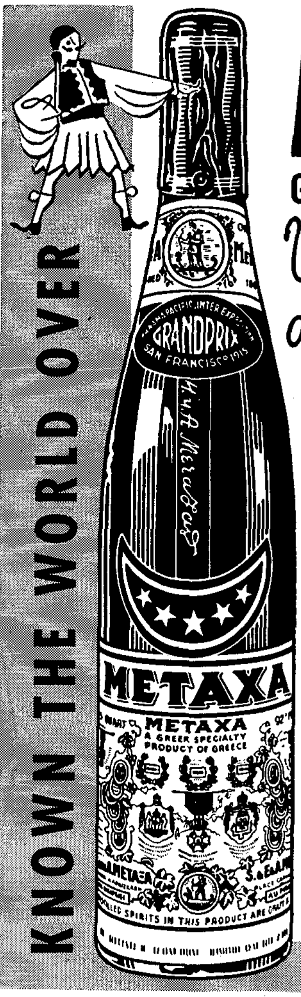

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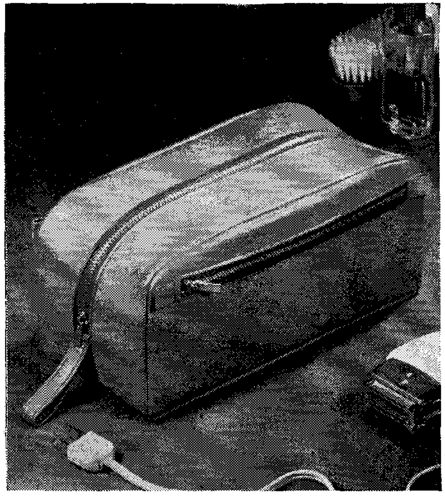

case. "There used to be lots of those big apartments along Fifth and Park Avenues, but there aren't many left," Goldberg said. "They're being divided up, one after another—four three-room apartments being made out of a twelve-room place, with each of the little ones renting for as much as the big one did. It's not being done merely to escape rent control; people can't hire the servants to keep up those big places any more."

The bald, sharp-featured official I had seen in action during the morning crisis with the noisy musician was walking down the aisle. He stopped briefly to report to Goldberg. "I finally reached that musician's landlord and told him we were going to have to cut his rent right down to a dollar a month if he didn't restore the water service immediately, and he's turned it back on. The tenant just phoned. He feels very grateful."

"Good!" Goldberg said. "How does the landlord feel?"

"Not so grateful," the other man replied, and walked on down the aisle.

BACK in the conference room, I sat in on the last hearing I was to attend that day. This, too, was an eviction case, but it differed in just about every other respect from its predecessor. There were no intermediaries; the people involved in the trouble were present in person. They were two Italian families—one the landlady's, the other the tenant's—who had lived side by side for the past fourteen years in a small, decrepit building near Canal Street. The tenants paid the landlady twenty-eight dollars a month for their unheated apartment. The landlady, a plump woman of about fifty-five, had brought her married daughter—a handsome young woman—along, and she, in turn, had brought her son, a boy of about five, wearing a bright-blue sweater. The tenants, a man and his wife, who sat across the table from the landlady's group, were both middle-aged and haggard, the man bald, with heavy dark jowls and sad eyes, his wife looking worn to the bone. Everybody except the little boy was drably dressed.

The hearing examiner was Miss Moseson, whom I had not seen since the whimsical AO hearing. "Now, this is your application," Miss Moseson began, turning to the landlady. "You wish these tenants evicted so you can have their apartment—is that correct?"

The landlady drew back in distress at this flat statement.

"Nobody's to blame," her daugh-

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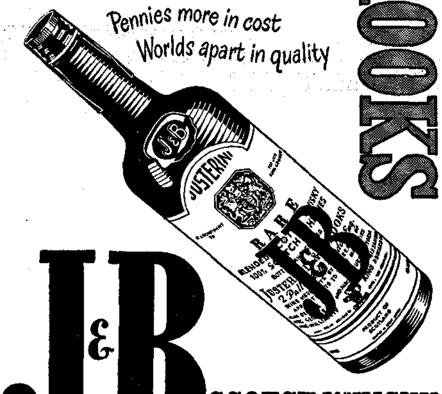

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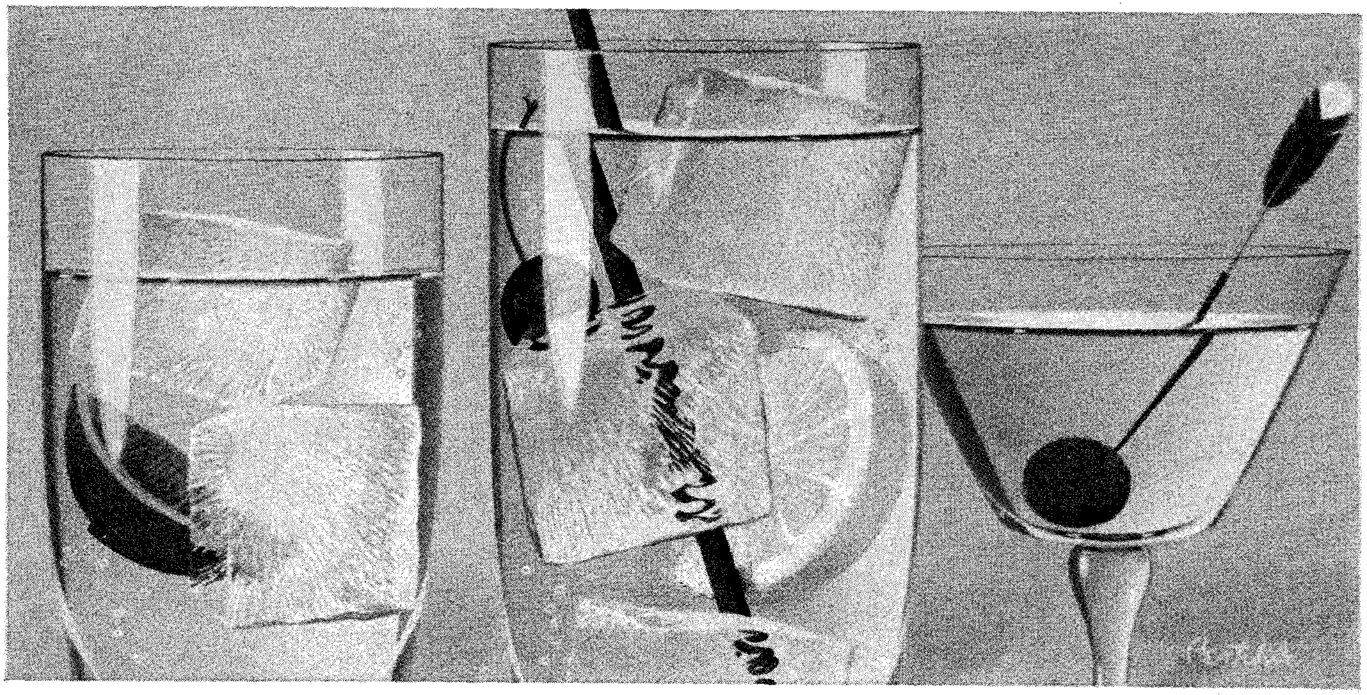

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ter interposed. "It's the circumstances."

"Yes, the living conditions," the landlady said.

"What living conditions?" Miss Moseson asked.

"Ours," the landlady said. "Five people in a small three-room apartment—my husband and me and three children. My two boys—one is nineteen and the other is twenty-eight—they sleep in the living room. My husband and me have the bedroom. My daughter—not this one—is twenty-one. She sleeps in the kitchen. She's making my life miserable. She doesn't want to sleep in the kitchen any more."

The tenant's wife leaned over and murmured to Miss Moseson, who turned to the landlady and said, "Is it true that you used to have two more children in the apartment with you?"

The landlady and her daughter looked reproachfully at the tenant's wife, who dropped her eyes, as if confused or ashamed. "Yes, there were five children," the landlady said.

"*Seven* people in a three-room apartment?" Miss Moseson asked, frowning.

"That's right. My girl here got married six years ago and moved out, and one of my sons got married three years ago."

"Well, from what you say, you've been overcrowded for years," Miss Moseson observed. "Actually, with two children gone, you're better off now than you've ever been before. Why should it suddenly become a hardship?"

The landlady spread her hands. "For years, it didn't matter, because the children were young and couldn't resent it," she said. "But there comes a time when the children decide they resent it. Then it becomes a hardship."

"I see," Miss Moseson said.

Bored with behaving himself, the little boy began to rattle a glass ashtray on the table. "Sh-h-h!" his mother said, pushing the ashtray away from him. Hastily she fumbled in her purse and thrust distractions at the boy—a pencil and a piece of paper, a comb, a compact. On second thought, she decided to take back the compact. Neither the tenant nor his wife had looked up at the interruption, nor had the landlady. They all seemed too absorbed in their troubles to be disturbed by anything outside them.

Turning to the tenants, Miss Moseson asked, "Are you on friendly terms with the landlady and her husband?"

"Pardon?" the husband said, uncertainly.

"Are you on good terms with them?"

"Well, we say hello in the halls. We

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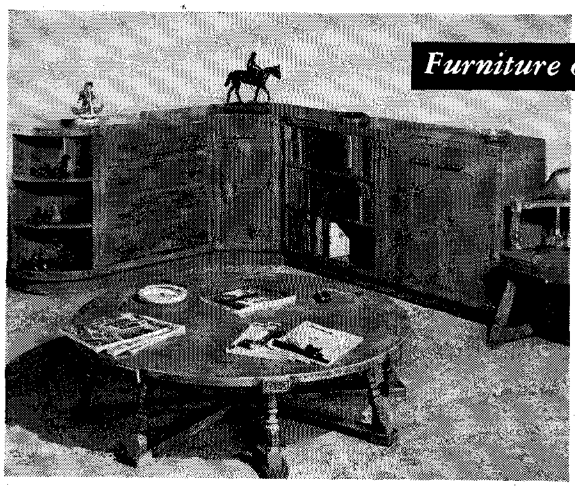

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mind our own business," the husband said. He had a deep, gravelly voice.

"I ask this question because sometimes landlords seek to evict tenants from motives of malice or spite. We don't allow that."

The husband shook his head sadly. "No—no malice. I don't think so."

The landlady said, "I've been begging them for five years, 'Please move! We need the apartment. We need some space to live.' "

"I won't deny that," the tenant said, for the first time seeming excited. "But do you see signs in the street saying 'Apartment for Rent'?"

"We've been looking all the time," his wife said. "I caught a cold last week walking the streets in the rain, trying to find a place. We do understand the situation, but we can't find anything we can afford. My husband's a sick man. He's in and out of the hospital with ulcers. And I'm living on hormones and injections."

"I'm sicker than the two of you put together!" the landlady's daughter suddenly burst out—a surprising assertion, for she didn't look sick.

"Please!" Miss Moseson said sharply. "No remarks!"

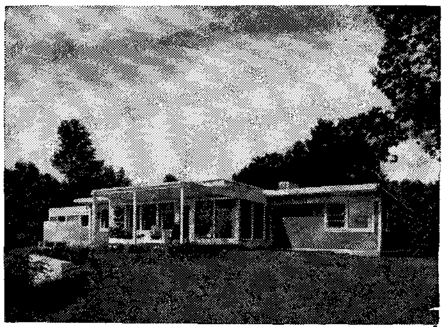
There was silence. Everybody seemed abashed. It occurred to me, as I looked from one side of the table to the other, that they might all have been members of the same family, for on their faces was a common look of suffering and, perhaps, shame that they should be publicly at odds. Finally, the man said in a subdued voice to Miss Moseson, "We do want to move."

Miss Moseson said that she would adjourn the case for two weeks to give them a chance to look further for a place, and that the landlady's family could show their good faith in this matter by also trying to find a place where their tenants could relocate.

The people began filing out, avoiding each other's eyes. The tenant and his wife left first. "We'll do anything you say, Miss," he said as they went out, staring helplessly at Miss Moseson. The landlady looked as if she would like to feel righteous and angry at someone but didn't know how. The young mother maneuvered around the little boy, impelling him toward the door by the pressure of her alert presence, as a sheepdog herds a stray. The landlady followed.

Miss Moseson brushed a lock of hair from her forehead as she gazed after them, obviously still preoccupied with the case. "Sad," she sighed. "It's going to be hard on those people to have to move."

"You're definitely going to recom-



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mend in favor of the landlady?" I asked.

"What else can I do?" she said. She looked tired. "Well, who knows? They may go right out and find a place this evening," she added, without conviction.

IT was getting close to five and the end of the day. I went out to the waiting room for a last look. No one was there. It was silent as the grave. I came back into the main room, where, I saw, there were no more visitors, no more hearings or conferences being held; the employees were making final notes on work sheets or filing papers away. Outside the windows, the sky, gray and misty, had taken on a faint shade of rose. The telephones were still going in the information section, and I went over and listened for a moment or so. Then, all at once, the phones were silent. Around me, people stood up and began saying goodbye. Through a window I could see the street filling up as the city's populace started crowding toward the crowded subways and buses that would take them under or through the crowded city to their crowded homes. Over their heads, flocks of starlings circled restlessly, swooping from the square into the narrow space between the rent-control building and the Hall of Records, flying past the windows and then out into the square again, twittering all the while—eviction cases, homeless since remodelling began on the City Hall, nearby.

—BERNARD TAPER

•

THE FISHER

At half past four, mornings in June,
He met the sliding, whispery sound
Of Four Mile Brook, and liked the tune,
And liked the log road, morning-hushed;
His bare feet liked the dew-soaked ground.

At half past ten, he was headed for home,
Having tried his last last-hole for luck;
The heat and noise of the day had come,
But his bones were cool with the brookside shade,
And his ears kept the whirlpool's silvery suck.

—LYLE GLAZIER

•

The newest schoolboy footracing sensation—there's one every week-end lately—is Joe Carney, the Brooklyn Prep speedboy who zipped 100 yards in 2:16.2 on Saturday.—*The Post.*

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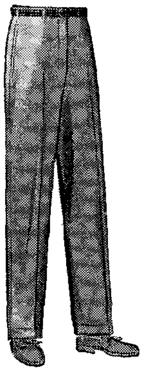

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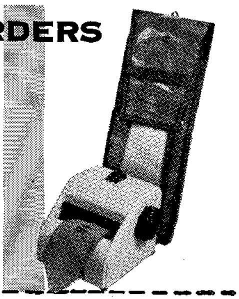

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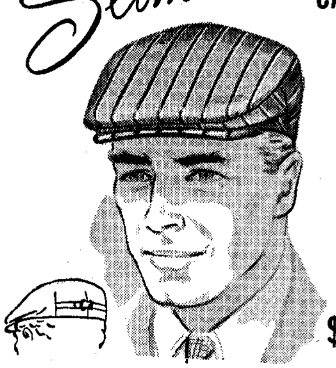
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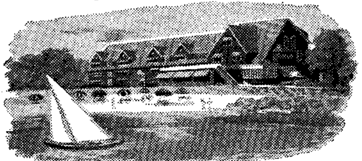
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BEFORE "Bhowani Junction" has progressed very far, Ava Gardner, playing an Anglo-Indian girl who lives in British India and is emotionally unstrung because she doesn't know whether to favor her Anglo or her Indian side, declares passionately to her sweetheart, another Anglo-Indian, that he kowtows to the British far too much. "I'm askin' ya ta think, man," she says. "Use yer head 'n' think." Later, Miss Gardner recovers her phonetic balance somewhat and speaks of "ruddy" this and "ruddy" that, more or less in Empire style, but by then the damage has been done and it's impossible to believe that her connection with India and its problems has actually been bred in the bone. In fact, it's impossible to believe that anybody in the film is really representative of the different factions that were pulling and tugging at the body politic of India before the British vacated the country. In addition to the superficiality of the people involved, "Bhowani Junction" is handicapped by the fact that George Cukor, who directed it, has made it such a nervously busy enterprise that it's hard to tell precisely what the various mobs who keep swarming about have in mind. The thesis of the picture is valid enough: it's tough to be a part of two cultures, neither of which will accept you. But in pursuing this notion, the piece goes off in so many directions, and with such an enormous racket, that one longs for a quiet room and a copy of "Kim."

As the heroine of "Bhowani Junction," Miss Gardner is supposed to combine the bloodlines of a Welsh engineer and a Hindu lady, and when we meet her, she is home on leave in Bhowani following a four-year spell in New Delhi with the Women's Auxiliary Corps of the Indian Army. After advising her sweetheart to use his head, she meets up with Colonel Rodney Savage, an old India hand, who is brusque, and even rude, to her but secretly thinks she is quite a dish. So, apparently, does his aide, a Lieutenant McDaniel; in any case, the Lieutenant eventually tries to rape her, causing her to crown him with an iron bar that is lying nearby. She is a strong girl and knocks the amorous fellow's brains out. Fortunate-

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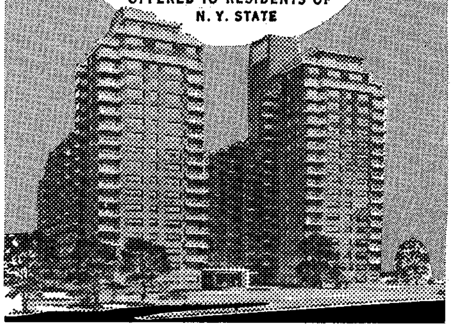

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ly, an Indian railroad man who is also crazy about her happens along in time to get her away from the scene of the homicide. He takes her home to his old mother, and presently our heroine is persuaded to let a mysterious stranger do away with all the evidence that links her to the crime. The mysterious stranger turns out to be no less a personage than the leading Communist in India, and a more brutal fellow you have never met. Ducking out from under this political complication, our girl decides to marry the railroad man and settle down to life as an Indian. But don't forget that brusque Colonel; for all his rough, soldierly ways, he's as tender as a tea cozy, and he, too, is panting to be her benefactor. All sorts of violent scenes are unravelled before we finally come to a fine, old-fashioned chase—the Colonel in a jeep chasing the Communist on a train—but I doubt whether any of them contribute to our understanding of India in the pre-Nehru days. Miss Gardner's retinue of males includes Stewart Granger, as the Colonel; Bill Travers, as the Anglo-Indian sweetheart; Francis Matthews, as the railroad man; Lionel Jeffries, as the doomed Lieutenant; and Peter Illing, as the Communist villain. None of the crowd is as impressive as the scenery in the picture, which was filmed in Pakistan.

"INVITATION TO THE DANCE," with direction and choreography by Gene Kelly, is an attempt to make an interesting divertissement out of a picture consisting of pantomime and ballet, with some animated cartoons thrown in for good measure. It is a long-drawn-out affair, done in three episodes. One concerns the clown who loves the bareback rider who loves the man on the high wire. Another concerns the adventures of a bracelet that goes from a husband to a naughty wife and then through various hands and back to the husband. The last concerns Sindbad the Sailor. The dancers assisting Mr. Kelly most prominently are Claire Sombert, Igor Youskevitch, and Tamara Toumanova. They're agile enough, but the ideas they are so muscularly trying to convey seem hardly worth their trouble.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Speaking at a meeting of the Southwestern Maine Superintendents Association, LaFleur said state aid to some towns should be expanded because many are having difficulties meeting their needs.

Superintendents, he said, should be getting lost more than they do, too.—*Portland (Maine) Press-Herald.*

Hear! Hear!

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BOOKS

The Man with the Golden Beef

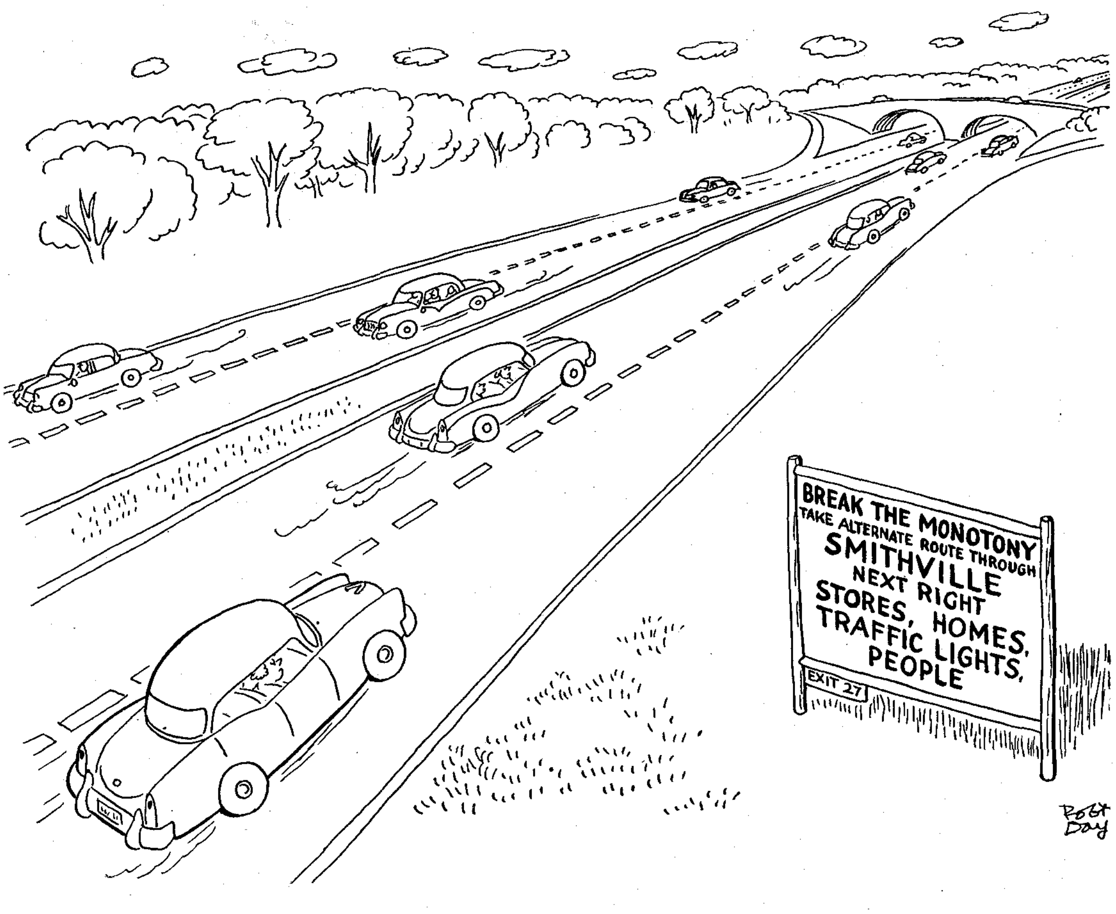
IT will surprise no one who has read "The Man with the Golden Arm" or "Never Come Morning" or just about anything else written by Nelson Algren that his new novel, "A Walk on the Wild Side" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy), is a lyrical rhapsody on the theme of bums and whores, hoboes and pimps, con men, and other outcasts. These bums, and so on, and so on, do most of their loitering and a fair share of their hustling on Perdido Street, in New Orleans, a long way from the Chicago neighborhood where Mr. Algren has previously observed the antics of their kind. But the trip South means more than a change of locale for Mr. Algren; it seems to have made it possible for him to explain why he finds bums so much more interesting and stirring than other people. "The Man with the Golden Arm" was a book full of half-realized attitudes identifying themselves only in a distant whisper; it was a book that never quite discovered what it wanted to say, which may account for the uneasiness one felt in reading it. "A Walk on the Wild Side" is a far more self-conscious, purposeful novel. There are no whispered intimations; the shouts are loud and clamorous enough for all to hear. This time Mr. Algren knows what he wants to say.

What he wants to say is that we live in a society whose bums and tramps are better men than the preachers and the politicians and the otherwise respectable. This startling proposition he attempts to demonstrate through a complicated satire on America's claim that it is the land of opportunity. The hero, a young man symbolically named Dove Linkhorn (the Dove is obvious; the Linkhorn is an Ozark version of Lincoln), hops a freight train to New Orleans, in order to rise in the world, just as the depression has set in. At first sight, Dove is a very likable and very foolish fellow, the archetypical country bumpkin, who is certain to be victimized by everyone he comes across outside his native Arroyo, Texas (population 995). But we soon discover that Mr. Algren has been kidding us about his hero, whose innocence turns out to be largely a pose; indeed, his instinctive cunning is so sharp that he can outsmart the wiliest whore or the shrewdest con man. The only thing Dove can't see through is what we might call the American dream. He is taken in by slogans, and he believes that all he requires to climb to the top is a little luck and a few reading lessons. This notion is knocked out of his head by a succession of enlightening adventures in New Orleans, some of them funny and almost all of them involving sex. What he learns in the end is that he really belongs "at the bottom," that "the nowhere road . . . was the only place, in his heart of hearts, that he really wanted to go," and that rising to the top "can't be done . . . except on the necks of others." Summarizing his experiences while he is in the clink, Dove says to himself:

> I feel like I been everywhere God got land . . . yet all I found was people with hard ways to go. All I found was troubles 'n degradation. All I found was that those with the hardest ways of all to go were quicker to help others than those with the easiest ways. All I found was two kinds of people. Them that would rather live on the loser's side of the street with the other losers than to win off by theirselves; and them who want to be one of the winners even though the only way left for them to win was over them who have already been whipped.

To make doubly sure that Dove stays put on the loser's side of the street, Mr. Algren contrives to have him blinded in a savage fight with an embittered cripple, and he returns to Arroyo, stumbling back to his first and truest love and feeling "a strange content."

Mr. Algren suggests that Dove's loss of ambition and his blindness together make up a form of salvation; his mishaps are a series of rites designed to strip away his illusions and prepare him for initiation into a very special fraternity. This fraternity is composed of bums, but a bum, of course, is more than a lowly derelict to Mr. Algren. He is a



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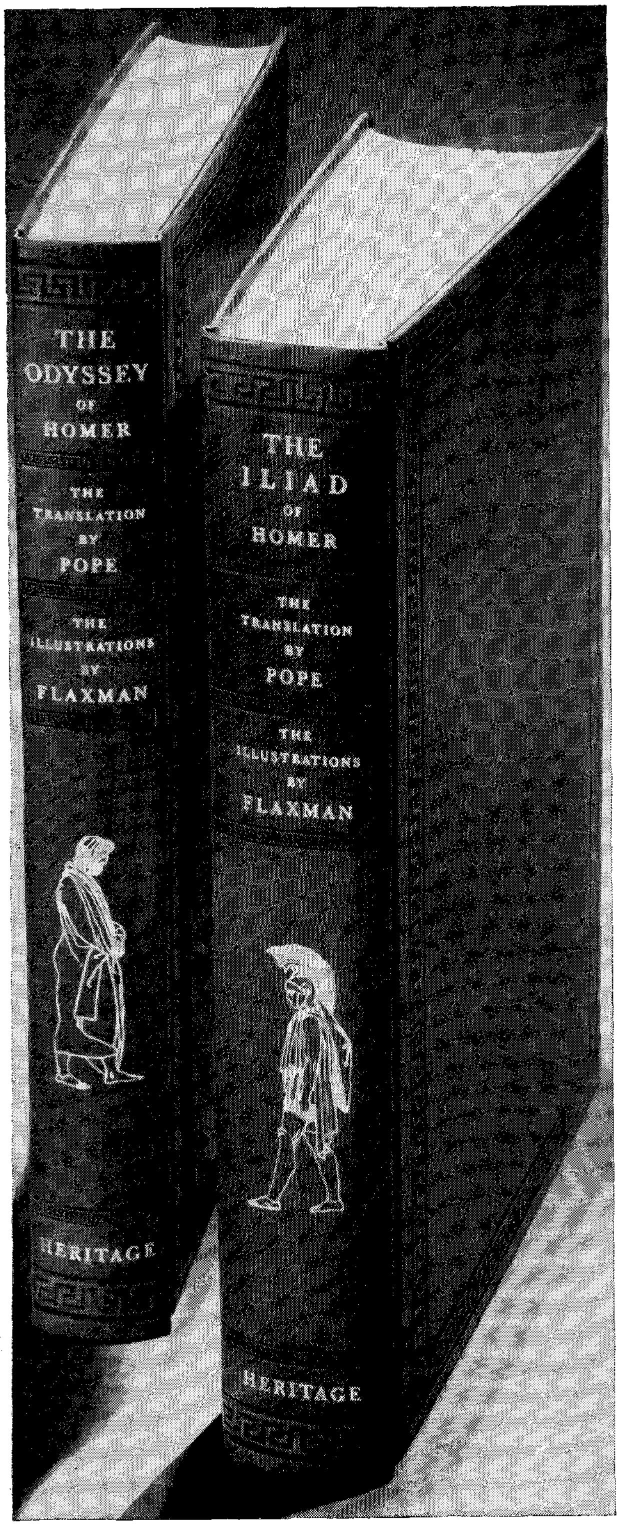

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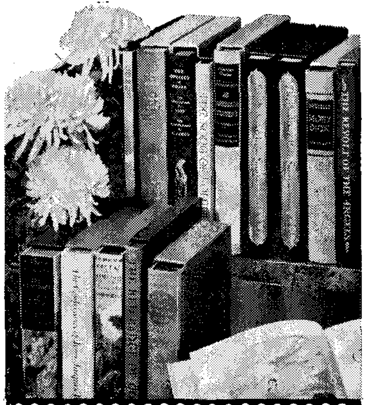

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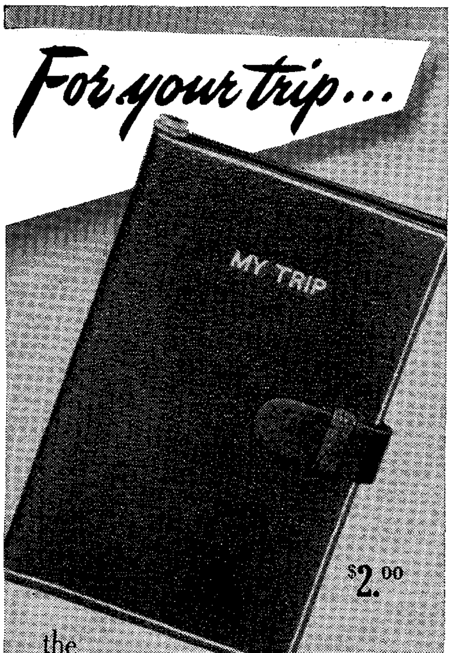

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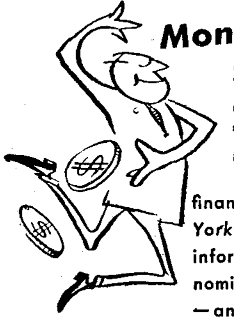

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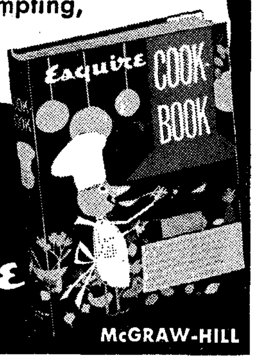

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type that has existed throughout history, a "wild boy" who "prefers fighting to toil, drink to fighting, chasing women to booze or battle." Because of these unmanageable propensities, the "wild boy" refuses to knuckle under to economic exploitation (a refusal not terribly difficult to make, since he hates work anyway); consequently, he also rejects the rules and regulations invented by the rich to keep their slaves under control. "Burns is the wild boy's poet," but, apparently unable to find an appropriate slogan in Burns, he makes do with Shakespeare; "A plague on both your houses," Mr. Algren informs us, becomes a way of life for the "wild boy." He has two other slogans, neither of which, I am sure, comes from Burns, but no matter; they are true enough to the spirit of the man: "Be damned to the lot of you—who got the pitcher?" and "Always going downhill, and always merry! That's worth the money."

This race of bums merges, in "A Walk on the Wild Side," with another, an indigenously American line of hoboes—the "backwoodsmen without a backwoods," the pioneers without a frontier, who "had lost their claim to hill and plain," who "couldn't bear mill work and could neither buy nor sell," who forever mourn that "Crockett would not come again." It is natural that the two families of the dispossessed should unite, in their unwillingness to come to terms with Society, and form a little society of their own, and Mr. Algren so arranges it. He sees the bums in "A Walk on the Wild Side" as members of a club at the bottom of the heap, a group bound together by common assumptions and a common heritage. The scheme of the novel is to trace Dove's salutary downhill progress into the great fraternity.

However, the scheme doesn't work; there is no progress. Dove is so inescapably of the fraternity from the beginning that even if he had acquired twenty pairs of "butter-colored shoes" and millions of dollars while memorizing a set of the Great Books, complete with Syntopicon, along the way, he would still never be in any danger of crossing over to the winner's side of the street. For winning and losing have nothing to do with money or education in Mr. Algren's mind, nor do they represent the difference between a hard-loving, hard-drinking, hard-fighting Rabelaisian life and a flaccid existence in the suburbs. They are ultimately judged by a single criterion—social respectability—and since Dove, by definition, is incapable

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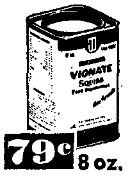

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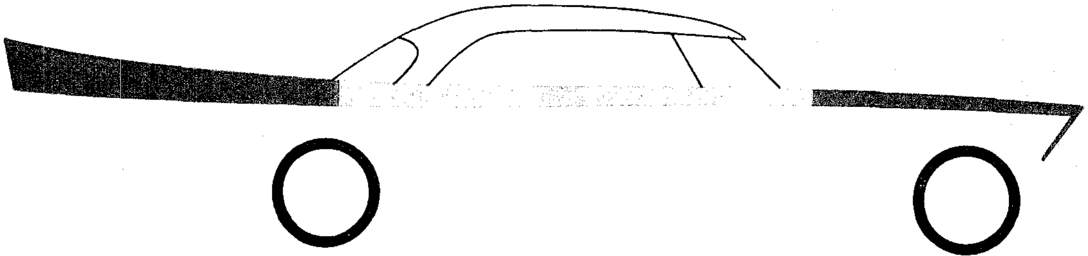

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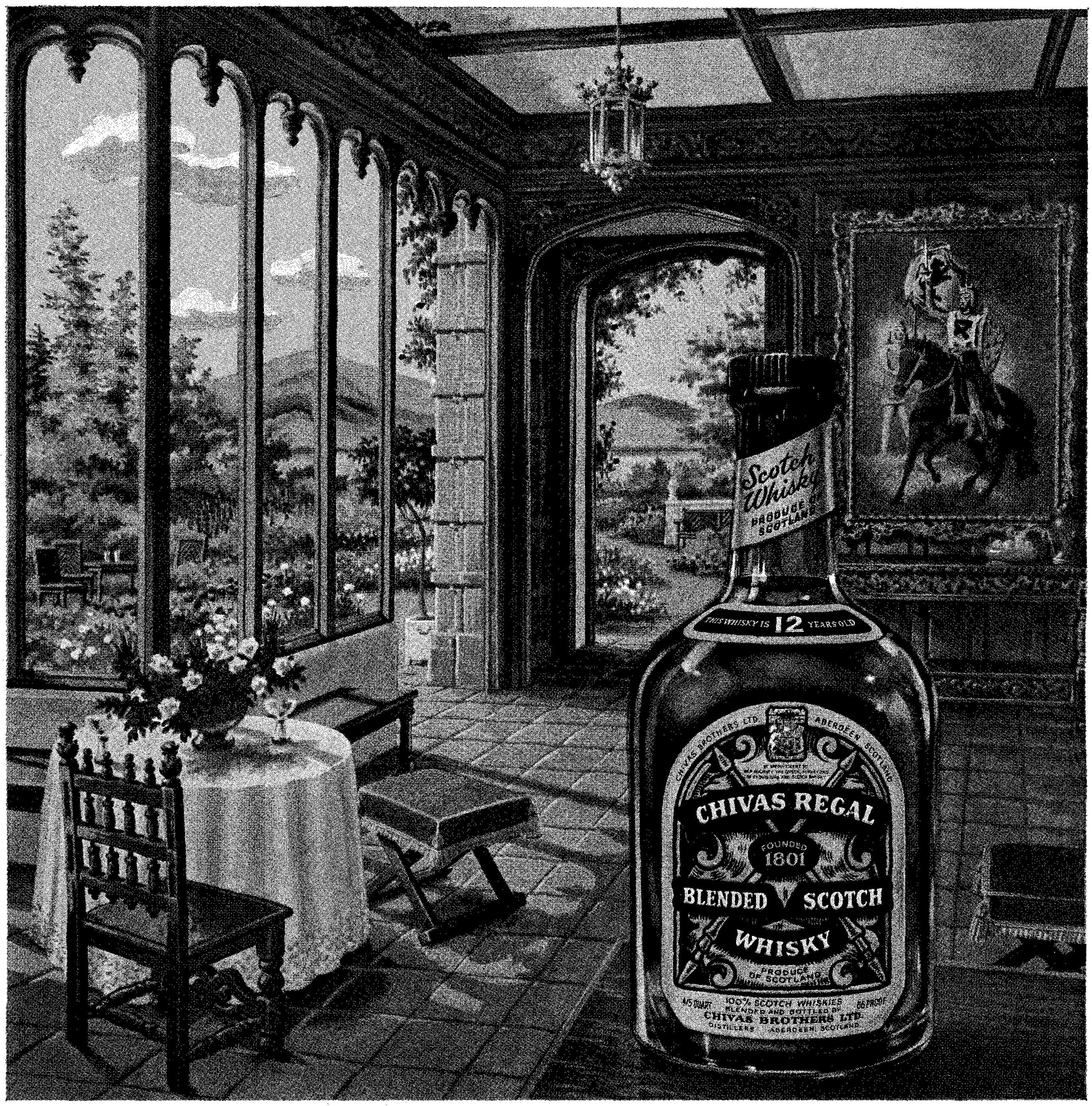
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of respectability, his experience becomes dramatically insignificant, a mere device to get a few laughs and present a point of view. According to Mr. Algren, if you're on the side of Society, you're bad, and if you're an outcast or a misfit, you're good, and that's all there is to it. Cops and railroad bulls are the worst people (next to financiers, who are too obvious a case even to discuss), because, being tough and poor, they really belong with the bums but, being cowards as well, they have sold out to Society and spend their days persecuting their own kind. On Mr. Algren's next-highest rung stands the pimp. Because his trade is illicit and encourages sex, he is an O.K. guy, but since he is also a businessman, the bourgeois of the bums, he is not fully of the fraternity. On the other hand, whores, those lovable creatures, endowed to a girl with childlike innocence, are in good standing, up to a point. If only they could live the wild life willingly without dreaming of chicken farms and children, they would be all right, but most of them feel victimized. This is dangerous; the minute bums feel that they are being cheated, they go wrong, becoming suckers for Society's moral ideas (like Dove's father, a wild boy turned preacher) or growing as cruel as Wall Street brokers. This happens to Kitty Twist, the youngest of the whores, who, having been punished for a crime before she was old enough to commit one, roams through life looking for an occasion to even up the score; this happens to Achilles Schmidt, once the greatest of the wild boys but now the embittered cripple, sick with a sense of outrage and eager to hurt anyone he can.

Ideally, an Algren bum is not a victim; what distinguishes him from the ordinary pauper or derelict or "lunch-bucket brigadier" is precisely his refusal to be victimized. His very degradation is a mark of integrity, a proud assertion of his dignity. He has chosen a life entailing great hardship so that he can remain true to his wild-boy nature. Dove, once he gets foolish ambition out of his system, is the ideal bum. When he returns to Arroyo, feeling contented, we know that things are certain to go well with his soul.

But the absence of *any* significant dramatic development in Dove is not the most important reason for the failure of the novel. The weakness of Mr. Algren's dramatic sense is, it seems to me, a corollary of his fondness for background music:

> Under wire on either side other dime-a-nighties slept out their ten-cent

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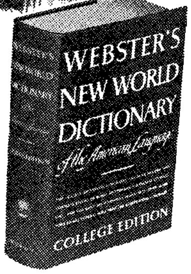

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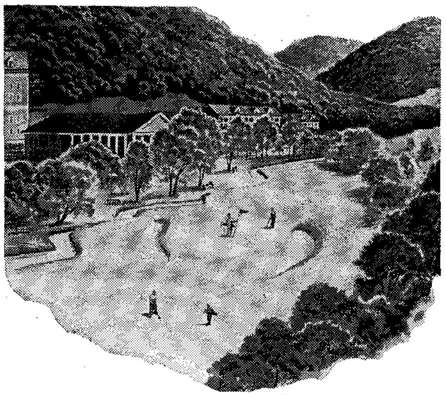

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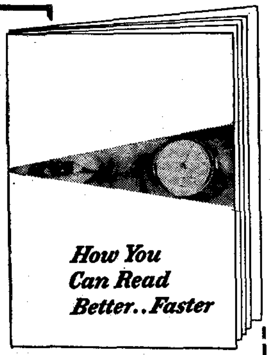

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> dreams. Till the hundred harps of morning struck on strings of silvered light.
>
> And down the long unshaded street a vendor of colored ices beat a rainbow of tin bells. A bell for every flavor as he tinkle-tinkled past. Every flavor made of water sold to tunes made out of tin.
>
> Come bummies, come beggars, two pennies per tune.

Disguised as prose, little lyrics like this come pouring out of Mr. Algren, often without provocation. Their function apparently is to persuade us that the sordid (in this case, a flophouse) is not really sordid and the degraded are really exalted. They also serve to dignify the bums, who, dealt with in this rhapsodic vein, begin to seem like characters out of "Hiawatha." (The dactyl and the trochee, unhappily, are Mr. Algren's favorite rhythms.) The trouble is that the lyric and the sordid tend to cancel each other out, leaving only a vague sense of uplift and a dim aura of prettiness, as though Pollyanna were writing "The Grapes of Wrath" in dactylic hexameters. A further complication is that Mr. Algren, like any other good American, is suspicious of rapture—for rapture, the result of a loving submission to reality, could hardly be a natural American emotion—and so he tries to take the curse off his lyrics by weaving, in alternate passages, from rapture to irony. On the whole, it is a gentle and good-natured irony, but all the same it provokes a smile at the expense of what has just been rhapsodically celebrated. A good illustration of the confusion Mr. Algren's irony creates is the treatment of a minor character named Raincoat. Raincoat

> . . . had discovered how to save time and money in making love, and at the same time to protect the lover against emotional entanglement. A pair of rubber bands and a raincoat with one loose button was all the self-sufficing lover required.
>
> So attired he had taken a stroll . . . having, of course, taken the perfectly sensible precaution of severing his trousers at the knees and binding the bottoms to his calves with the rubber bands; lending an impression, to the casual passerby, that he was fully clothed. Here and there, passing some woman who appeared deserving, he would fling the raincoat wide for her amazement and delight, then modestly button himself and modestly hurry on.
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When a "nice girl" propositions him, Raincoat, who actually is afraid of women, flees, and the insulted lady has him arrested. This is an amusing story by itself, but in the context its effects are bewildering. Raincoat is a bum, a type you have been invited to love and admire; suddenly, in order to enter him in evidence against the respectable, Mr.

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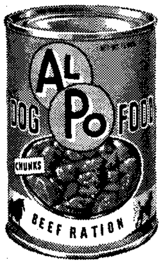

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Algren turns him into a poor, persecuted, harmless creature, an object of pity rather than love, an occasion for moral indignation against Society rather than rapture over his beatific state. Then, for the sake of humor, Mr. Algren translates the poor man's crazy ideas into the language of Society ("perfectly sensible precaution," "her amazement and delight"), and so the laugh is on Raincoat and not on Society. Finally, in case you aren't confused enough, Mr. Algren won't allow you to feel sorry for Raincoat or outraged at his persecutors, because, after all, they have done him the favor of throwing him into jail, where he is accepted by the other prisoners into their cozy fraternity.

One is forced to conclude that Mr. Algren's theory has got in the way of his art. As a protest novel, "A Walk on the Wild Side" is merely petulant, with nothing, really, to protest about except, perhaps, the current prosperity. (But how Mr. Algren seems to love the depression for having shown America up as a hypocritical fraud; he apparently relished that marvellous era when "the Ladder of Success had been inverted," when "the top was the bottom, and the bottom was the top.") As a celebration of wine, women, and song, the book is more in the spirit of the boozy sentimentality of the broken-down Shakespearean actor declaiming to the boys on the barroom floor than an expression of Rabelaisian exuberance. As a comic novel, it can be funny in the manner of Erskine Caldwell, but Mr. Algren's purpose is not well served by laughs out of "Tobacco Road." He has discovered what he wanted to say, all right, but in saying it he seems to have fallen victim to the trouble of one of his own characters, whose "distinctions were sometimes too fine to follow, and actually weren't worth the bother of following anyhow." —NORMAN PODHORETZ

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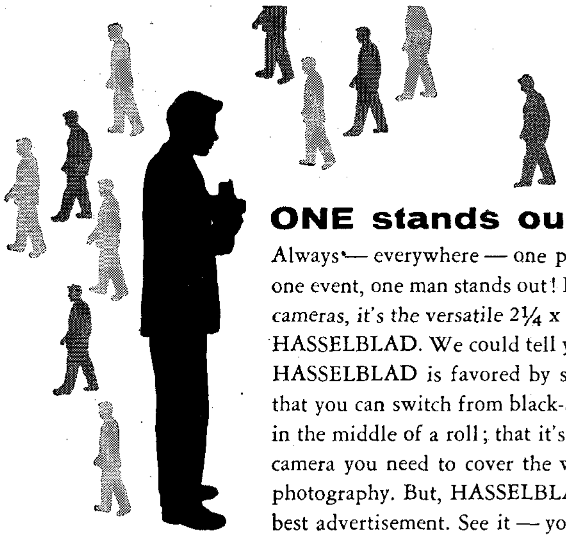

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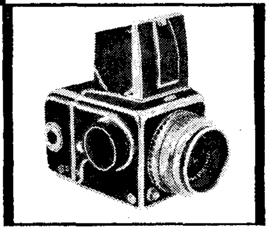

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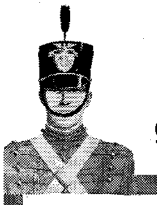

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their power. Mr. O'Flaherty reminds us bitterly that all creatures are mortal, that poverty is damnation, and that land and weather are cruel to those who depend on them for a living. The writing is clear and sharp and hard, each sentence marked with its author's furiously alive individuality.

THE ROSEMARY TREE, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann). This sentimental domestic tale is laid in and around a poverty-stricken country vicarage in England. The vicar is meek and his wife handsome and irritable, and they have three small daughters and an ancient, bedridden nursemaid who distills wisdom in an upstairs room.

GENERAL

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE LUSITANIA, by A. A. Hoehling and Mary Hoehling (Holt). A chronicle of the agony of the great Cunarder, which was torpedoed and sunk on May 7, 1915, within sight of the coast of Ireland. The book is somewhat slovenly—we are told in the same sentence that the Lusitania "averaged" about twenty knots and that twenty knots "was her maximum speed"—but the old story is still arresting. The authors describe at some length the deaths of the celebrities aboard—Charles Frohman, Elbert Hubbard, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, and the rest—and they refute the old canards that the Lusitania was, as the Germans claimed, laden with heavy munitions and contraband and that it was, as various romantics have claimed, carrying a treasure in gold bullion. When it comes to one of the most startling aspects of the Lusitania's story—the fact that the ship, sailing in waters known to be infested with U-boats, had no escort of any kind—the authors charitably point out that the Royal Navy was heavily engaged on other seas and could not be everywhere at once. Photographs.

THE MOUNTAINS OF PHARAOH, by Leonard Cottrell (Rinehart). A popular history of pyramid exploration, with no nonsense about King Tut's Curse, by a British archeologist. The people involved turn out to be quite as remarkable as the pyramids themselves: travellers who combined their interest in pyramidology with an interest in contemporary Egyptian dancing girls; loonies like Charles Piazzi Smyth, here fairly

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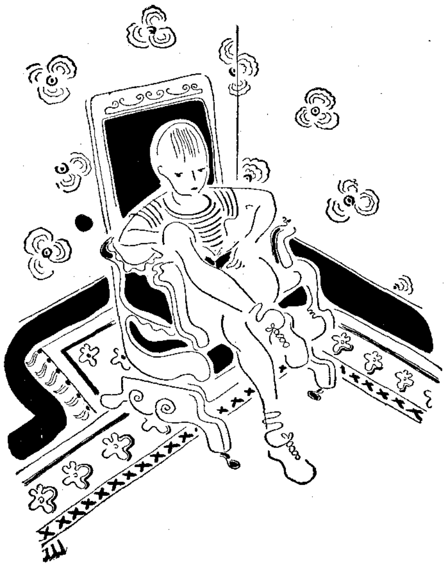
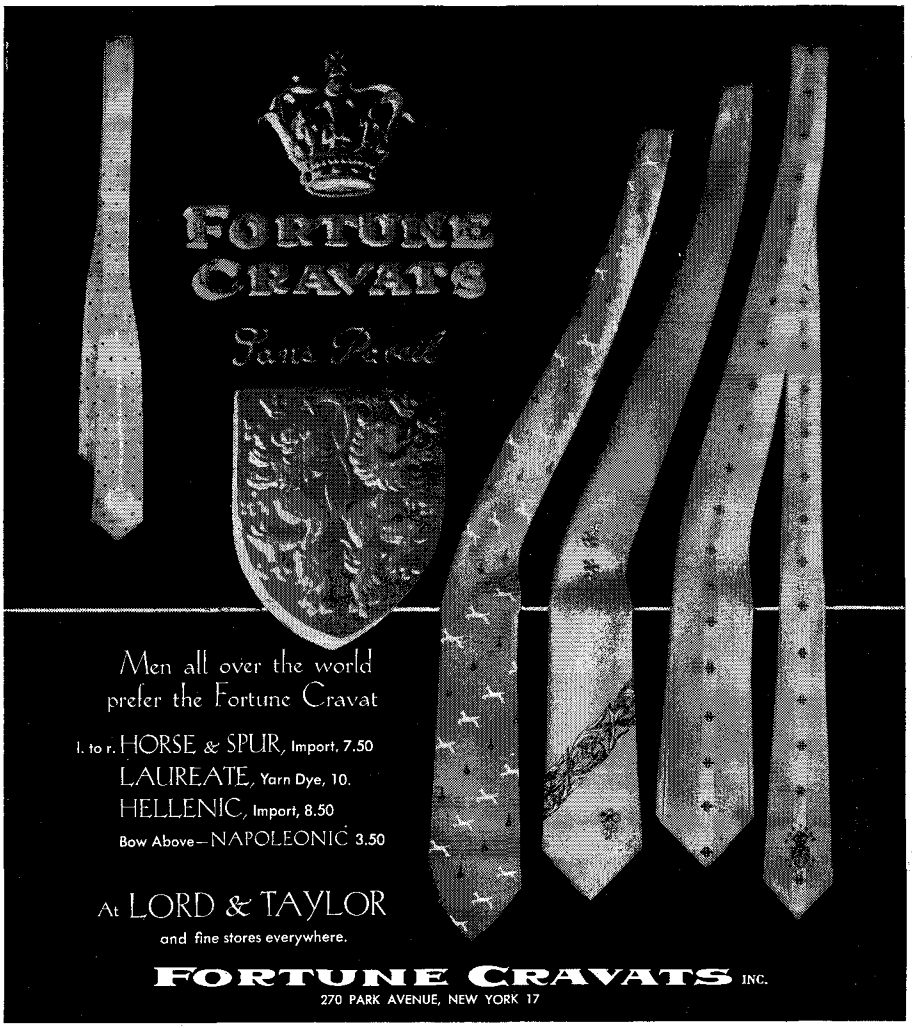
called the Great Pyramidiot, who found the sum of all history and all truth in the measurements of the pyramids; and picturesque, though solid, scholars like Flinders Petrie and Sir Gaston Camille Charles Maspero. Photographs, diagrams, and a good bibliography, but no index.

THE FATAL DECISIONS, edited by Seymour Freidin and William Richardson (Sloane). First-hand accounts of six major battles of the Second World War—the Battle of Britain, the Battle for Moscow, El Alamein, Stalingrad, France (1944), and the Ardennes—by the German generals who fought and lost them. The generals—Kreipe, Blumentritt, Bayerlein, Zeitzler, Zimmerman, and Manteuffel—all tell tales of woe; not one of them thought he had adequate troops or arms or provisions, and each delivers an anguished tirade against a supreme command that was dominated by a military amateur who never knew when to cut his losses and who was utterly unmoved by the disasters his soldiery suffered. The accounts—particularly those of Stalingrad and El Alamein—are fascinating and horrifying, and while some of the authors' conclusions are open to question, their testimony provides a unique contribution to our knowledge of the art of war. There is an introduction by General S. L. A. Marshall, chief United States historian of the European Theatre, who helped the captured generals prepare their texts. Maps.

NAUGHT FOR YOUR COMFORT, by Trevor Huddleston, C. R. (Doubleday). Father Huddleston is an Anglican priest who has recently spent twelve years in Johannesburg not

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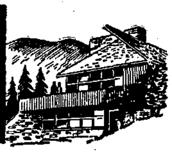

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only as a missionary but as a leader of the anti-apartheid forces, and in this book he gives us an impassioned, rather impressionistic review of his experiences with such problems as Negro education, the increasing totalitarianism of the Strijdom government (police brutality, identification cards, the denial of passports, seizure of property), the curious apathy of most white South Africans, juvenile delinquency, and the ambivalent position in South Africa of the powerful Dutch Reformed Church. Father Huddleston's anger is such that it occasionally reduces him to a kind of stuttering repetitiousness and factual bleariness, turning his book into more of a wild haymaker than a direct sock on the jaw. He is also forgetful in his wrath, for we hear almost nothing from the Negroes themselves. Nevertheless, this is another helpful, if distinctly pessimistic, revelation of a sickening human situation.

THE ROGUE OF PUBLISHERS' ROW, by Edward Uhlan (Exposition Press). The author is the head of Exposition Press, which some people would call a "vanity" press and which he calls a "subsidy" press, both terms signifying that its books are paid for, in part or in full, by the authors. The opportunities for chicanery in such an arrangement are obvious, and some vanity publishers have gone to jail; Mr. Uhlan, on the other hand, has been in the business for twenty years and has made his house the sixth-largest in the country in the number of titles issued. This is his story of how one operates a subsidy press, with excursions into autobiography and social and literary criticism, plus an appraisal of the publishing business in general (Mr. Uhlan doesn't think much of the business acumen of trade publishers), and although it is an untrammelled, rather noisy performance, the author is very interesting when he discusses what he knows best—the desperate need of many people to get into print and the methods by which that need can be gratified, at a profit to the gratifier.

THE AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT, edited by Isaiah Berlin (Houghton Mifflin). Another volume of selections from philosophers, interspersed with interpretations by the editor, in the Great Ages of Western Philosophy series. Mr. Berlin shapes eighteenth-century philosophy into a debate on the British empiricists, devoting nearly half of his volume to Locke and

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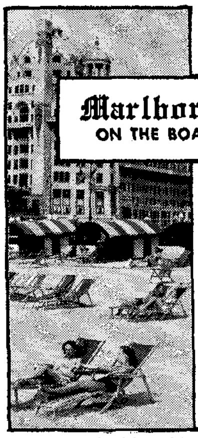

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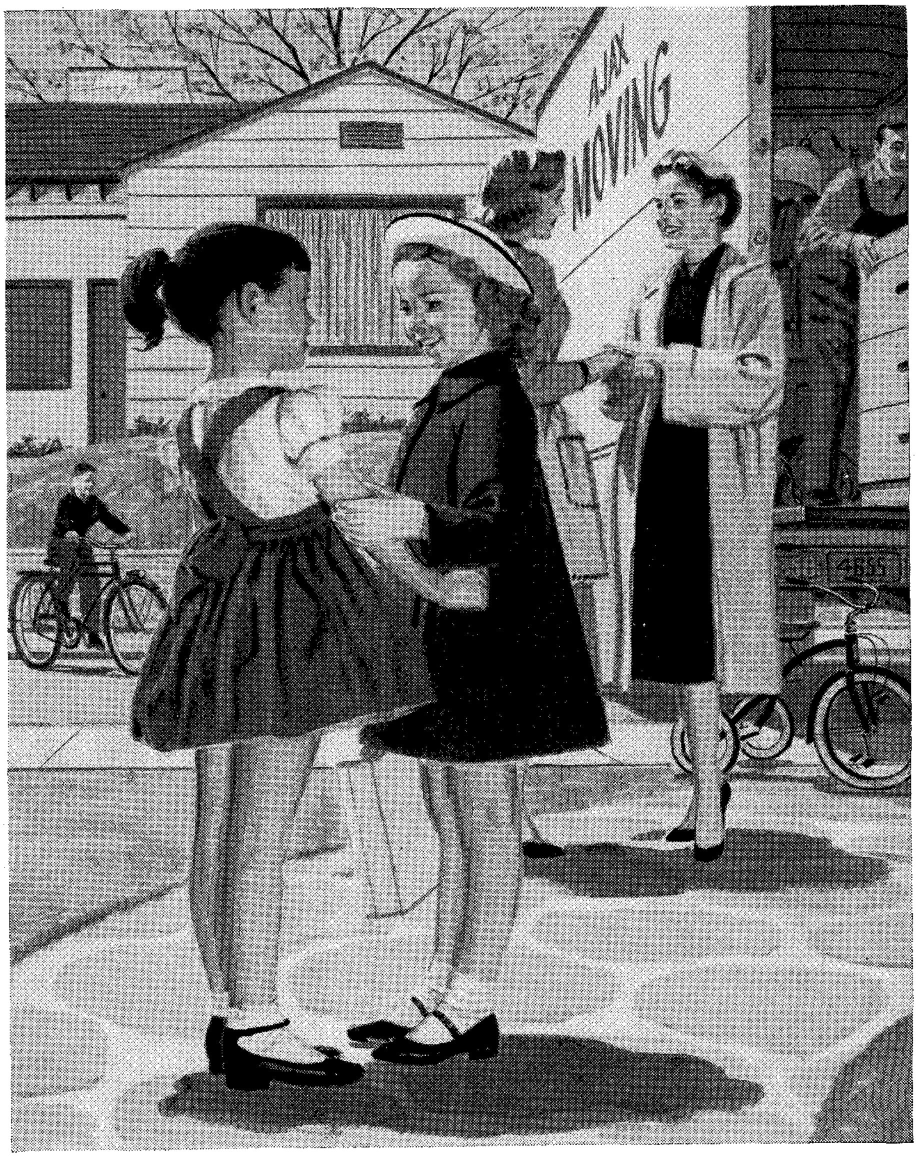
Hume and the rest to their disciples, like the Abbé Condillac, and their critics, like Bishop Berkeley. His book is somewhat more dramatic than the other volumes in the series, and extraordinarily readable.

THE WORLD OF NIGHT, by Lorus J. Milne and Margery J. Milne (Harper). An unusual entertainment in natural history. "In his emphasis on daylight," the authors tell us, "man allies himself with the birds and bees, the butterflies and lizards, the squirrels and monkeys, and the apes of tropical lands. It is curious that so many of these, like primitive man, are vegetarians depending chiefly on fruits, nectar, leaves, and seeds. By contrast, night hides the darker deeds, the work of fang and claw. . . . Midnight, as Thoreau pointed out, is as unexplored as central Africa to most of us." Mr. and Mrs. Milne have spent many years among the fields and streams of that still uncharted Africa, and in this eerily fascinating book they recall the varied sights and sounds and just perceptible sensations that have rewarded their patient efforts. Illustrated with drawings, precise but properly creepy, by T. M. Shortt.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MEDICINE, by Otto L. Bettmann (Thomas). For all its rather special subject matter, this review of man's pertinacious attempts to understand the infinite complexity of his body is one of the scant handful of picture-and-caption books whose visual impact, intellectual stature, and entertainment value fully justify this so often debased form. The text, which carries us from the darkness of ancient Egypt to the triumphant dawn of the twentieth century, is wonderfully lucid, effortlessly animated, and never for a moment simple-minded. The pictures—around a thousand prints, paintings, and photographs—are drawn from Dr. Bettmann's incomparable collection of medical iconography, and their reproduction is flawless. Even the price is right—nine dollars and fifty cents. Introduction by Philip S. Hench, M.D.

WHO STRUCK JOHN?, by Jimmy Cannon (Dial). A new selection of the author's New York *Post* columns. Mr. Cannon is a sportswriter by trade, but he is also an insomniac, and his night thoughts account for a lot of morosely funny newspaper columns. He presents his hatreds, which range from fishing ("a valid excuse for getting loaded in the



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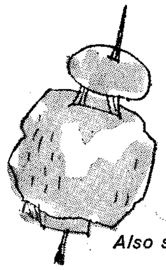

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daytime without building a reputation for drinking before the sun goes down") to lady athletes ("in my neighborhood . . . a guy was a fool if he fell in love with a girl he couldn't knock down with the first punch"), and he deals with such matters as fight managers, whom he clearly hasn't much use for; Las Vegas; baseball training camps; and the bleatings of beleaguered bookmakers. The book also contains some of the columns headed "Nobody Asked Me, But," in which Mr. Cannon advances a series of wildly disconnected one- or two-line *pensées.*

•

Down at Pete Ware's
Office, Sewanee,
April 17, 1956

To the Cemetery Lot Holders:
Dear Cemetery Lot Holders:

This is a clarion call to all cemetery lot holders to meet in picnic-style on Saturday, April twenty-first, at the cemetery, from 10:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. Bring your rakes and other clean-up tools, and take along a picnic lunch so that we may make merry while at the same time we clean up. You do not need drinks because we shall furnish "cokes" to all comers. But bring plenty of health forming sandwiches: cheese, olive-cheese-mix, oatmeal cookies, or anything that seems substantial.

If you are too old to do much work you can come anyway and serve to cheer up those who rake, by conversation and/or encouragement. We are trusting that the day will be a fine one, with temperatures not too low nor too high. But if the day seems bad to you, do not trust your own judgment, but come along and see what the rest did. If nobody is there, you may go home.

I told Pete Ware, who decided to help me, to write this letter so there's no telling what you will find in it, he says.

Anybody working on Saturday may feel that he is not shirking his regular job at the University because this undertaking will have the sanction of the Administration, in all probability. We could check with them, but our time is taken up planning the clean-up and writing this letter to you.

This is not only an undertaking sponsored by the Tennessee Antiquities Society (short for its more formal name) but it has the backing and volunteer help of the "independents" society among the students.

Looking over the list of cemetery lot holders, it seems that they range in ages from about 38 to 93 but, as we said above, we do not expect everybody to work hard. Some may sit down as soon as they arrive.

Sincerely
Laura Wyatt-Brown
Chairman
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—*Letter received by a resident of Sewanee, Tenn.*

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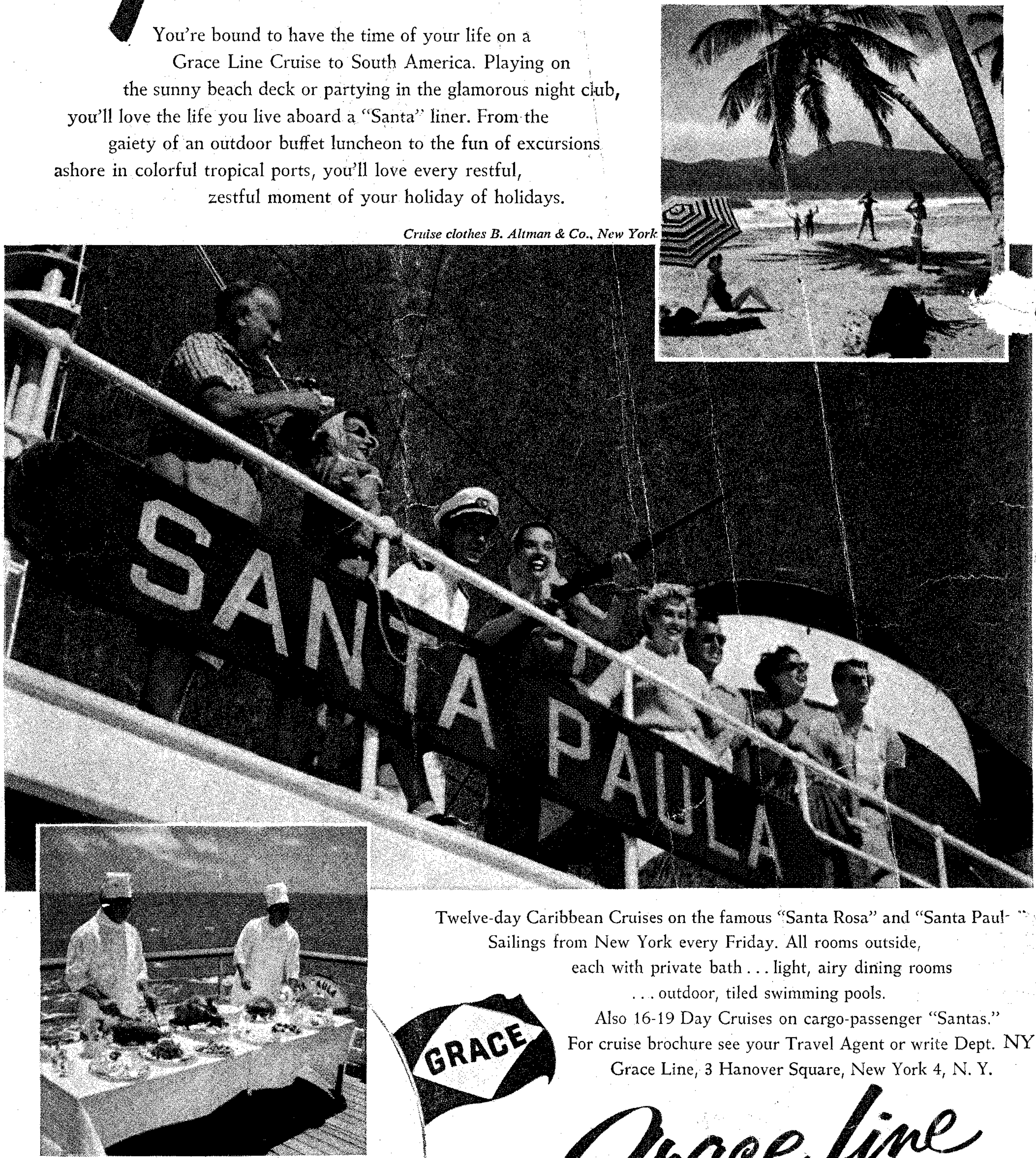

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